

SCREENLAND

November
15c

Joan
Lawford

HOW
TO
GET
OUR
MAN
with
a
MOVIE
PERSONALITY!



New!
LIQUID 'lipstick'
can't smear!
won't rub off!

Instantly . . .
make YOUR lips
more thrilling!

Here is the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A "lipstick," at last, that actually can't smear—that really *won't* rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a "lipstick" at all. It's a liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. At better stores everywhere \$1 . . .



----- MAIL COUPON FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZES -----

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 616 b 2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.

☐ Please send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each.

Check shades wanted:

- ☐ **Scarlet**—flaming red, definitely tempting.
- ☐ **Parisian**—spectacular with dark hair, fair skin.
- ☐ **Regal**—exciting with dark hair, medium skin.
- ☐ **English Tint**—inviting coral-pink for blondes.
- ☐ **Orchid**—exotic pink. Romantic for evening.
- ☐ **Gay Plum**—enchancing with fuchsia, wine or purple.
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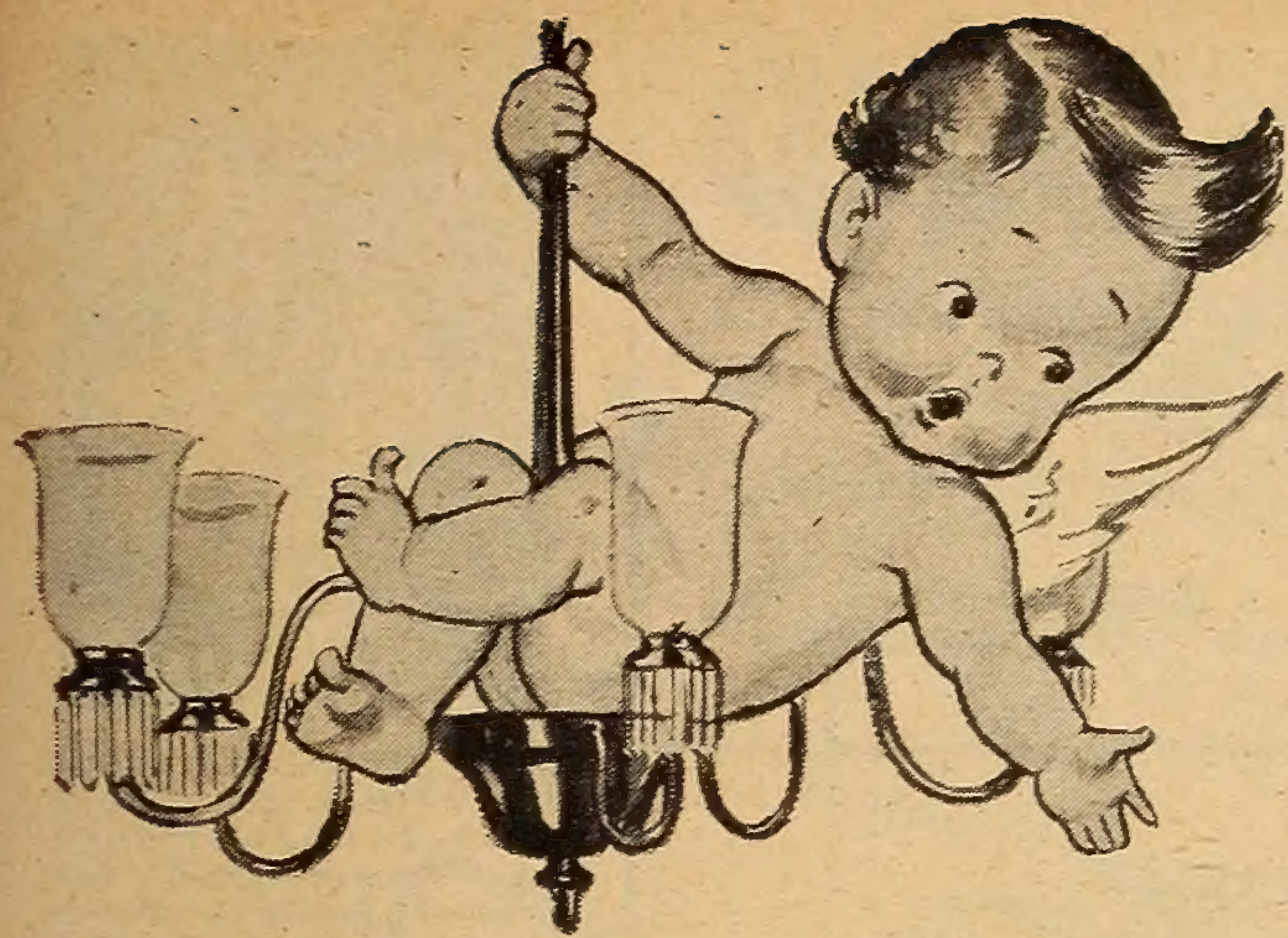
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PAT. U. S.
PAT. OFF.

Charming **Adele Mara**, featured in Republic's "I've Always"

Liquid Liptone



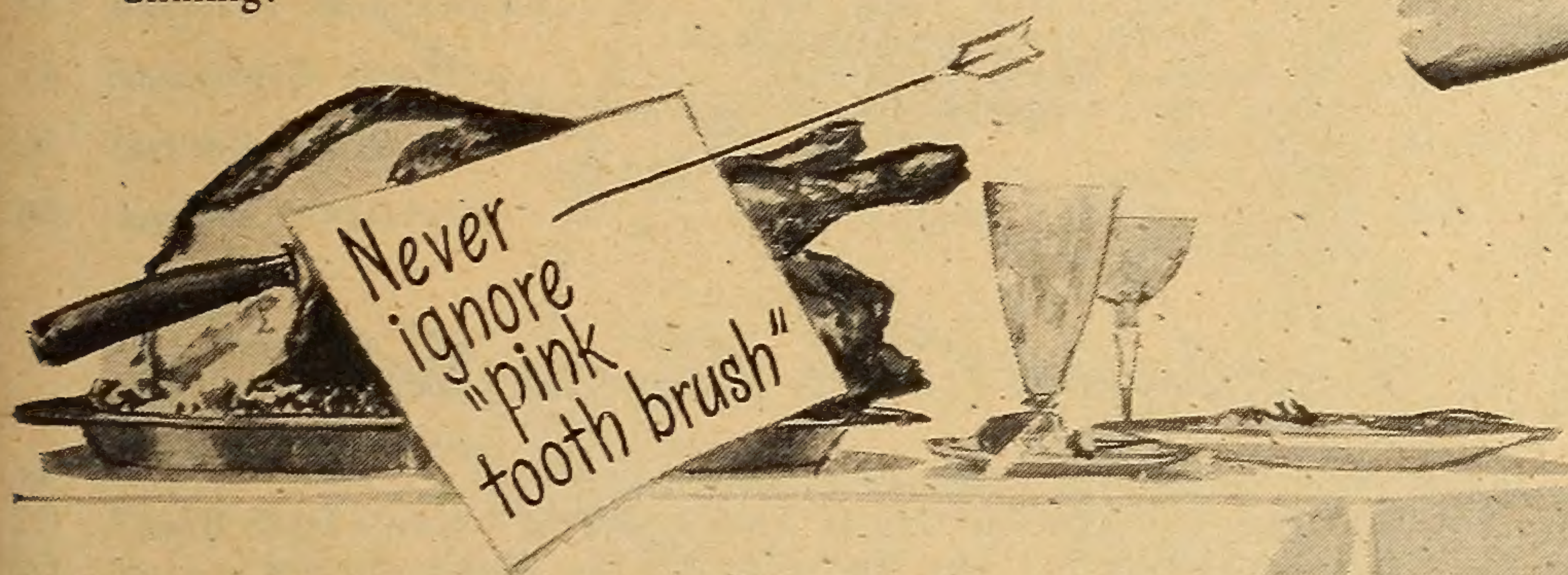
"Can't even get a man
to wish with, huh?"

GIRL: Don't be an idjit, midget! Who wants some boy hanging around all the time? Eating your food, keeping you out late, who wants—

CUPID: You do.

GIRL: I? Why I—

CUPID: And you'd *have* one if you'd just remember even plain girls go places if they go *gleaming*! Sparkling! Smiling!



GIRL: Sure. But my smile's a brownout. I brush my teeth but—

CUPID: No sparkle, huh? And "pink tooth brush" too, I bet!

GIRL: "Pink tooth brush" *means* something?

CUPID: That's for your dentist to decide . . . because that "pink" is an urgent warning to *see your dentist*!

He may say it's serious . . . and he may say it's just another case where today's soft foods have been robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Is *that* all?

CUPID: Dearie, that's plenty! Sparkling smiles call for sound teeth; and sound teeth for healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana when you brush your teeth, take his advice, Baby, and . . . you'll be started on a smile that'll set *men* wishing!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana  and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month

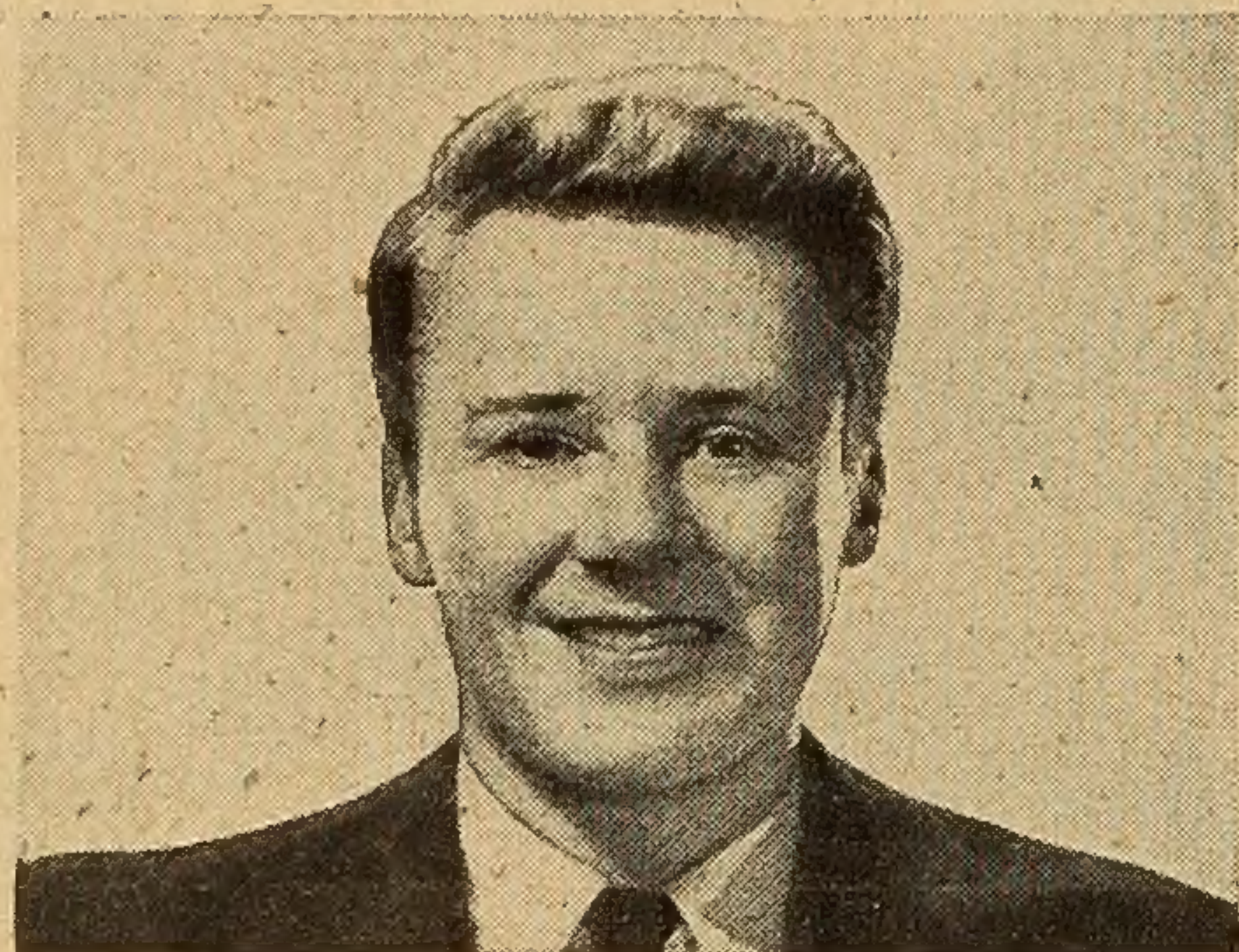


The greatest
star of the
screen!

No excuse, no alibi, no reason for not going to see "No Leave, No Love."

M-G-M, of course, Makes Greater Musicals!

When you see "No Leave, No Love" you'll say a lot of "what-a's".



What a story. What a cast. What a score. What a hit. And what a man...

Van Johnson, who is now in the van of all male screen stars, adds to his reputation in this one.

And Keenan Wynn wins a new title: F.M.I.P.—Funniest Man In Pictures.

There's a newcomer to the screen—curvaceous Pat Kirkwood, with an infectious voice and incandescent lamps.



Two orchestras. Count them—two—Xavier Cugat and Guy Lombardo provide the irresistible melody.

And in addition the film offers Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson and Leon Ames.



"No Leave, No Love" was produced by Joe Pasternak, outstanding musical picture creator. This one has the Pasternak knack.

Directed by Charles Martin who, along with Leslie Kardos wrote the screen play, "No Leave, No Love", fulfills all

anticipations of good entertainment.

Incidentally, you will notice Marina Koshetz, the "countess" from Texas.

And hear some tunes that are hummable humdingers, such as "Love on a Greyhound Bus" and "All the Time".

"No Leave, No Love"? The answer is very definitely "Yes".

—Leo



SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of JOAN CRAWFORD, co-starring with John Garfield in "Humoresque" for Warner Brothers. Kodachrome by Eugene Richee.

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Yes!
IT'S GOT THAT M-G-M
ZING AND SWING AND
EVERYTHING!

Yes!
IT'S GOT VAN—
KISSING A THRILLING
NEW SWEETHEART!

Yes!
IT'S GOT KEENAN—
THAT HILARIOUS "EASY
TO WED" KIBITZER!

Yes!
IT'S GOT PAT KIRKWOOD—
AND SHE'S A GIRL
THAT'S GOT PUH-LENTY!

Yes!
IT'S GOT CUGAT—
AND HIS RHUMBA BEAT
—AND GUY LOMBARDO
SENDING SWEET!



AN
M-G-M
PICTURE

"No LEAVE No LOVE"
Van Johnson

Song Hits
"All The Time!"
"Love On a Grey-
hound Bus!"
Many More!



with
KEENAN WYNN **PAT KIRKWOOD** • **XAVIER CUGAT** • **GUY LOMBARDO**
New Singing Star and His Orchestra and His Orchestra
and **EDWARD ARNOLD** • **MARIE WILSON** • **LEON AMES**
Original Screen Play by CHARLES MARTIN and LESLIE KARDOS
Directed by **CHARLES MARTIN** • Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



AND
USE
TAMPAX

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

"HOW does she keep up her pep and her spirits *all through* the month? Doesn't *she* have those depressing days too?" . . . Of course these smart, modern women have similar problems on "those days" each month, but many of them have discovered *Tampax* as a method of sanitary protection.

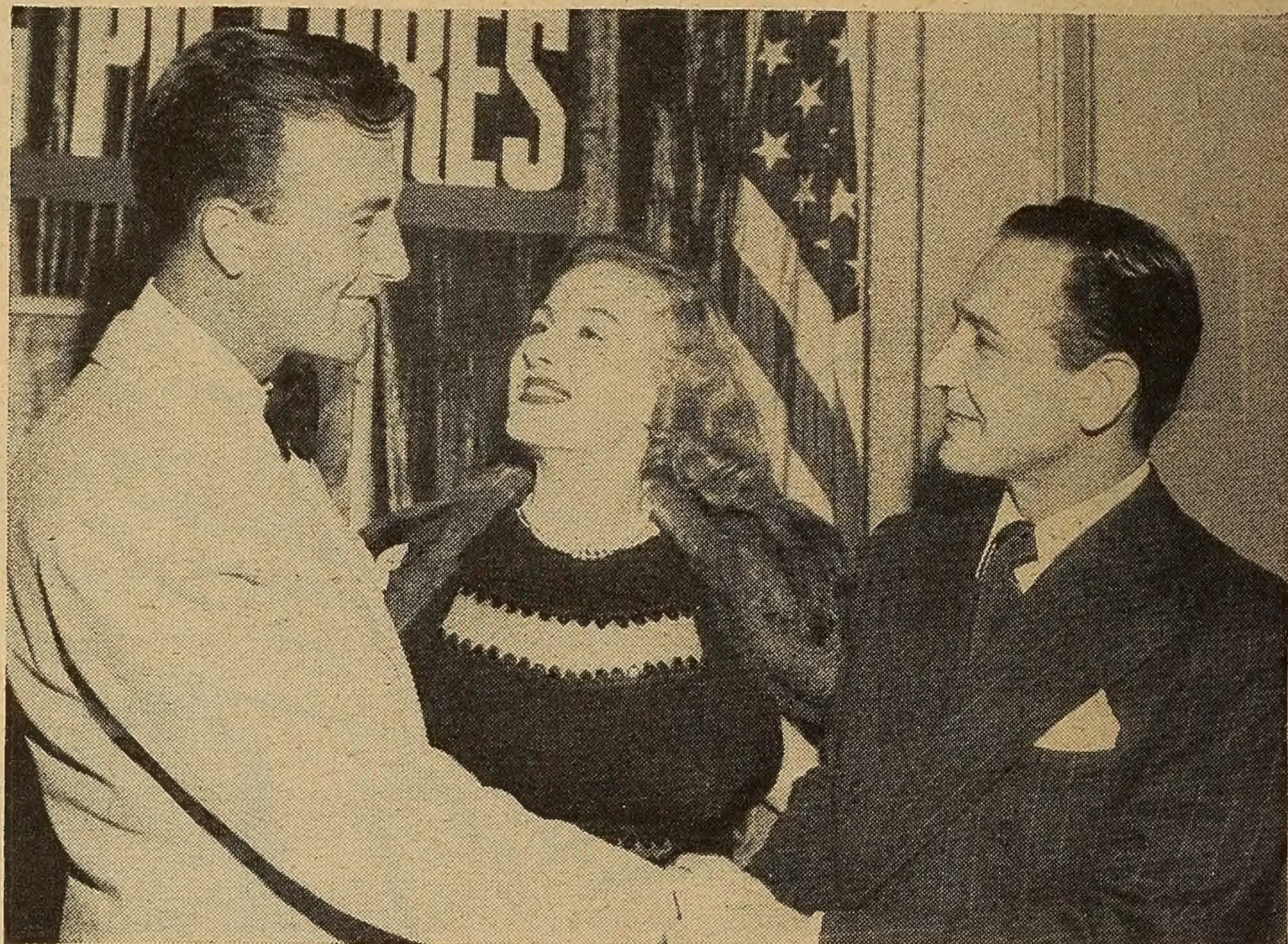
The first thing you notice about *Tampax* is its small size which permits it to be worn internally—in contrast to the bulky external pads with their belt-and-pin supports. Perfected by a doctor, *Tampax* comes with individual applicators and is made of pure surgical cotton throughout. It is easily disposable and simple to use. No odor forms. No chafing possible. No bulges or lines "show through" under your dress and you need not remove the *Tampax* in tub or shower!

A whole month's average supply of *Tampax* fits into your purse. The drug stores and notion counters sell it in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Buy today—it's good for your peace of mind. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Hot from Hollywood



Jeffrey Lynn, after four years Army service, has been getting bright welcome-home smiles. Connie Moore and Johnny Maschio add their greetings. So do we, Jeffrey!

GARBO talks, the billboards once read. And now—Van Johnson yodels! He's taking lessons from a professional yodeler, all on account of playing a hill-billy in "Romance of Rosy Ridge." He doesn't wear shoes in this rôle, and he can't cut his hair until the picture is finished.

THERE'S a good brain behind that pretty face belonging to Jeanne Crain. Soon after she finished "Margie," Jeanne bought forty acres up in the Hollywood Outpost district. She plans to keep five for herself. Then she and her husband will subdivide the rest. In this way they can pick their own neighbors. The name of her new home? "Crain's Nest."

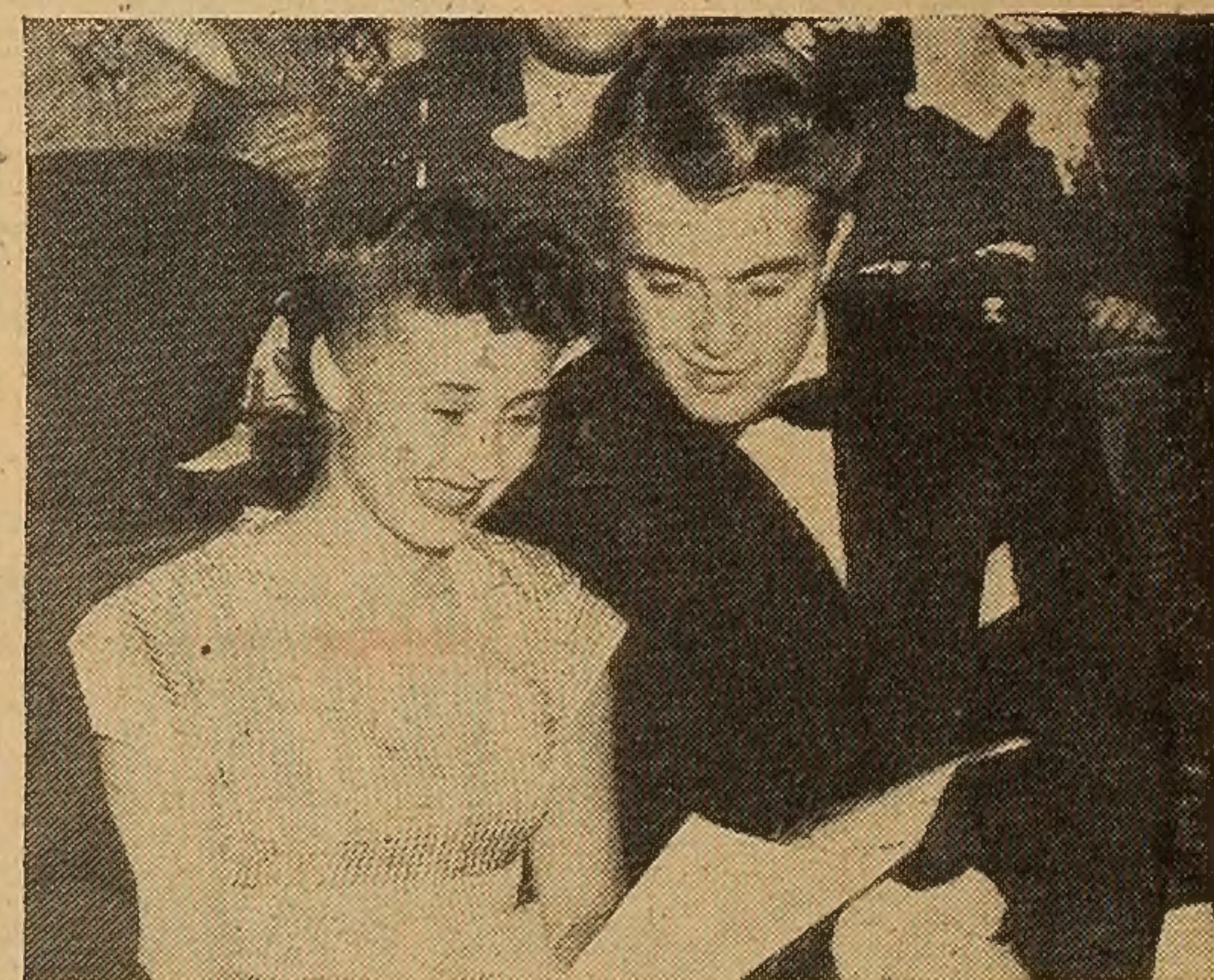
THE DAY Frank Sinatra recorded his operatic number for "It Happened in Brooklyn," they closed the set. Just as

they got ready for the first take, a muffled sneeze came from the general direction of the prop man's wagon. Behind it and cowering as if she was a stowaway, they discovered—Greer Garson. She was leaving for a Pebble Beach vacation, but she just *had* to drive by the studio and crash Frankie's set. Yes, they let her stay.

A NEW seven-year contract with no options has just been tendered Mark Stevens by his bosses at 20th. Not since the advent of Tyrone Power has any actor caused such a stir at the box office. Mark's fan mail is third largest on the lot. To show their appreciation the studio presented him with a new trailer dressing-room. "It's a far cry from that bench in Central Park," said Mark, the first time he gazed upon it with grateful eyes. (Please turn to page 22)



Danny Kaye's clever writer-wife ad libs with Dana Andrews—with "The Kid" (from Brooklyn, that is) acting as their one-man audience.



Jane Powell's handsome escort to a gala première is Johnny Sands, whom David O. Selznick is now grooming for movie stardom.

PARAMOUNT proudly presents RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr.'s
Immortal Classic Of The Seven Seas!

“TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST”

Thirsting for adventure ...
red-blooded mutineers
surge from the pages of the
world's best loved story
of men and ships!

STARRING
ALAN LADD
BRIAN DONLEVY
WILLIAM BENDIX
BARRY FITZGERALD

WITH
Howard da SILVA • Esther FERNANDEZ • Albert DEKKER • Luis VAN ROOTEN • Darryl HICKMAN

Produced by SETON I. MILLER • Directed by JOHN FARROW • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller and George Bruce

SCREENLAND



A Net Loss

can be avoided if you're smart and anchor yours with DeLong Bob Pins.



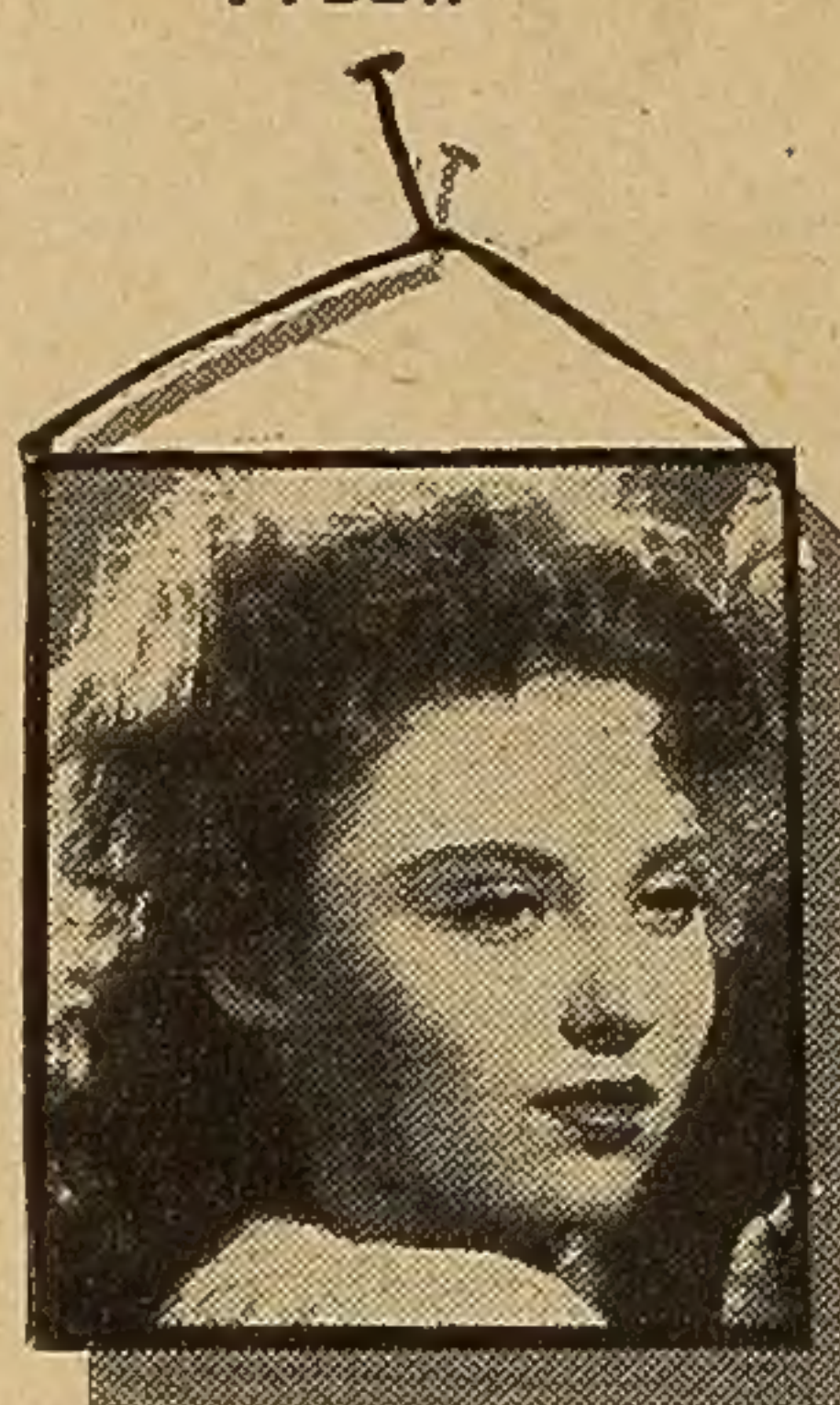
That tricky snood or fly-away net stays snugly in place when it's fastened with these extra-special Bob Pins that won't slip out willy-nilly . . . They grip your locks in a do-or-die way because they're made of fine high-carbon steel and subjected to rigid tests, to insure a longer-lasting

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out

Try DeLong Bob Pins and you'll know the full meaning of a net profit in hair-do security.

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

BEVERLY
TYLER



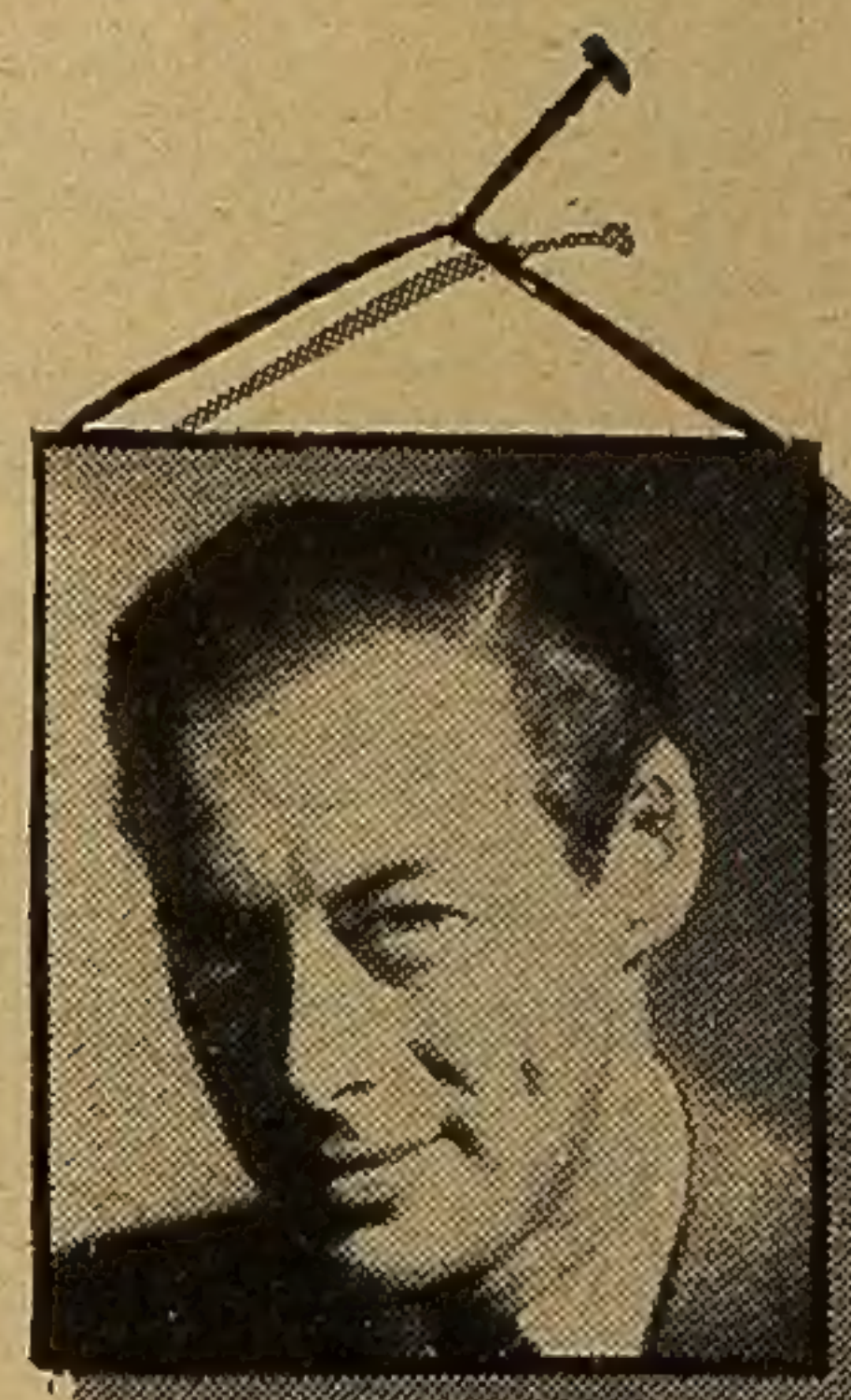
LUCILLE
BALL



CORNEL
WILDE



REX
HARRISON



Fans' Forum



Going Your Way?

Movies, we mean! Do they fill your entertainment requirements, or do you find that certain something about the film—or the stars—which you would like to change? Here's your chance to voice an opinion. So let's have it. Write your letter to Fans' Forum today. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00 and five \$1.00 prizes. Closing date is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER

\$10.00

Years ago, long before an undersized Austrian housepainter set the world aflame, I was an ardent film fan and reveled in the silent screen, the raucous birth of the talkies, and the excellence that later evolved from their struggle to attain perfection. I doted on the syncopated sophistication of Joan Crawford, drooled over the stupendous epics of Cecil B. DeMille, went pop-eyed at the early directorial efforts of the brilliant Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang, and became the loyal admirer of Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and the inimitable Marlene Dietrich.

Definitely those were wonderful days for the movie-loving enthusiast! Garbo was an inspiration in films like "Queen Christina" and "Camille"; Bette Davis and Margaret Sullavan were giving unsurpassed dramatic portrayals; Charles Laughton had just begun a series of performances that have still to be equaled for virtuosity; Shirley Temple was undisputed Queen of Hearts; Rogers and Astaire and MacDonald and Eddy were team tops, and just going into production was a minor film feature with the quaint title of "Gone with the Wind." Adrian was King Costumier, and a naïve Ingrid Bergman had only recently arrived in town.

But that was quite a while before World War II began, and long before I became a

prisoner of the Japanese in Singapore. Skipping the grim side of that experience, how we all missed the cinema! Only the camp concerts we somehow arranged ourselves to ease the soul-killing boredom kept us from despondency. In our camp we had 27 different nationalities, surely a polyglot little world of its own. But we also had several underground radios (which in spite of their many searches the Japs never located), and sometimes in the news bulletins we managed to pick up microscopic tidbits from Hollywood. And *did* we digest these scraps of information avidly! I'll say! It was thus we learned with sorrow of the passing of May Robson, Edna May Oliver, John Barrymore and Leslie Howard.

The Japanese supplied our camp from time to time with American papers and magazines, but all of them were dated prior to February, 1942. I can only hazard a guess where these were procured, probably from dumps and warehouses captured in Malaya where they were stored for packing purposes. Anyhow, every month the camp was supplied with its quota of old newsprint, and each P.O.W. was allotted his share by the Camp Commandant. This consisted of two or three pages each, which naturally we exchanged with one another—having little other reading material. The few screen magazines amongst the Jap issue were placed in our camp library for everyone to thumb over, and from these we procured our treasured pin-up pictures. But they were all sadly out-of-date where news and views were concerned.

During my three-and-a-half years of captivity I often wondered wistfully what was happening in the film world. Where were the established stars? Were newcomers muscling in? How many grand pictures would I miss before my inevitable release? Oh, yes, I had supreme faith that I would ultimately be rescued from the unwelcome hospitality of the Mikado. Old Ironsides, that's me!

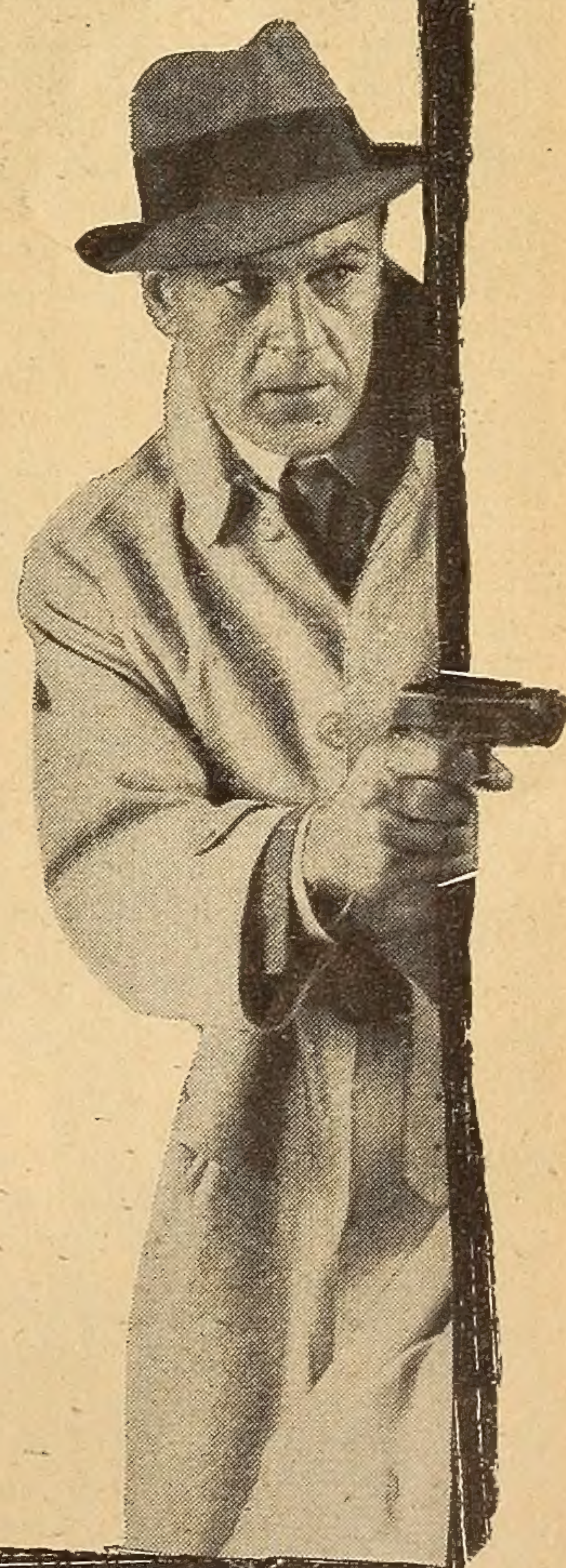
Then came the actual day—September, 1945—and freedom, liberty, homeland. After the initial thrill of homecoming—back to the cinema world to see what was cookin'! And was I lucky! At a tiny provincial cinema I managed to catch up with "Gone with the Wind," and thus saw my first film

ADVENTURE WITHOUT PARALLEL!



THE MOMENT HE
FELL IN LOVE WAS
HIS MOMENT OF
GREATEST DANGER!

Gary Cooper
IN
"CLOAK
AND
DAGGER"



The Picture that introduces
LILLI PALMER

WITH **ROBERT ALDA**

DIRECTED BY **FRITZ LANG** PRODUCED BY **MILTON SPERLING**

SCREEN PLAY BY ALBERT MALTZ AND RING LARDNER, JR. ORIGINAL STORY BY BORIS INGSTER
AND JOHN LARKIN • MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

PRODUCED BY UNITED STATES PICTURES FOR WARNER BROS.



SCREENLAND

AS "SCARFACE"
HE WON A NATION'S ACCLAIM

AS "PASTEUR"...
AN ACADEMY AWARD

AND NOW...
HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH!.

PAUL MUNI

... as the great and terrible Eddie Kagle, Killer ...
who was too mean to live — and too tough to die!

in four years, a true classic of the screen. I loved it. Then I chose "Hollywood Can-teen" as my next picture, so that I could see at one go as many of my favorite stars as I could, as well as a batch of new faces. I confess I approached this film with trepidation, but I was reassured. It was a swell show, and I DID enjoy spotting old friends in tiny rôles.

In the next few months I looked around, went to the cinema, and read SCREENLAND. Here are my conclusions. I needn't have been afraid. Movieland hasn't altered much. Some well-loved stars have vanished—only temporarily, I hope—but most of the others are still to the fore. Bing is still the king of crooners, with a Sinatra to give him all the competition he wants. Marlene Dietrich—in G.I. issue, and entertaining the troops in Europe—is better loved than ever she was before. Gary Cooper hasn't budged an inch up or down, bless him! The little Temple is a bride now, as well as a grand teenster actress. Hitchcock, Lang, and Borzage are top megaphone wielders as ever they were, with DeMille not far behind. And Joan Crawford, with an Oscar and a comeback to her credit, has given me the biggest kick since my return from exile. No! I needn't have been afraid for Hollywood. She's still tops, still warming the hearts of countless millions of picture-goers with imagination and romance, still bringing to us the thrill of mirage.

The few changes there are seem all to the good. Screen heroes are not so handsome nowadays. Van Johnson, Robert Walker, Dana Andrews, Bill Williams and others of their ilk are pleasantly real, and just like the chaps next door.

Edward G. Robinson, instead of being the little big shot, is now the underdog—a pleasant change! Betty Hutton has taken over where Martha Raye left off. Grable is plumper and Gable is tougher. Cagney

continues to knock 'em cold, literally and metaphorically. Bette Davis is a younger Ethel Barrymore, and still on the top branch, and even Laurel and Hardy are peddling their wares as of old. Well! Well! And instead of our old hearts dancing with Ginger and Fred, we now have the quicksilver Gene Kelly, Johnny Coy and Peggy Ryan.

Film stories, so it seems to me, are now either thoroughly escapist and laden with laughs (as well as being garnished with girls, glamor and glittering Technicolor) or are somberly psychiatric and dabble in amnesia and animalism as well as getting a little out of their depth. Now and again a



"Carnegie Hall" comes in for a spot of Hollywood local color, with a film company on location in New York. William Prince and Martha O'Driscoll are among those featured.

gem in a different medium comes along—"The Corn Is Green," "Lost Weekend," "House on 92nd Street," for instance—and those are worth waiting for. So on the whole, I'm satisfied. Good old Hollywood! You haven't let me down; you still continue to cater magnificently to the palpitating public, and long may you do so.

WILLIS TOOGOOD,
East Lothian, Scotland

SECOND PRIZE WINNER **\$5.00**

Are we, the American teen-agers, entirely to blame for juvenile delinquency? We certainly are not. You, Producers, Directors, Writers and Actors, are just as much at fault, and maybe more than we, the teen-agers. In fact the teen-agers are just a tool, to what you are instilling in their minds. You're the main source of teen-age material. YOU, with your sex, mystery and murderous movies!

Oh sure, you claim that you don't want delinquency any more than any American, yet you are so busy making money on these degrading pictures that you don't stop to think what these pictures are doing to the American people.

We all know that "Going My Way" was one of the biggest money-makers of all time. And why? Surely all the credit can't go to Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald. I'll tell you why, because the story raised our minds to higher levels instead of degrading them. And why aren't there more pictures like that? Is it because the only material you have to work with is murders? Is that all the writers of today can turn out? If it is, then we of America should hang our heads in shame.

I am seventeen, a teen-ager, and proud of it. And as a teen-ager, I'm going to fight this situation that exists in every way

that I know how. Maybe with this letter I can encourage other teen-agers to write for our rights and enough letters should do the trick. Maybe I should get a soap box. But isn't it an American trait to voice an opinion?

BARBARA BATES, Waukegan, Ill.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS \$1.00 EACH

I have just heard a horrible rumor to the effect that Cornel Wilde will portray Lord Byron in a forthcoming picture.

The studios have currently been enjoying an orgy of filming biographies of great and talented people. In almost every instance they have made a complete botch of the job. Producers are very fond of attributing virtues to these artists which they never possessed and completely overlooking their truly great talents.

Byron was no hero but they will surely make him one. He was selfish, egotistical, and extremely gifted. For the sake of the ladies, who would be aghast at the very thought of the handsome Mr. Wilde registering even a leer, the producer will probably make Lord Byron a selfless, loving and kind man, probably even a patriot. This is ridiculous, as anyone who will take the time to investigate will agree.

If Byron must be "immortalized" on the silver screen, why doesn't Selznick produce it? He is the least sugary and sentimental of all the producers in movieland.

For the rôle of Byron, I beg do not let Cornel Wilde have it. Give the rôle to James Mason. In addition to being an Englishman, which is a good reason in itself, he is a fine actor, not above being a little villainous if the part calls for it.

It would be better for all concerned to forget the project entirely, for Hollywood is not ready to attempt anything of this



Jane Russell gives the servicemen at Halloran Hospital a feast of glamor. Seen with her are Sgt. Joseph Groff, Pfc. Robert Scanlon and Pfc. Syd. Schiller.

scope. But if they feel they must, please stick to the truth!

MARGARET DONOVAN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Having recently seen Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit," I took one look at Rex Harrison and cried, "How long has this been going on?" If ever an actor conformed, in the best sense of the words, to that worn-out old phrase, "tall, dark and handsome," that most certainly is Mr. Harrison.

One of the few men who look good in Technicolor, this new addition, if only temporarily, to our shores, is not only extremely easy on the eyes but possessed of

acting ability, a charm of manner and a perfect diction that is a delight to hear. After "Blithe Spirit," I began frantically shoving around my reigning favorites to make place for this new one.

In "A Yank in London," Mr. Harrison showed that he doesn't do badly in black and white either. The only incongruous note in the whole picture was the fact that the girl preferred the Yank.

EVANGELINE ELPERS, Logansport, Ind.

A complaint, Mr. Producer of America's number one entertainment, the Movies. As a Kansan, I'm proud of the Sunflower State; as a former exhibitor, I'm an ardent movie fan, especially those pictures that

ANNE BAXTER

... at her fascinating best as the angel who knew that Heaven couldn't wait!

CHARLES R. ROGERS presents

PAUL MUNI ANNE BAXTER CLAUDE RAINS

in

"Angel On My Shoulder"

with ONSLOW STEVENS • GEORGE CLEVELAND
ERSKINE SANFORD • Associate Producer
DAVID W. SIEGEL • Original Story by Harry Segall
Screen Play by Harry Segall and Roland Kibbee
Music Composed and Directed by Dimitri Tiomkin
Produced by CHARLES R. ROGERS
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Released thru United Artists.

CLAUDE RAINS

... as the sinister Minister of Evil—his most masterly portrayal of all!

are located on scenes of historical interest, so I waited anxiously for "Abilene Town" to be shown within driving distance of the "exact Geographical Center" of the United States, for Abilene is to Kansas what Bunker Hill is to America. Once the rip-roaring, wide-open frontier city at the end of the Texas longhorn cattle trail, now a quiet country town, home of General Eisenhower.

To me "Abilene Town" was the most disappointing picture I have seen for a long time, because I could not see the really fine acting, especially by Randolph Scott, the good story or any part of an otherwise excellent Class A picture for—MOUNTAINS.

I realize producers cannot film pictures all over the country, but they can—and should—familiarize themselves with the general geographical features of the locality they are representing. Mountains on the flat plains of Kansas are as out of place as a corn field in the middle of the ocean or—a Kansas cyclone wailing down Beverly Hills.

Another peeve: as an exhibitor I was often asked after the show, "Who was the cute little number who played *Mary Ann*?" or "Who was that tall guy who played *Steve*?" As an exhibitor I could familiarize myself with the supporting cast from the press sheets. Now I'm just a patron and I often wonder, with the rest of the audience, who's who among the supporting cast, especially new stars. Why not run the names of the entire cast at the end of the feature, as well as at the beginning?

That's all my suggestions, at this time, Mr. Producer—but please don't put mountains in your next cattle trail picture. Native Kansans and Texas Longhorns just can't take these out-of-place mountains in their stride.

GLADYS E. McARDLE, Lebanon, Kansas

I have just seen "The Green Years" which will in all probability be one of the pictures of the year. It will establish quite a few new faces in the eyes of the public.

The one whom I think will be there for quite a long time is Beverly Tyler. Joe Pasternak has another star on his long list and MGM did well in schooling her for several years. It has certainly paid off because she has all the charm and personality other singing stars never had. Beverly will go along ahead of Deanna Durbin and others. She has beauty, charm, and everything anyone could ask of a potential star. She is tops with me on the star parade.

TOM STATHOS, Easton, Pa.

I walked away from a movie the other day with a new admiration for someone we all see quite often—Lucille Ball. The picture was "Easy to Wed." I know over half the women of America have seen this picture because their favorite boy-next-door, Van Johnson, was in it. But I wonder if they stop to think who gave them the real, heart-felt laughs—Lucille Ball.

Her personality enables her to play any part she is given wonderfully. From comedy to drama she's tops. In my opinion she is one of the greatest troupers in filmdom. May we continue to see more of this "Red-Headed Beauty?"

FRANCES HIMBAUGH, Louisville, Ky.

HONORABLE MENTION

The trend toward fear and morbidity in the movies seems to be growing. Some of the best pictures like "The Postman Always Rings Twice" and "Dragonwyck" indirectly foster the theme that life is a sordid, pointless thing. Cruelty, ugliness and greed are exploited. This is a bad trend because the world needs to be led back into the light again. We need to be-



Margaret Lindsay and Nancy Coleman, as the sisters in this scene from PRC's "Her Sister's Secret," start the freshet of feminine tears.

lieve once more in our ideals, to be optimistic and hopeful of a brighter, more wholesome world.

And what medium is better fitted for leading this return to sanity and happiness than the movies? Instead of merely portraying human behavior, the screen should also help pattern it.

JESS F. BLAIR, Big Spring, Texas

Recently I saw a movie called "Perilous Holiday." Pat O'Brien was the actor doing a fine job as usual. It was Miss Ruth Warrick, the feminine lead, who made me sit up and take notice.

ALL THE YOUTH AND LOVE, WARMTH AND WONDER OF

You'll remember



THESE WERE THE DAYS! MARGIE IS THE GIRL! THIS IS



Philip Reed and Winston Severn, the sister's "secret," warm up to a budding friendship in this dramatic moment of the PRC film.

She is a very attractive person, in fact I think she resembles beautiful Maureen O'Hara. More important, she did a truly good job of acting. Her walk, voice, graciousness, the clothes she wore, and how beautifully she wore them; I liked everything about her. However, I don't remember when I have opened a magazine and have seen a photograph of, or an article about Ruth Warrick.

I, for one, would like to read about her home life, hobbies, family, likes and dislikes, and to see photos of her at work and in her leisure hours. Since SCREENLAND says I am free to express my thoughts and

opinions, I say, "I would like to see Ruth Warrick in some good movies, and on the pages of my favorite magazine." She would even make a pretty cover girl.

MILDRED M. NOWACK, Cleveland, Ohio

Have you ever stood by helplessly and watched something happen, and felt terrible about not being able to do something about it. That's the way I feel about the Orson Welles-Rita Hayworth split. Somehow I get a lump in my throat when I look in my scrapbook and see the pictures of them together. I read a very touching article about Rita by Charles Vidor, which made me feel worse. I believe both Rita and Orson are still terribly in love. And they are both making a big mistake now that they'll be sorry for later. If Orson would stop for just a second and think about what he is losing, and if Rita would do the same, perhaps terms could be arranged.

And surely they must realize what a home will mean in later years for their children. I'm only an outsider and perhaps my perspective is all wrong, but I can't just sit by and see this happen to such unusual and outstanding people whom I believe are very much in love.

JO ANN NICHOLS, Santa Monica, Calif.

Pet extravagances vary. Mine is the movies which I attend at least three times a week. And, since I happen to be discriminate in my movie tastes, one would assume that I am at least satisfied with the level of current movie entertainment offered to us.

Unfortunately, the conclusion is wrong. That I live in hope is a more accurate reason for this heavy schedule of movie attendance. Yes, I walk into the lobby with

my fingers crossed and a prayer on my lips that there will be no actors or actresses in the movie I am about to see. For I am, oh, so weary of "acting." Will the movie industry ever realize that when we watch a story unfold, we want to see, not parts acted, but *characters interpreted*; we want to feel a sensitivity on the part of Miss Star and her satellites to their respective roles.

Is it any wonder that more and more frequently, as I watch the studied movements and listen to the neat speeches, I experience a strong nostalgia for the days of my elocution lessons when, with gestures, I pleaded:

"Make me a child again—just for tonight."

SYLVIA MILLER, Washington, D. C.

Once upon a time, as all good stories begin, there was a little man who, as a teen-ager, lived in a world of fun, whistled at pretty co-eds, jumped over his father's furniture in the den, drove a jalopy that just about made its destinations, and once in awhile had one of those popular man-to-man talks with his dad. But that was once upon a time.

Andy Hardy left with Mickey Rooney on June 14, 1944, to answer his country's call in order that he and other fellow Americans could continue living in this world of happiness for generations to come.

They left together and I know they'll return together for where there's a Mickey Rooney there's an *Andy Hardy*.

I'm still waiting for that little man to return who shares his fun and mischievous doings with others. It's a long wait but it's worth it.

So when you do come back to us, Mickey, please come back that old *Andy* way!

BILLIE PATTERSON, Springfield, Mass.

AMERICA'S HEY! HEY! DAY!

Darryl F. Zanuck

presents

JEANNE CRAIN

MARGIE

IN TECHNICOLOR

GLENN LYNN ALAN

LANGAN-BARI-YOUNG

BARBARA LAWRENCE · CONRAD JANIS · ESTHER DALE

Directed by

HENRY KING ·

Produced by

WALTER MOROSCO

20th
CENTURY-FOX

Screen Play by F. Hugh Herbert

Based on Stories by Ruth McKenney and Richard Bransten

as long
as you
Love!

THE PICTURE!

JUNE HAVER has the most ravishing smile we've seen in months and we'd hesitate to say what one like hers is worth to any girl. By the way, how is *your* smile?

You know, next to a sense of humor, well-cared-for teeth are most important to a pretty smile. We aren't ignoring such standard equipment as colorful, curving lips; but shining white teeth, firm pink gums, are the basis of a smart smile. Teeth, like eyes, are meant to last you a lifetime and so are well worth looking after. The twice-a-year dental check-up is only part of the story. The major part of the job is up to you, so be sure you go at your teeth twice a day, night and morning, with a firm-bristled tooth brush.

Precious Hollywood smiles are cared for with two brushes, used alternately, so that one is always fresh and clean. Rinse out the brushes once a week in a strong solution of salt water and administer a good dose of sunshine to them frequently to keep them in good condition.

Select a non-abrasive tooth powder or tooth paste with a flavor you like and stick to it. It is easier not to neglect your regular brushing if the paste or powder you use tastes good to you. You can experiment with small sizes until you find the one which is your favorite.

There is a special technique in brushing that helps you reach hard to get surfaces of your teeth. Decay, you know, starts usually back on these out-of-the-way places. Brush down on all surfaces, inside and out, of your upper teeth; up



June is looking pretty as you please here but this smile gives away no secrets at all.

on all inner and outer surfaces of your lower ones. Then go crosswise just for good measure.

It is wise to pay special attention to the inner side of the four front lower teeth. Put your brush in and bring it up vigorously there. For just beneath these
(Please turn to page 21)



Here is June Haver whom you'll want to see in "Three Little Girls in Blue," made by 20th Century-Fox.

A SMILE with a FUTURE

Recipe for a smart smile:
Put well together one sense of humor, add shining white teeth and provocative lips.

By Josephine Felts



This is a promissory smile, one with a great future, and June Haver lets it light up her eyes as well as colorful lips.

HE WAS A
GAMBLER

She never took a chance!

—But when romance rules that one
certain girl was born to be kissed
by just one certain man — —

THAT'S DIFFERENT... See
the difference in this gay-
est of romantic come-
dies, whirling 'round
the glamorous and
exciting resorts
of glittering
Las Vegas!



RKO
PRESENTS

Robert YOUNG • Barbara HALE • Frank MORGAN
IN

Lady Luck

with

JAMES GLEASON • DON RICE • HARRY DAVENPORT

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen play by Lynn Root and Frank Fenton



SCREENLAND

15



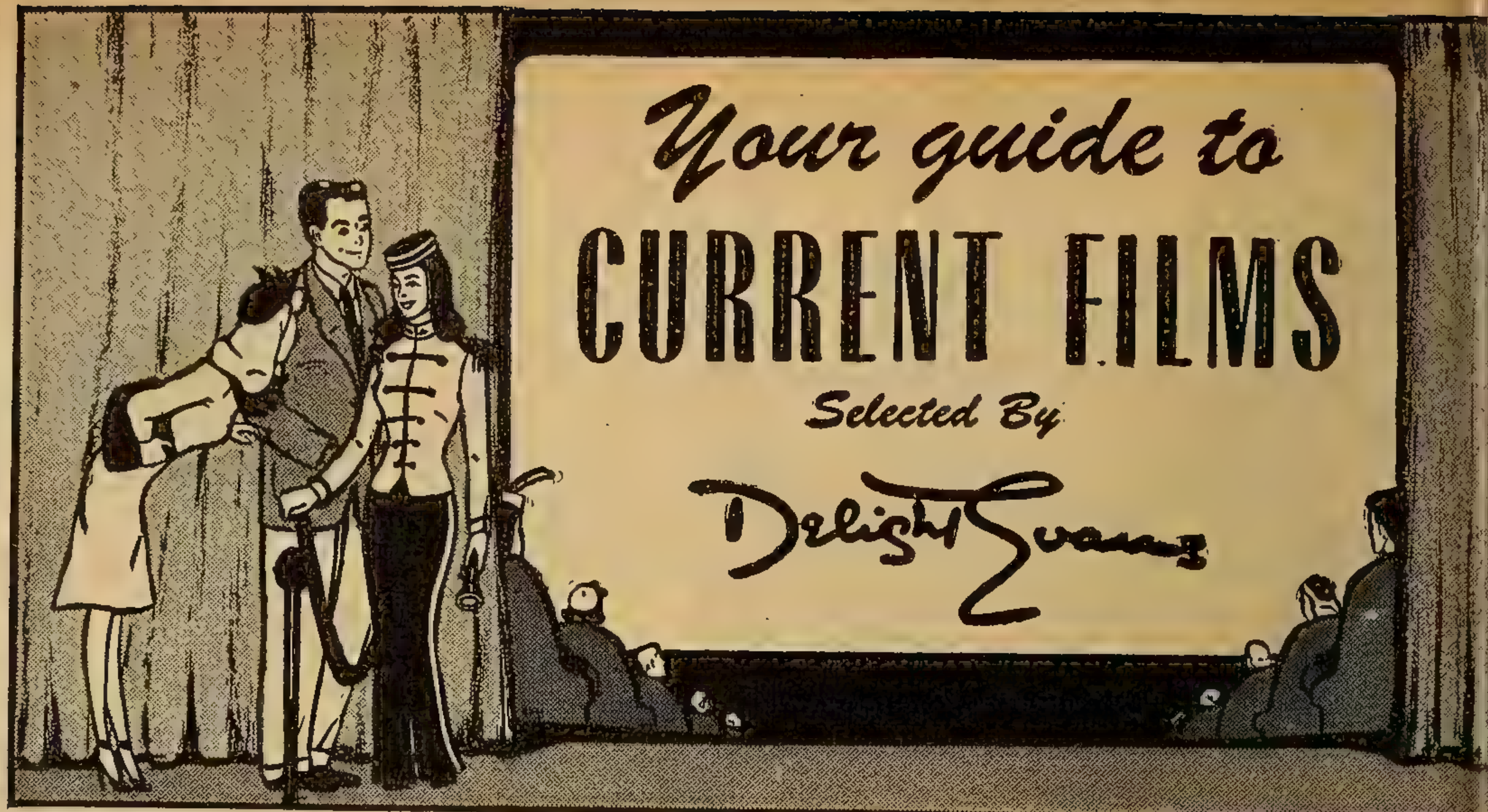
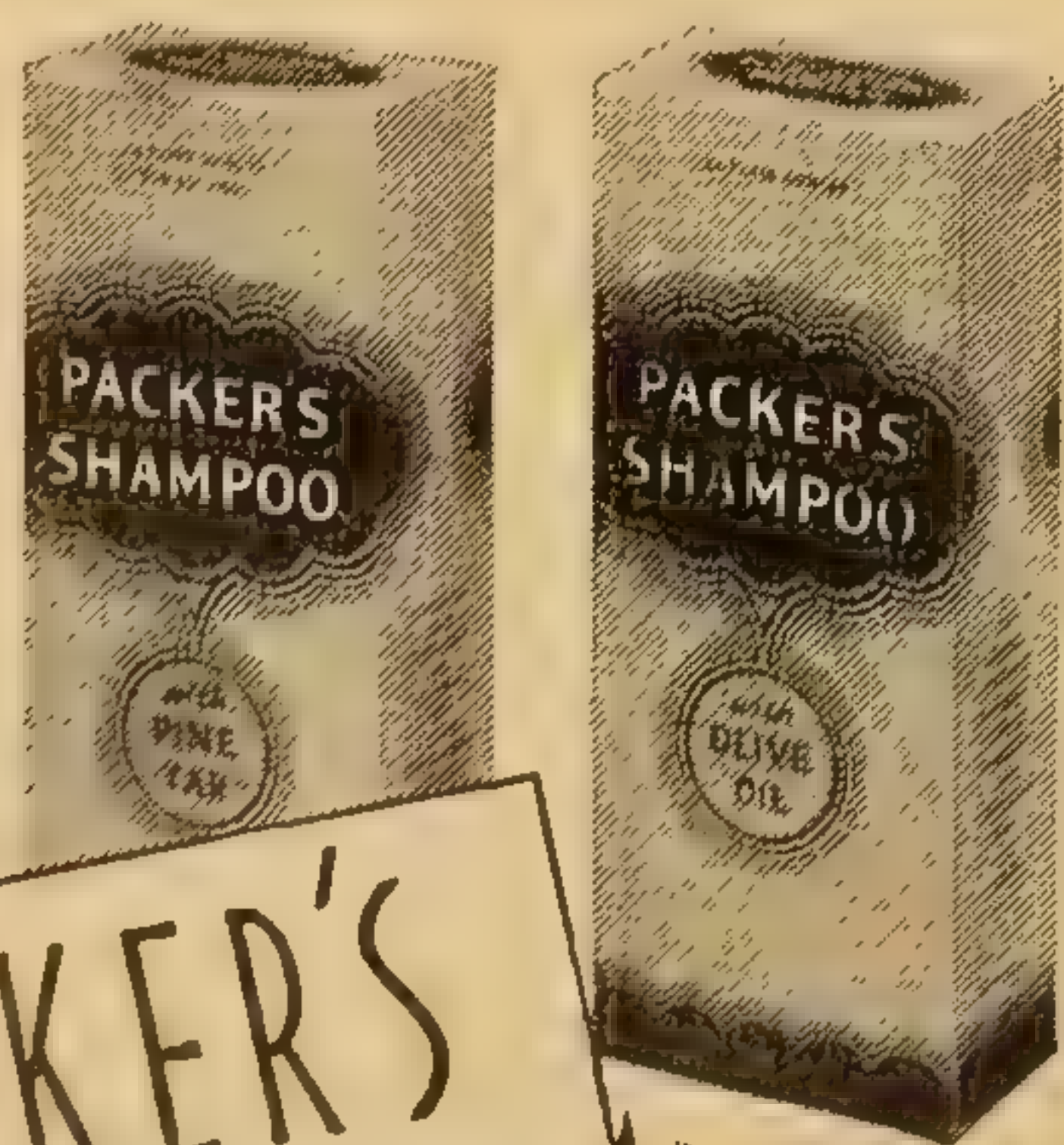
Thinning hair?BE CAREFUL!

REPEATED USE of your shampoo may be dangerous if it should contain a harsh cleansing ingredient. That's why dermatologists warn women to use only the purest shampoos in order to avoid serious scalp irritation.

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So remember, using Packer's means *safe* hair care. Whether you use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo or Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, you'll be rewarded with rich, creamy lather, lustrous hair, a healthily clean scalp.

Packer's products are on sale at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.



Your guide to CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans

THE JOLSON STORY—Columbia

Whether this biography of the famous Mammy singer is authentic in every detail is beside the point—our point being that it presents a new Larry Parks, a delightful personality who plays with all his heart the title rôle, endowing it with a sincere feeling of both the man and the times. His story begins in his twelfth year when he sang in the synagogue, and carries him through his Broadway successes and his marriage, ending in separation. Plenty of time is given to favorite songs in lavish settings. Evelyn Keyes is decorative as the sincere wife, and characterizations by Ludwig Donath, Tamara Shayne as parents are fine.

THEY WERE SISTERS—Universal Release

Magnificent menace James Mason is at it again in this Gainsborough melodrama of three sisters whose lives, to say the least, he disturbs. Indeed, one sister, his wife, is driven to suicide by his shabby treatment. Phyllis Calvert, as the sister who calls him to account, is eloquent and exquisitely beautiful. Aside from the suspense and drama the plot affords, there are other equally fine portraits drawn by Dulcie Gray, the mistreated wife, and Anne Crawford, the flirtatious wife to Barrie Livesey's devoted husband. Scenes of Pamela Kellino, as Mason's eldest daughter, are especially interesting since she is his wife in their private lives.

SISTER KENNY—RKO

Intensely dramatic is the biographical story of Sister Kenny and her much-discussed treatment for infantile paralysis, learned while tending cases in Australia's bush country. Her sense of duty toward the afflicted, her never-dying hope that the medical profession will some day accept her system form the conflict which holds the audience's interest from beginning to end. Rosalind Russell does the best acting of her career, depicting the title character with a fine understanding of the woman herself, as well as the public-spirited defender of her beliefs. Alexander Knox is excellent as the doctor who helps her fight for recognition.

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU—Republic

For classical music lovers, Frank Borzage's production is tops, since master pianist Artur Schnabel has recorded for it a large portion of masterpieces by Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Liszt and Bach. It's pure musical enchantment. Co-stars Philip Dorn and Catherine McLeod are also pleasing in what they are required to enact, though at times when the maestro *Goronoff* and his talented pupil debate his theory that music is entirely masculine through the medium of the piano, they, as well as we, become a trifle confused. Stalwart William Carter plays the romantic lead effectively. A musical treat.

NOTORIOUS—RKO

We know Alfred Hitchcock as the master of suspense—now we see the remarkable results of his mastery of tempo. But don't give all the credit to the director—lovely Ingrid Bergman, as a girl of uncertain reputation, has a great deal to do with the brilliant success of this espionage escapade in South America. Cary Grant, too, adds his immeasurable best as the government agent who is forced to stand by while his loved one bargains for Nazi top secrets. Divide the rest of the laurels among such experts as Claude Rains, Louis Calhern and Mme. Konstantine and you'll have a fair distribution for this picture that can't miss.

WOMEN!

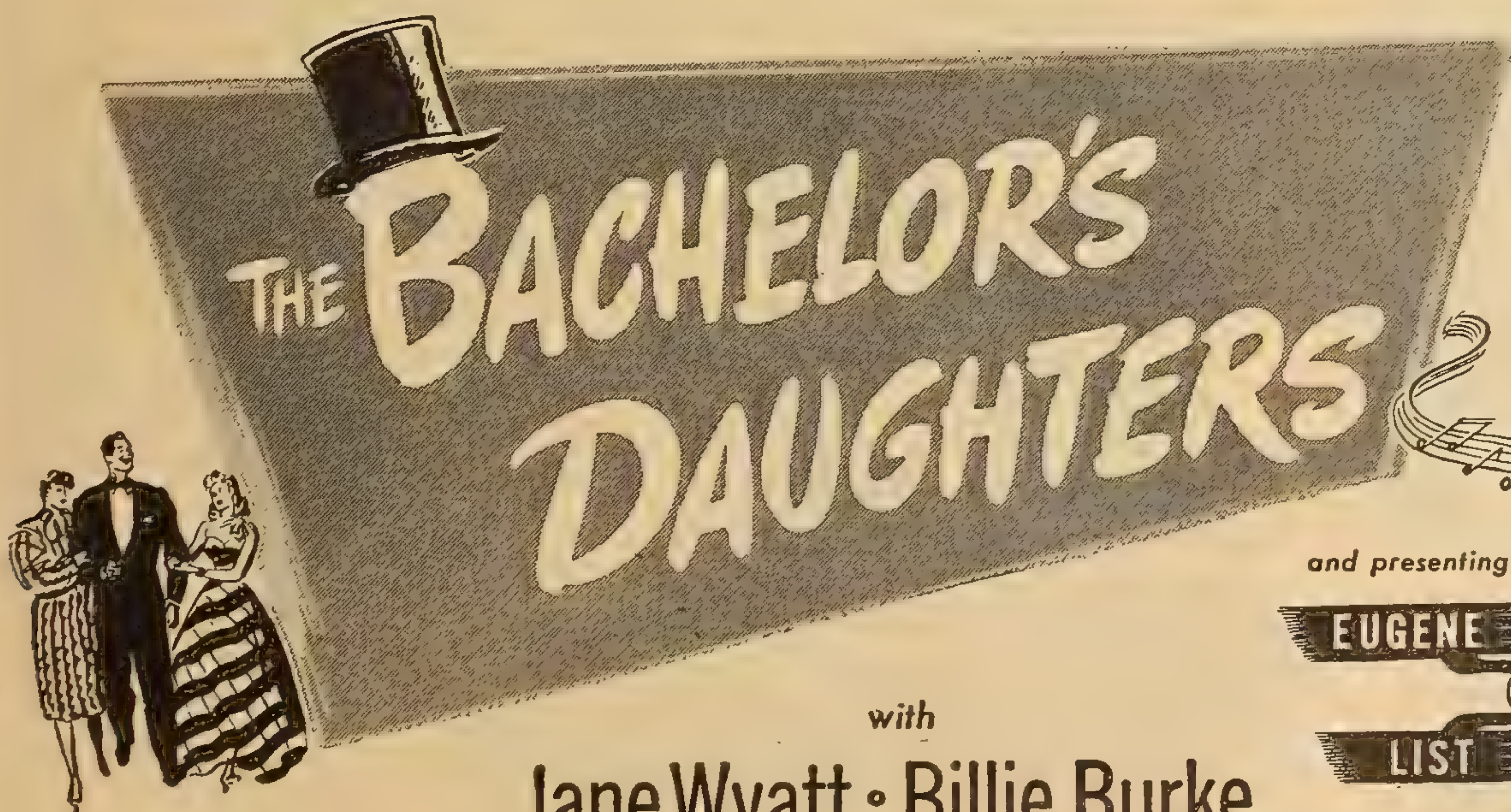
YOU, TOO, CAN CATCH A RICH HUSBAND!



What would you do to own a genuine mink coat . . . with a yacht to match? Just let these four smart girls show you how to meet the kind of men who can buy them.

Andrew Stone presents

Gail Claire Ann Adolphe
RUSSELL • TREVOR • DVORAK • MENJOU



with

Jane Wyatt • Billie Burke

Produced and Directed by **ANDREW STONE**

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

SCREENLAND

Ask any of these
thrilled owners
of mink and men



GAIL RUSSELL
(As Eileen)

"It was simple . . . I
just traded a wink
for a mink!"



CLAIRE TREVOR
(As Cynthia)

"I had designs on a
yacht . . . now I have
the yacht!"



ANN DVORAK
(As Terry)

"I found that kisses
can get a girl the most
wonderful career!"



JANE WYATT
(As Marta)

"A cave with him
would be fine . . .
but a penthouse
would be better!"

See them do
what YOU can do!

*Wear it
with Pleasure*



*Give it
to Treasure*

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TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Paramount

Here's a fine, honest, and uncompromisingly realistic adaptation of Richard Henry Dana's classic novel, which helped to free American merchant seamen from the tyrannical treatment of the times. Fortunately for movie fans who must have some glamor along with their drama Paramount has starred Alan Ladd in the rôle of the ship-owner's son who is shanghaied from his luxurious existence and learns about rugged sea-going life the hard way. To Ladd's credit, his knowing performance stands out among all the portrayals of rough fellows of the sea contributed by such stalwarts as William Bendix, Brian Donlevy and Howard da Silva. Trouble aboard the not-so-good ship *Pilgrim* has been brewing since the vessel sailed from Boston for California but it comes to a head around Cape Horn when the rebellious crew turns on the cruel captain, Ladd stages an unsuccessful one-man mutiny, and Donlevy, as Dana finds colorful copy for his book.



HOME SWEET HOMICIDE—20th Century-Fox

The enthusiasm with which the offspring of a feminine mystery writer try to clear up a murder and blackmail carries this film a long way up the ladder to Class A entertainment. With well-timed direction, screenplay by the originator of the teen-age *Corliss Archer*, the exuberant performances by Peggy Ann Garner, Dean Stockwell, Connie Marshall and Barbara Whiting, you can't help enjoying it. Peggy takes the lead in solving the crime, with the object of involving her mother (Lynn Bari) in a romance with detective (Randolph Scott).



BLACK BEAUTY—20th Century-Fox

Anna Sewell's time-honored classic novel, enjoyed to the utmost in childhood days, loses a great deal of interest in its third reconversion to the screen. It's not entirely the producer's fault. After all, we have grown up since we first read it. But the kiddies will love it! Mona Freeman, piquant and princesslike as *Black Beauty's* mistress, has a fine time romping about the English countryside until she consents to attend a girls' school. While she is away dire things happen to *Black Beauty*, but when Mona returns, a cultured lady, she rescues him from a fire—and her hero, Richard Danning from a siren, Evelyn Ankers.



THE KILLERS—Universal

Here's a terrific combination of expert story-telling by Ernest Hemingway, clever and compact direction by Robert Siodmak under the wise production guidance of Mark Hellinger, and a cast that goes all out to maintain the high tension and suspense introduced in the very first scene in which two dark-visaged men go gunning for their victim in a small sleepy town. The flash-back technique which brings all participating characters into the limelight for investigation has never been used to better advantage. Burt Lancaster, a Broadway stage actor, hits the jackpot of fan interest in the rôle of *Swede*, the murdered man. Edmond O'Brien runs a close second as the investigator who interviews the connecting links—Sam Levene, detective who once booked *Swede* for robbery, Virginia Christine, one of his sweethearts, Ava Gardner (in her best rôle to date) as double-crossing moll of bigtime racketeer, Albert Dekker—all played exceedingly well.



HER SISTER'S SECRET—PRC

Delving deeply into the emotions of an unwed mother who gives up her child to her sister, this film, based on Gina Kaus' novel, "Dark Angel," will appeal mostly to the women of the audience. They will enjoy a good cry as the New Orleans debutante, the patrician Nancy Coleman, meets the handsome Army lad, Philip Reed, only to send him away undecided whether she loves him. Margaret Lindsay, as the married sister who takes the child as her own, and Regis Toomey, her husband who is not fooled for long, give them excellent support.



BLACK ANGEL—Universal

The most interesting thing about this film version of Cornel Woolrich's novel is the way in which Dan Duryea glides from his "lost weekend" characterization into romance with June Vincent. Story is a combination murder-blackmail, concerning a suspicious-looking nightclub owner (played by Peter Lorre in fine fettle), the blackmailing blonde (Constance Dowling, letting her hair do a Veronica Lake), the innocent man convicted for her murder (John Phillips), and his wife (June Vincent) who, with the aid of the alcoholic pianist, seeks to clear him. Broderick Crawford's homicide detective is realistic.

IF A MAN CAN'T HAVE ALL OF A WOMAN'S LOVE,
HE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE NONE!

Can a woman give her lips to one man and her longing to another? This was the question that tormented her soul...A stirring emotional experience enriched by the magic of music and Technicolor.

FRANK BORZAGE'S

PRODUCTION OF

I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU

*A Distinguished Motion Picture
in Romantic*

TECHNICOLOR

PHILIP CATHERINE
DORN • McLEOD

WILLIAM
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MME. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA,

Felix Bressart • Fritz Feld
Elizabeth Patterson • Vanessa Brown
Lewis Howard

Directed by
FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by
Borden Chase
Adapted from his
American Magazine
Story "Concerto"

Piano Recordings by
Artur Schnabel,
World's Greatest
Pianist

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

SCREENLAND

GIRLS! Want quick curls?



EYES light on lovely hair and linger there when it shines in all its natural beauty. Your hair will be soft, sparkling, and lustrous when you do it at home with new different Wildroot Hair Set that replaces old-fashioned thick gummy wave sets. Does all they do and more! Light bodied, faster drying. It contains processed LANO-LIN, leaves your hair soft, natural, and at its lovely best. Style your own distinctive hair-do quickly, without fuss or disappointment! Watch those admiring glances! Ask for New Wildroot Hair Set at your toilet goods counter today!



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*Doubles THE WEAR
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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Brilliant new beauty aids
Hollywood takes to its heart



Ultra Violet, romantic new glamor color for your prettiest moments. Revlon, of course. Matching face powder in the big box.

THERE is going to be a lovely new color in your life for your lips, and your fingertips. It is Ultra Violet by Revlon and has been described as an "unearthly violet fired with rubies." When you wear it and see how pretty, how white and transparent it makes your skin look, you'll be delighted and wonder why somebody didn't think of it before. Violets are in vogue again today, with lovely Dinah Shore singing that romantic old song, "Who'll buy my violets?" Of course, the answer is: Everybody!

Jacqueline Cochran has made a wonderful thing! It is a set of five beauty essentials fitted together in what is called a Perk-Up Stick. There's enough of each preparation for an overnight trip, a tiny spatula so you can refill from your larger sizes. A bottle of skin lotion for removing cleansing cream accompanies the "stick." This is a real beauty scoop. Think of having all the beauty aids you need tucked away in your handbag, and taking up no more space than a fountain pen!

Hollywood says the wide-eyed look is important this fall. See how much May-

belline mascara can help you toward this effect. Apply it with a not too wet brush stroking upward and outward to lash-tips. Separate the lashes with a dry brush. There! We said you'd like the way your eyes look.

Here comes Max Factor with nine glamorous new lipstick shades: three Clear Reds, three Blue Reds, three Rose Reds, each with its own number: one, two or three. The Ones are for Blondes, the Twos for Brunettes and the Threes for the true Brunettes. Redheads are advised to use the Ones as Blondes do. Each of these well-thought-out shades comes in an attractive metal stick with an all-over pattern that makes it distinctive among the lipsticks we've seen.

Song is the name of the new perfume by Mary Chess, a bright gay scent. It is a blend of rare and precious oils and is so remarkably long lasting that even a few drops will keep the fragrance around you for hours. It comes in its own chess-piece bottle, the Bishop, but there are smaller sizes, too, down to a darling little pawn.



New! Jacqueline Cochran's Perk-Up Stick, five beauty aids packed in a jumbo lipstick.



Dryad, new deodorant cream created by skin scientists at famous Jergens laboratories

A Smile with a Future

Continued from page 14

teeth are the little glands near which soft white tartar forms. This tends to harden over your teeth if not removed regularly. You can help cut down dental bills if you will remove this substance daily by this kind of careful brushing and cleansing.

At least once a day massage your gums, again working down toward the teeth. You may use your brush for this or your fingers as you prefer. If you use your brush, lay the side of it against the gum, the bristles pointed away from the teeth, and bring pressure to bear on the gum, then release it. This pumps the blood into the gums and helps keep them strong. At the first sign of bleeding, fly over to your dentist. Bleeding gums can be as serious as tooth decay, so keep an eye out for this danger signal. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, is an old adage but it still holds true in this modern age. So let your dentist prescribe for you.

A pleasant as well as profitable way to begin the day is to rinse your mouth with a pleasant mouthwash. Select one that has in addition a germicidal action and use it without fail. As a matter of fact, to rinse your mouth with water frequently during the day is a good idea. It flushes away any odd food particles and keeps the juices of the mouth fresh. Some dentists believe, too, that this helps prevent the formation of dangerous tartar. Dental floss will clean in between the teeth where it is hard for a brush to reach.

In recent years experiments have proven the great importance of diet for strong, healthy teeth and gums. While it may not be true that an apple a day will keep the dentist away, certainly crisp, firm foods give your gums much needed exercise. Milk and fruit juice are particularly valuable for necessary amounts of calcium, phosphorous and vitamin D.

As to the frame for that pretty smile, the provocative colorful lips, study the shape of your face in making a plan for use of lipstick. One of Hollywood's favorites, a teen-ager with large lovely eyes, uses very little lipstick. She accents the natural color only. Thus her eyes look larger and brighter than they would if she used lots of color on her mouth. Another star, unusually attractive, has really a very thin pair of lips and a small round chin. She uses lipstick generously, accents and broadens the curves of her mouth.

Many people wonder how it is some girls can put lipstick on and have it last for hours looking untouched, while others have only to put their lipstick on to have it vanish. Our own opinion is that the amount you put on in the first place makes all the difference. Put lipstick on generously, then more generously still, in a becoming pattern, blot it with tissue after it has had time to dry, and if it is a good stick in the first place it will stay by you for a long time. Glance at your teeth to be sure you have left on them no pinkish smear.

And now, lady, let's see you smile!



But a honey color won't keep you winter-sweet!

YOU'RE RIGHT on the sun beam, Pet. A radiant winter tan can help keep the beaux buzzing 'round.

That is, Sugar—it can help if you stay nice to be near.

True, your bath washes away past perspiration, but—winter or summer—you still

need a safe deodorant like Mum to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor. So why take chances with your charm, *ever*—when you can trust Mum!

better because it's Safe

1. **Safe for skin.** No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. **Safe for clothes.** No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. **Safe for charm.** Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed. Get Mum today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers

Beauty
begins

with a clean skin

The first touch of Ambrosia on your skin—and you can feel the difference! Use Ambrosia to remove stale make-up...free the pores of beauty-marring matter; give your skin a chance to have that youthful appearance!

Send for Generous Sample! Write for Ambrosia Liquid Facial Cleanser. Enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover handling and mailing costs. Address: Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. C, New York, N.Y.



Nothing cleans like a liquid

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The amazing demand for phonograph records, accelerated by more than 300,000 Song-Hit creating Juke-Boxes, warrants your immediate investigation. We are offering song-poem writers the rare opportunity of having qualified composers furnish music for any approved poems received this month on percentage basis. Recola Recording Co., Box 987-S, Hollywood 28, Calif.



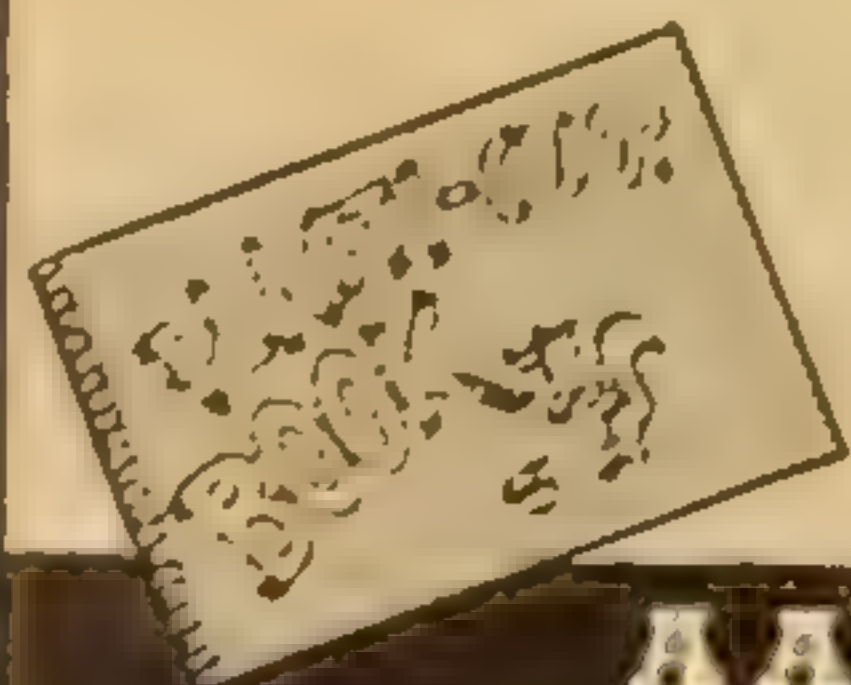
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of course! Just the thing for the kids for Xmas. They can recolor the pictures in these books over and over again. And each book is brightly colored and packaged in a transparent plastic box. The books sell in sets of five for \$10.00 per set or one book for \$2.00.

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Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

WHEN the honeymoon was over, John Hodiak reported back to the set of "The Arnello Affairs." Tucked under his arm was a lunchbox—packed by loving hands at home. And we do mean Anne Baxter. Lettered on the side of the box, it read: "Surrey With the Fringe on the Bottom." George Murphy looked puzzled. Finally, he turned to John and said, "I'm sorry, I just don't get it." John roared. "You're not supposed to," he said. "I couldn't think of

FLYING back from their visit in Milwaukee, Ty Power insisted that Cesar Romero hold the stick on his plane. Of course, Ty was right there beside him but Cesar has never been as nervous in his life. "Even when we landed in Saipan," said "Butch."

LORETTA YOUNG, who is no longer expecting the stork, is out of the hospital and back doing "Katie for Congress." The lovely wardrobe, collected by

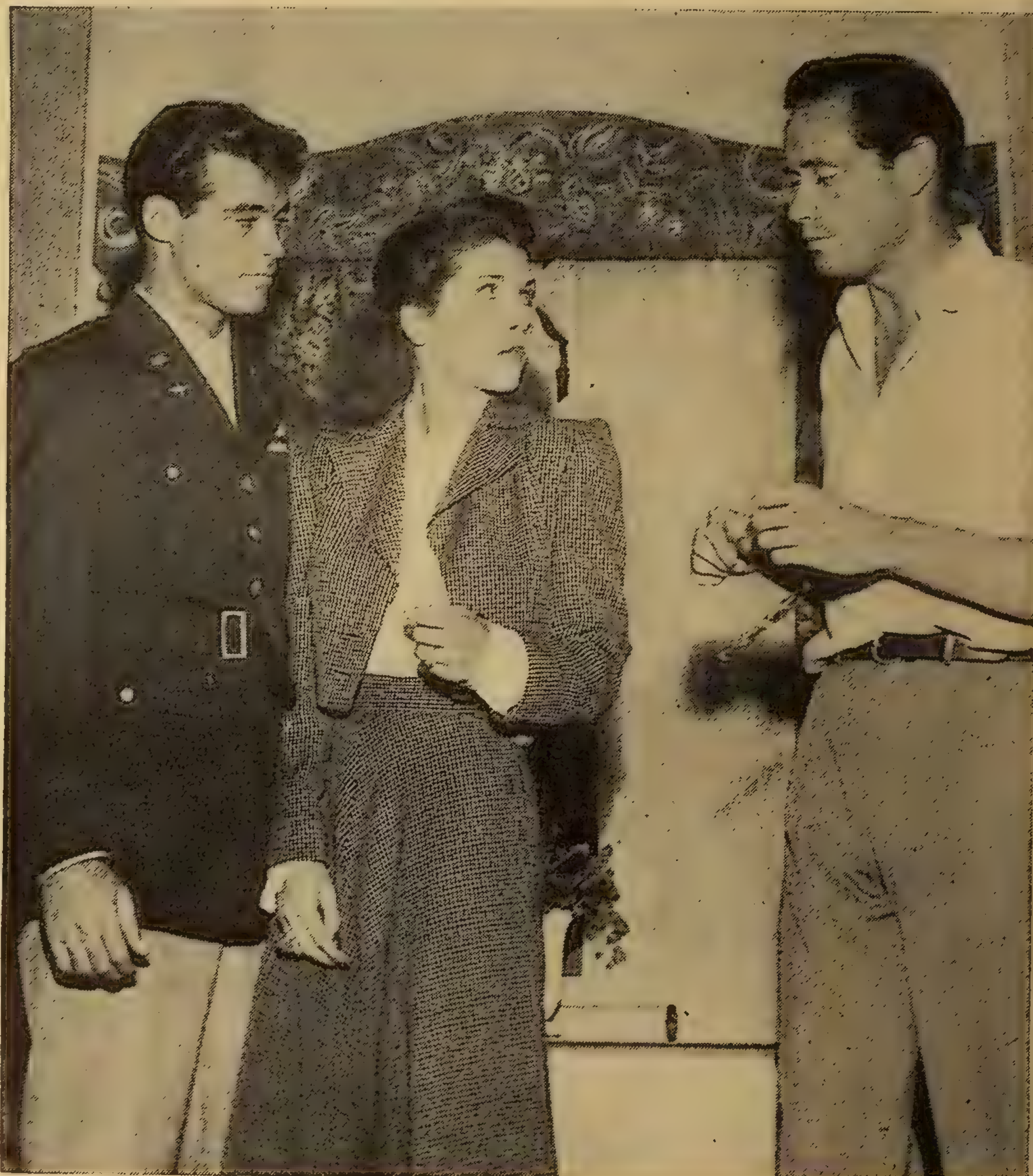


Photo scooperool! Here are the first photos of Guy Madison in his very first stage appearance at the summer theater at Laguna Beach. Above, Guy and Natalie Thompson in the starring rôles of "Dear Ruth" being directed by Mel Ferrer.

anything else. It's fun to watch people's faces when they try to figure it out."

BETTY GRABLE, or Mrs. Harry James to you, little Vicki, her nurse, her pet cocker spaniel and with Harry supervising all the bags and baggage, finally got off to a month's vacation at Del Mar. It took them a year to make plans. Harry arranged for the boys in his band to have a vacation too. To get everyone free of studio, radio and record-making obligations at the same time was quite some task. Betty took along a wardrobe that should make any horse (even Crosby's) come in first.

Loretta with great love and care, has been turned over to a foundling home. In the midst of her sadness, the lovely Young woman found time to remember those other babies.

YOUR favorite movie star has nothing on director Mitch Leisen, when it comes to travelling. The "Golden Earrings" troupe were on location in Portland. Every day Mitch would appear in a new wardrobe change. Usually there were new accessories in the jewelry line, to go along. Ray Milland, the star, wore one outfit the entire time. The natives were quite taken by it all.

WITH great hilarity and no formality, Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy, the co-stars of "Sea of Grass," threw a party for the company at the end of the picture. They took over space in the cameramen's club. Wives and girl friends of the crew were invited. La Hepburn waited on table, while Spencer poured the lemonade. Entertainment by prop men and electricians followed. Hepburn laughed the loudest at an impersonation of herself.

PRACTICALLY on the day he finished "Cheyenne," Zachary Scott awakened one morning to find he could barely move his legs from the knees up. For years now he's suffered from a spinal nerve pressure. Unless treatments bring response, Zack faces the most serious operation of his life. He was forced to bow out of Teresa Wright's "Pursued."

THE VAN JOHNSON fan club has individual collective red faces. At the premiere of "The Green Years," they waited seven hours to hand Van a present when he drove up in front of the theater. Van finally arrived. They got so excited when he stopped to talk to them, it wasn't until he was well into the theater that they realized they were still holding the package. Now they're saving it until MGM premieres "The Yearling."



Guy's love scene with Natalie during dress rehearsal shows plenty of dramatic action.



a Colobratura— OR JUST A CANARY? ... THE TESTED TWELVE WILL TELL!

Canaries *like* to sing. Keep them healthy and happy, and they just naturally *will* sing. Usually, the difference between a listless bird and one who fills your home with his sweetest trills is a matter of *diet*. That's why most canary owners always feed French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, the diet containing the *Tested Twelve* ingredients.

A proper canary diet must be blended of many ingredients—must be carefully proportioned and thoroughly tested. French's Bird Seed and Biscuit is all of these things. Feed it to your bird—always. He'll be happy because it's tasty; he'll be healthy because it contains the ingredients that are proven to be good for him—the *Tested Twelve*. Millions of singing canaries have made French's the most popular bird diet in America.

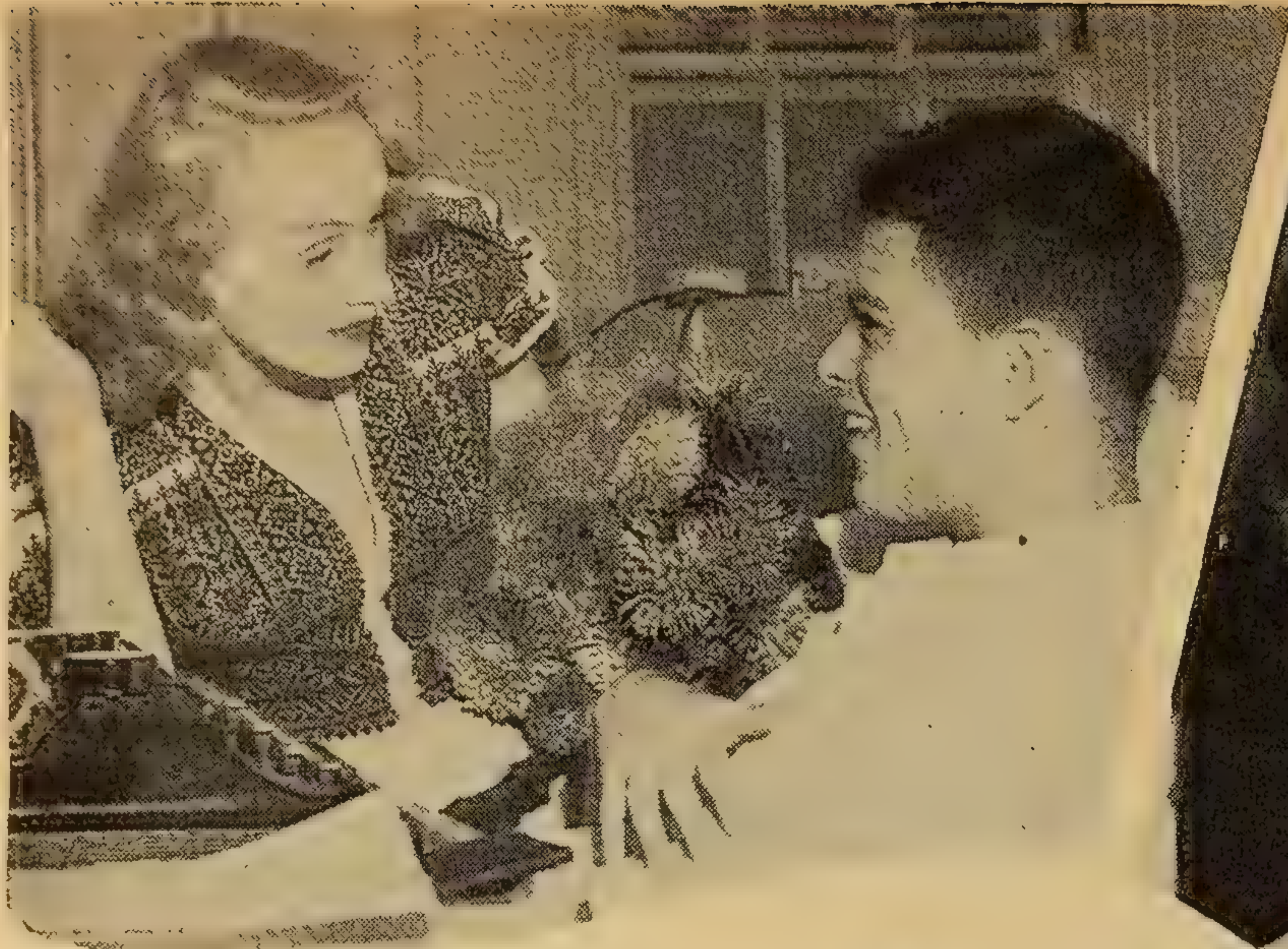
These are the Tested Twelve

Canary Seed	Soy Bean Grits	Corn Syrup
Red Millet	Yeast	Cuttlebone
Yellow Millet	Sesame Seed	Charcoal
Rape Seed	Poppy Seed	Wheat Germ

—IN ONE ECONOMICAL PACKAGE! →

French's
BIRD SEED →
and **BISCUIT** →





Original GLAM-GAL Comes Home

**Marlene "Legs"
Dietrich—remember,
before Betty
Grable?—returns
to Hollywood to add
her glamorous
glitter to Paramount's
"Golden Earrings"**



Home from G.I. shows and a French-made movie, Marlene is welcomed at airport when she arrived in California by Mitch Leisen, right, who'll direct her come-back movie, "Golden Earrings," which will co-star Ray Milland. Still visiting servicemen, at top left Marlene chats with former kid star Dickie Moore, at Sawtelle Military Hospital where he is recovering from temporary muscle paralysis sustained during service with Air Corps. At top right, first date: Orson Welles; center, making the rounds at the Sawtelle hospital.



Photos by Jack Albin

Your hair is magic to a man . . .

Be good to it!



*Make Listerine Antiseptic
a Part of Your Regular
Hair-Washing Routine as so Many
Fastidious Women Do.*

THEY know . . . and so do you . . . that infectious dandruff is a constant threat . . . that its ugly flakes and scales can rob hair of its beauty, and affect the health of the scalp.

And they know also that Listerine Antiseptic . . . famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene . . . is a wonderful precaution.

You simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp and hair and follow it

with vigorous fingertip massage for a few minutes. That's all there is to it.

How wonderfully clean and cool your scalp feels! How wonderfully fresh your hair looks! How quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear! And, most important of all . . .

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (*Pityrosporum ovale*) which, many great dermatologists say, is a causative agent of this trouble.

Don't try to whip this stubborn invader with lotions and messy salves devoid of germ-killing power. Attack it

with Listerine Antiseptic and its germ-killing action.

Use it Regularly

For your own protection, and that of your husband and your children, use Listerine Antiseptic regularly every time hair is washed. It's a delightful habit that helps people to look their best.

If infectious dandruff should get a head start, increase the treatment to twice a day which usually brings prompt improvement . . . in a clinical test it brought marked improvement to 76% of dandruff sufferers within a month.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

The "Bottle Bacillus"
(*Pityrosporum ovale*)



To glorify your Hair...

**COMBS AND BRUSHES
BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC**

styled in sparkling JEWELITE and
other lovely plastics

★ There's beauty magic in the daily use of a Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush and Comb—magic that leaves your hair softer, more alluring. Jewelite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic are the supreme creation of America's finest brush craftsmen, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Your Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon to help stimulate your scalp and bring out every shining highlight of your hair. It's the *aristocrat* of plastics! And to give your hair that final "just right" touch, use a Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Comb, available in many graceful styles and sparkling colors, scientifically designed for *perfect* combing. For the sake of your hair, remember... Pro-phy-lac-tic. No other name means so much in a brush or a comb.



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co.
Florence, Mass.

The Editor's Page



Larry Parks makes his first real hit in his ninth picture, "The Jolson Story." Born in Olathe, Kansas, brought up in Joliet, Ill., Larry won his Bachelor of Science degree at the University of Illinois, confounded his family by then deciding to be an actor instead of a doctor. He appeared in stock, little theaters, and the Group Theater, then signed with Columbia, where he played in such pictures as "First Comes Courage," "Hey Rookie," and "Counter-Attack" until tested for the Jolson rôle. Now, stardom.

AN OPEN LETTER TO LARRY PARKS

...ure for Parks following "The Jolson Story" to Earth," with Rita Hayworth. Center union with his wife in New York. She's the ne of long-run musical, "Call Me Mister."

THIS started out to be a gripe. Here's how it began: Dear Larry Parks, who do you think you are anyway? But can't go through with it. Granted that an editor does have a legitimate gripe when an actor seems to snoot the press. When you came to New York just as "The Jolson Story" was being previewed by Columbia,

naturally we all wanted to meet you—the new sensation in a big new picture, your visit seemed perfect timing. So what did you do? You stepped off the plane, grabbed your wife whom you hadn't seen for seven months because you'd been busy in Hollywood and she on Broadway, and deliberately ducked the spotlight. You'd come to see her, you said, and you meant it. All those interviews, all the attention and publicity could wait. Well, oddly enough, the more I thought that over the better I liked it. When an actor will pass up a chance to take a bow for his first big picture, that thrill

of a lifetime, because he figures there are more important things in life, then he must be a very decent, down-to-earth, sincere and modest guy. You give a grand performance in "The Jolson Story" and it's nice to know you rate all the applause.

Delight Evans

Frank Sinatra



Exclusive! Sinatra is shown as he sings Jerome Kern's "Ol' Man River" in the finale of MGM's big musical, "Till the Clouds Roll By," based on incidents in the life of the late composer. Co-stars with Frankie are Robert Walker, as Jerome Kern, Van Heflin, Judy Garland, Kathryn Grayson, Dinah Shore.

Refashioned by Clarence Bull

Meanest Girl in Movies(?)

That's what they called Ann Blyth
after her performance in "Mildred
Pierce." But you'd better
meet the real girl here
By Stanley Herbert Briggs



Reward for meanness! Ann gets lead opposite Sonny Tufts
in "Swell Guy," Mark Hellinger production for Universal.
Not even Sonny can work Ann up to a tough fightin' mood.

A BRILLIANT early spring California sun shot shafts of light down through the pines on a snow-covered mountain in the San Bernardino range as a group of young people bantered and laughed beside a toboggan. "Let's go," hollered one. "We're off!" called another. And they *were* off cutting the snow into a flying spray as the toboggan gathered momentum. Life was carefree, gay, exhilarating!

Then something happened. A bare spot showed up through the white pathway. The sunshine had melted the snow through at that spot. But the riders couldn't stop or swerve. They were whizzing now at high speed. Suddenly, the toboggan was jerked to a sudden halt. There was a thudding, grating, bashing against the snow on the other side of the bare spot. The riders were abruptly flipped out of their seats into the snow. The laughter had changed to shouts and cries.

One in the party lay inert and quiet in the snow. The others, unharmed, rushed to her aid. She smiled at them and said she guessed she was all right. But she wasn't all right, as they all were to know too shortly. The doctor examined her and ordered her to a hospital at once.

That girl was Ann Blyth, promising young screen actress under contract to Universal Pictures. She'd been progressing nicely in sweet ingénue rôles in a series of pictures including "The Merry Monahans" and "Bowery to Broadway." Her last picture happened to be one called "Mildred Pierce." (Please turn to page 81)



Blondes, brunettes, and redhead readers: see how outstanding Hollywood stars, endowed with the same general characteristics as you, have used those traits to get the man they want, and whatever else they want out of life

How To Get Your

IF YOU'VE ever been deeply in love and wondered how to get your man, you probably were bewildered by the conflicting advice you received from your friends, heard over the air or read in newspapers and magazines. "Show the man you love that you care for him!" some love authorities advised. "It's fatal to show your feelings," others said. "Be very submissive," some said. "Be sturdy and independent," others counseled. Out of the maze of conflicting advice, which

rules were you to follow? No wonder you were bewildered! No two authorities seemed to agree.

But recently Dr. William Moulton Marston, discoverer of the lie detector, famous psychologist, author of "March On" and other successful books, cleared up the mystery for me. "The technique you should follow," he told me, "depends upon whether you have a blonde, brunette or redhead personality. No matter which class you fall into, you can make a success of your career and

of your love life, if you'll study your own personality and build your technique around that. It'll help you, too, if you will study an outstanding Hollywood personality whose natural hair coloring is the same as yours, and notice what her technique is for getting her man." Here's some capsule advice from Dr. Marston:

Blondes—don't be too submissive in your attitude toward men! To get the man you want, don't pretend indifference. Don't try to high-hat people.

ANN SHERIDAN



RITA HAYWORTH



REDHEADS!

Stop dramatizing yourselves! Don't try to run other people's lives for them. Learn to submit sometimes to other people's wishes.

Man with a Movie Personality

By Dora Albert

BRUNETTES!

Don't marry for money! Don't ever use your charm to exploit your friends. When you do get married, have children. You're wonderful mothers.

Brunettes—don't marry for money! Don't ever use your charm to exploit your friends. When you do get married, have children if possible. You make wonderful mothers.

Redheads—stop dramatizing yourselves! Don't try to run other people's lives for them. Learn to submit sometimes to other people's wishes. Help needy people; helping them will help make you happy.

To illustrate how to handle your blonde, brunette and redhead char-

acteristics wisely, Dr. Marston agreed to analyze for SCREENLAND readers popular blonde, brunette and redhead women stars. Blondes, brunettes and redheaded readers—let's first start off by analyzing you personally, then let's see how three outstanding stars, endowed with the same general characteristics as you, have used those traits to get the man they want and to get whatever else they want out of life.

"Brunette women are usually extremely
(Please turn to page 86)

JOAN FONTAINE

LANA TURNER

OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND



BLONDES!

Don't be too submissive in your attitude toward men! To get the man you want, don't pretend indifference. Don't try to high-hat people.

JOAN BENNETT

MRS.
DICK
HAYMES

(Joanne Dru To You!)



Kodachrome by C. Kenneth Le
for Bing Crosby Producers, Inc.
"Able's Irish Rose"

HERE SHE IS!



From the family album: Dick and Joanne at their wedding reception, with Harry James at left. Right below, the wedding scene enacted by Joanne in her first film, "Abie's Irish Rose."

Now you'll be seeing

another bright star in the Haymes

family. Introducing Joanne Dru

By Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson

SHE was born Joanne La Coque, in the little town of Logan, West Virginia, where her father operated the city's only drug store. Because it was a mining town, she was born in the miners' hospital. And because there was no other space available, she spent her first night on earth in an open bureau drawer! "I didn't take up much room," she tells you laughingly, crinkling grey-green eyes be-

hind a screen of incredible lashes. "They tell me I wasn't very big."

She still isn't very big; but in the fluid strength of her small-boned body there is more than the usual five feet of bisque prettiness. There is courage in the set of the soft, vulnerable mouth, an upthrust challenge to her chin, and something naively childlike, yet curiously honest, in the warmth of her eager, listening face.

She is Mrs. Dick Haymes, wife of the singing star; and, with the release of the modernized film version of "Abie's Irish Rose" (being made by Bing Crosby Productions, Inc.) she will be a star in her own right. A star with a new name—supported by her own 85-year-old grandmother from her own Welsh ancestry; the name of Joanne Dru!

It's hard to believe that so small a girl can handle the divided loyalties of a ca-
(Please turn to page 89)



Dick visits Joanne at the studio to see her "married" to Richard Norris. Right below, the Haymes kids with their mama on the set.



25 Years
MARRIED
and in
Hollywood,
Too!

IF YOU want to know who Hollywood's best husband is, you are in for the surprise of your life. He's none other than Paul Muni!

Don't think of Paul as just a great actor. Hiding away from the glare of typical movie publicity, he lives a very real love story of his own. When you read of the crash of one more Hollywood couple, recollect this—the last time I saw Paul at his home in the San Fernando Valley it was his *twenty-fifth* wedding anniversary.

He grinned. "But we're not peculiar! This is the way marriage is supposed to be. Remember?" His wife quipped, "My statement is—'we made it, mom!'"

Beneath their banter those were completely serious assertions from both of them. When they first met they had

much to learn about love. That they've managed to spend eighteen years of their marriage with Paul a top film and stage star—yes, he's been the screen's outstanding character actor that long—doesn't strike them as remarkable. It's the person, not the place, that counts, they say.

His wife Bella met me at the door. There was no traditional partying as a celebration for their silver wedding day. The two of them were being happy with only one another. One of their ace secrets is ignoring any tradition that isn't right for them. Small, witty, and wise, with huge brown eyes that are a perfect match for her hair, Bella confessed, "For a few days I thought perhaps this time we should give a big party. Do you know we *never* have given one? Paul left this radical idea entirely up to me, and was so relieved when I finally admitted I

couldn't cope with such a thing."

Their rambling, one-story California farmhouse isn't private enough for Paul. Bella led me out through the back yard, mostly a Victory Garden she still personally raises, to the little wooden cottage surrounded by its own lawn and picket fence and converted into an office-den. His desk was piled with story notes, but he was avidly listening to the latest United Nations broadcast.

Away from his characterizations Paul is good-looking in a dark, vivid way. His warmth, sensitiveness, and unexpected rich sense of humor unfold gradually. At first he's shy, a hangover from a youth that was anything but easy or happy. He was born in Austria and in three months his actor father was taking his family to London. During the first four years of Paul's life they also went to Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Rou-

That they've managed to spend eighteen years of the marriage with Paul a top film and stage star doesn't strike the Munis as remarkable. "We're not peculiar," he declares. "This is the way marriage is supposed to be, remember?"



At home in the San Fernando Valley, Paul and Bella Muni lead a simple, contented, unactorish existence. She goes in for gardening. Both love good music, dote on dogs. Below, Paul gets a greeting from pet Dalmatian. Starring in "Angel On My Shoulder," Muni has such faith in the picture he put own money in it.

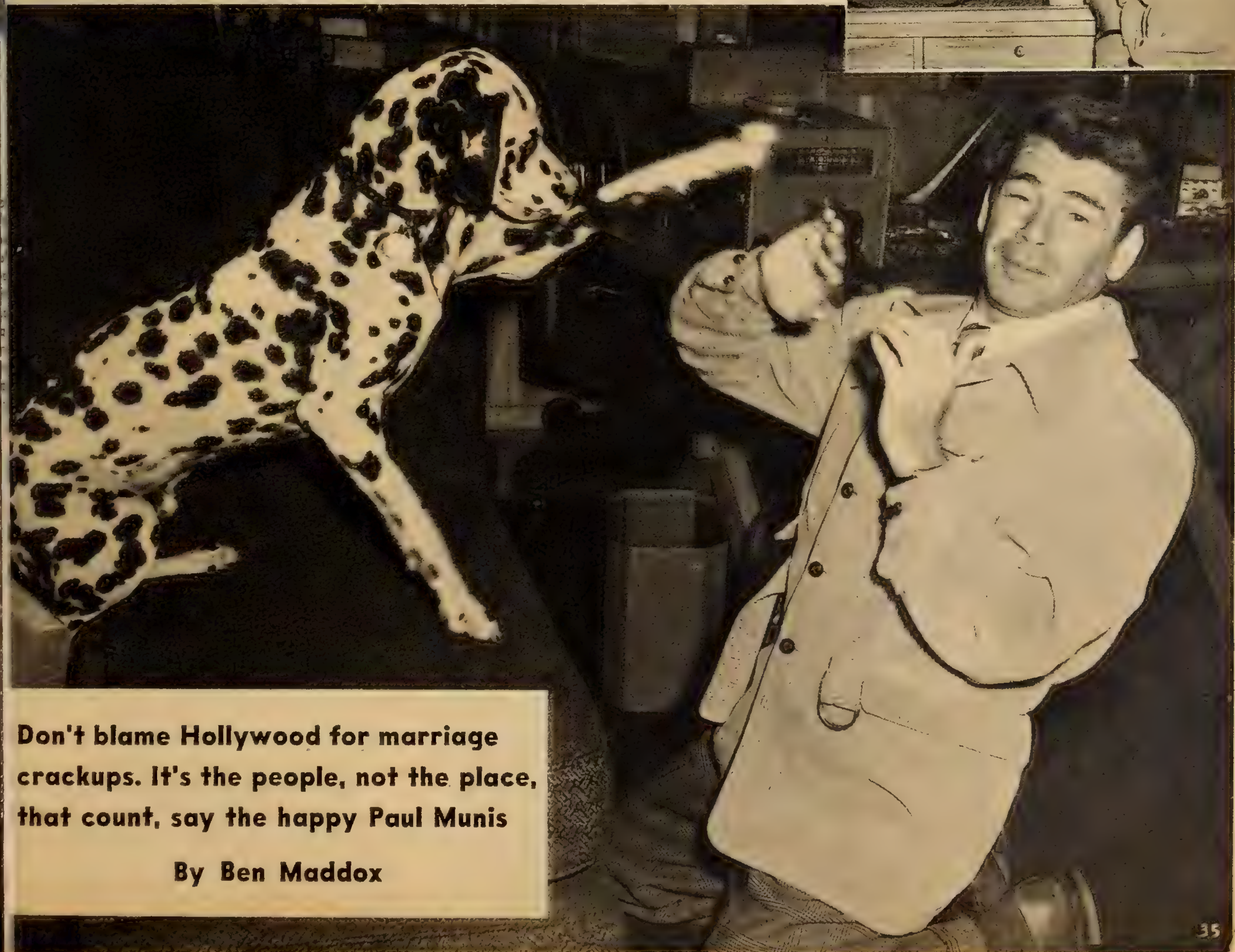


mania. When he was five they came to America. He had to quit high school in Cleveland in his sophomore year to help at home by acting. When his father leased a theater in Chicago the music was furnished by two of Paul's brothers—one playing the piano and the other a violin. There was no glamor; the family was one jump ahead of hunger. His father died when Paul was in his mid-teens, too young to be a juvenile and too old for child rôles. He tried complicated make-ups, aged characters, as his one chance. He slowly mastered acting by trouping around the country, doing bits

in inconspicuous theaters, sending every spare cent to his mother; for her support, skipping all the carefree experiences of youth.

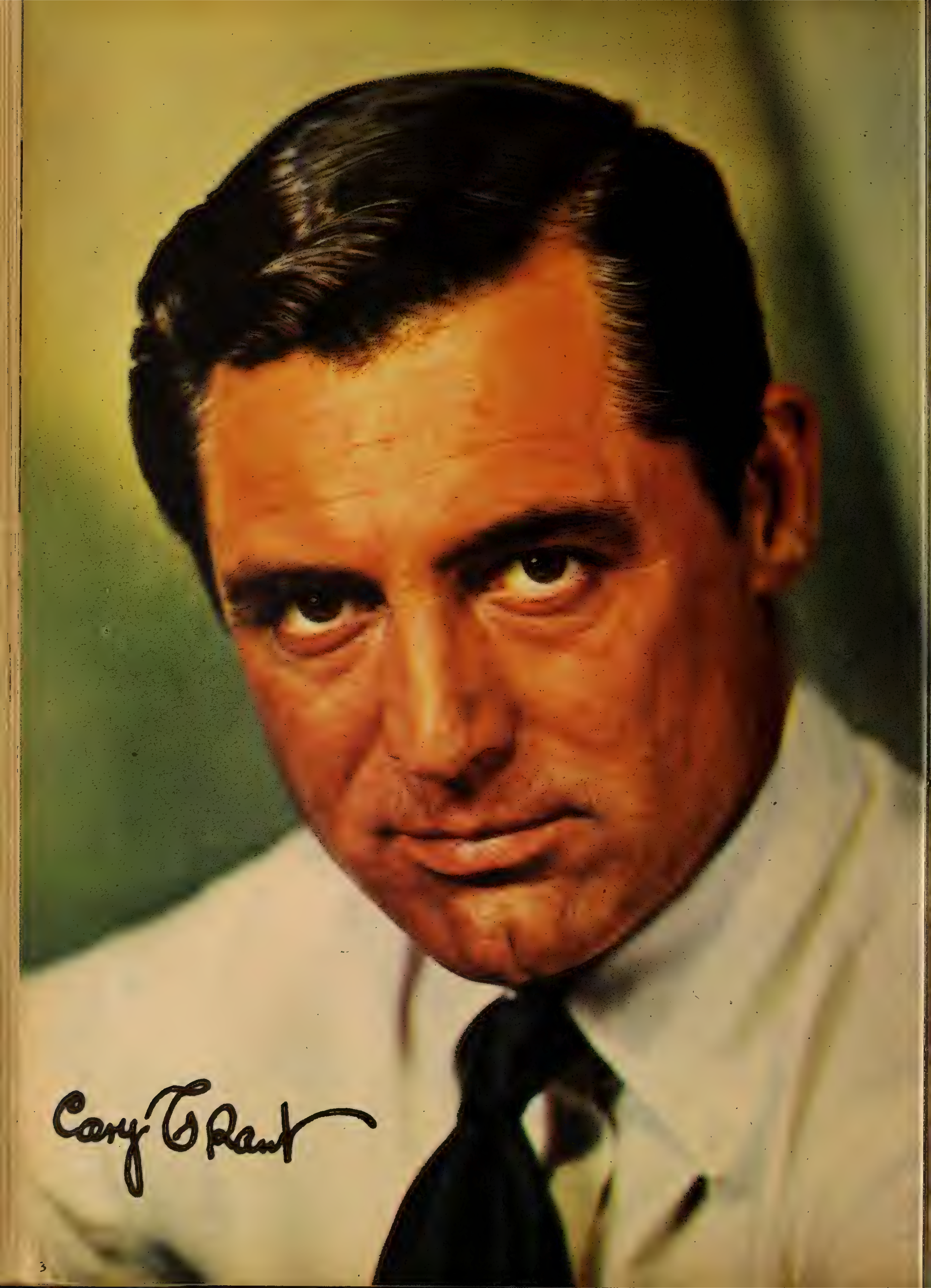
When he was twenty-one two steps leading to fame and happiness were taken, but he didn't recognize them because his life was so drab. He cinched his acting future by joining the Yiddish Art Theater in Philadelphia and then in New York. They presented only the classics, were rigid in their earnestness. Paul would take a pound of grapes and a dozen rolls to the theater at four p.m.

(Please turn to page 71)



Don't blame Hollywood for marriage crackups. It's the people, not the place, that count, say the happy Paul Munis

By Ben Maddox



Cary Grant

"In the old days," says Cary Grant, "I could always look in the mirror and say, 'You may be broke, but you've still got black hair and white teeth.' He's still got 'em—plus



THE life of an actor is filled with little surprises. One afternoon not long ago, as a case in point, Cary Grant answered his dressing room telephone only to be asked, "Were you ever a kidnapper?"

Mr. Grant is not a man to be caught with his quips down. "You must have reference to the time I was in Bagdad," he retorted smoothly. "I used to bag dads."

The person on the other end of the wire didn't appear to find this an amusing pun; he insisted that he wanted a frank answer about Mr. Grant's erstwhile kidnapping, if any. Deciding that he wasn't being ribbed by someone on the lot, Cary asked for a full explanation. The caller, it developed, was a writer

who was doing some sort of a book about Hollywood. He had been told that Mr. Grant, in his formative days, had engaged in a type of camera banditry: he had, presumably, gone around neighborhoods in which there was a heavy juvenile population, had snapped pictures of these children, then had attempted to sell the pictures to the doting parents.

"Sorry to disappoint you," said Mr. Grant, "but I've never pointed a camera at anyone for financial gain, in my life.

You may quote me."

The reporter, sounding plainly disappointed, thanked Mr. Grant and rang off.

On another occasion, a friend of Cary's said—upon seeing him after a brief separation—"Sorry to hear about your dental trouble, old boy."

"Really? How's that?" asked Mr. Grant, undoubtedly wishing for a rocking chair in which to roll with the straight lines.

The friend explained that he had learned from an eastern (*Please turn to page 71*)

By
Fredda
Dudley

Cash and Cary



Currently seen in "Notorious," with Ingrid Bergman, Cary's next for RKO will be "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer," with Shirley Temple, in scene at top left.

Walt Disney
presents

AN EPOCHAL EVENT IN SCREEN HISTORY

SONG OF THE SOUTH

*His first live-action feature... a great musical drama
in Technicolor including animated tales of*

UNCLE REMUS

RUTH WARRICK
LUANA PATTEN
BOBBY DRISCOLL

What this new Disney musical drama is like:

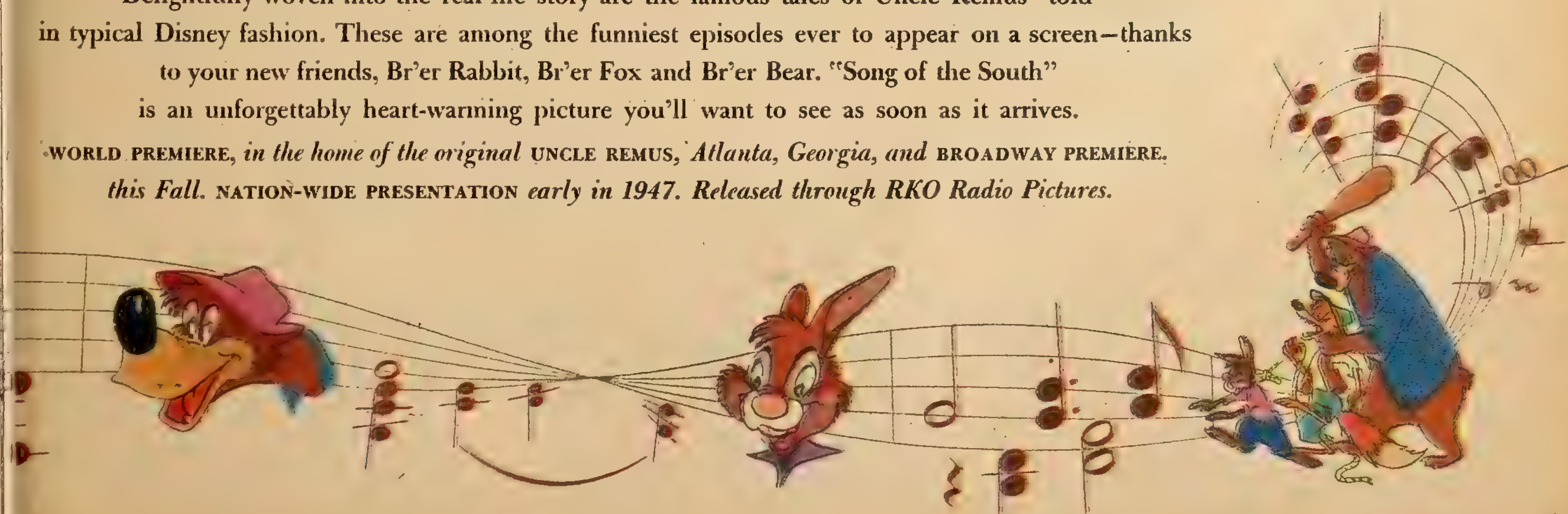
For the first time Walt Disney turns his talents to the creation of a romantic live-action picture. Photographed in Technicolor, it's a wonderfully heart-warming musical drama of the Old South. You'll meet new stars—Bobby Driscoll, Luana Patten, James Baskett and a host of others—you'll hear 10 new song hits, including "Everybody's Got a Laughing Place."





Delightfully woven into the real-life story are the famous tales of Uncle Remus—told in typical Disney fashion. These are among the funniest episodes ever to appear on a screen—thanks to your new friends, Br'er Rabbit, Br'er Fox and Br'er Bear. "Song of the South" is an unforgettably heart-warming picture you'll want to see as soon as it arrives.

•WORLD PREMIERE, in the home of the original UNCLE REMUS, Atlanta, Georgia, and BROADWAY PREMIERE, this Fall. NATION-WIDE PRESENTATION early in 1947. Released through RKO Radio Pictures.





Rex Harrison and his actress wife, Lilli Palmer, make a quick trip back home to England between Hollywood films. They'll be back, don't fret, by the time you read this. 20th Century-Fox has a new picture, "The Captain and Mrs. Muir," waiting for him.

ON A DAY not long ago, my Editor telephoned to ask whether I would be able to meet Rex Harrison, within the hour, for a luncheon interview at the St. Regis Roof. "It's awfully last minute, I know," she said, "but if you

By Gladys Hall

could?"

Which was simply the last word in courtesy for, being of my sex, my Editor knew very well that, able or disabled, and at any moment, a gal would defy the laws of time, space, previous engagements and New York City traffic to lunch with Mr. Harrison, currently swooning the fans as *King Mongkut* in "Anna and The King of Siam."

Not in the past decade, and not about VanJohnsonGuyMadisonTyronePowerFrankSinatra put together, has this reporter been so swamped with questions about a star as the fans have unloosed concerning Rex Harrison, since he played *King Mongkut*. So intense, indeed, has the interest been that the assignment, when it came, assumed the proportions of Operation Harrison—and it couldn't have happened to a more willing girl.

Arriving at the Hotel St. Regis, we called the Harrison suite. Mr. Harrison answered the house phone. "Please come right up," he said. At the door of his suite, Mr. Harrison greeted us with the



Harrison at home, above, is quite as charming as Harrison at work. Below, honors for the English actor: with Irene Dunne, his "Anna and the King of Siam" co-star, he imprints his autograph in the cement in the famed forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater.

suggestion that we lunch there rather than on the Roof. "It will be cooler, and quieter and how about a Martini, very dry?"

The timbre of the Harrison voice, (Please turn to page 95)

An assignment to interview the mighty Rex takes on all the proportions of a project to the feminine interviewer. It's a pleasure!



OPERATION HARRISON

A full-page photograph of Elizabeth Taylor. She is standing, wearing a black, short-sleeved dress with a high collar and a large floral brooch on the left side. Her hair is dark and styled in waves. She is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is a red, vertically-pleated curtain. The lighting is soft, highlighting her face and the texture of the dress.

YOUR
"NATIONAL
VELVET"
GIRL
IS
GROWING
UP!

Elizabeth Taylor, now fourteen, gives every promise of growing up to be one of the screen's real beauties. Her recent film, "Courage of Lassie," established her firmly as an adorable ingénue. Next, she appears in "Life with Father," for which she was borrowed from her home studio, MGM, to play with Irene Dunne and William Powell in the motion picture version of the classic stage hit.

"We work together and we have fun together," says Dick of his wife Ruth, right. "I was lucky to fall in love with a woman I liked." Far right, Conte with Anna-bella in a scene from "13 Rue Madeleine."

By Elizabeth
B. Petersen



Success Story with a New Slant

Richard Conte has won the usual rewards of a successful actor; but better than that, he's found the happiness that comes with being a success as a human being

NO ONE was handing out any silver spoons the day Richard Conte was born. Yet, though nobody suspected it then, that baby who made his squalling entrance into Patsy and Julie Conte's tenement down in the dock section of Jersey City came into the world with something much better than that proverbial silver spoon in his mouth.

That something, call it personality, sex appeal, charm, glamor or any of the other names it has been known by through the years, has brought him a long way from where he was born. But just to keep the record straight, Dick isn't one of those from "Rags to Riches." *Horatio Alger* kids who knew where they were going every step of the way and got there through sheer industry and endeavor. And thank goodness for that, since the lack of a driving ambition is part of the something that keeps him going on and on in spite of himself.

Richard Conte couldn't have escaped success any more than he could have escaped learning to swim. That was accomplished in probably the shortest time on record. Somebody pushed him off a
(Please turn to page 92)





"BLUE SKIES"

Chief contribution of newcomer Joan Caulfield to two important new pictures is her fresh, spoiled charm, her gentle beauty. In "Blue Skies," she co-stars with Crosby and Astaire.



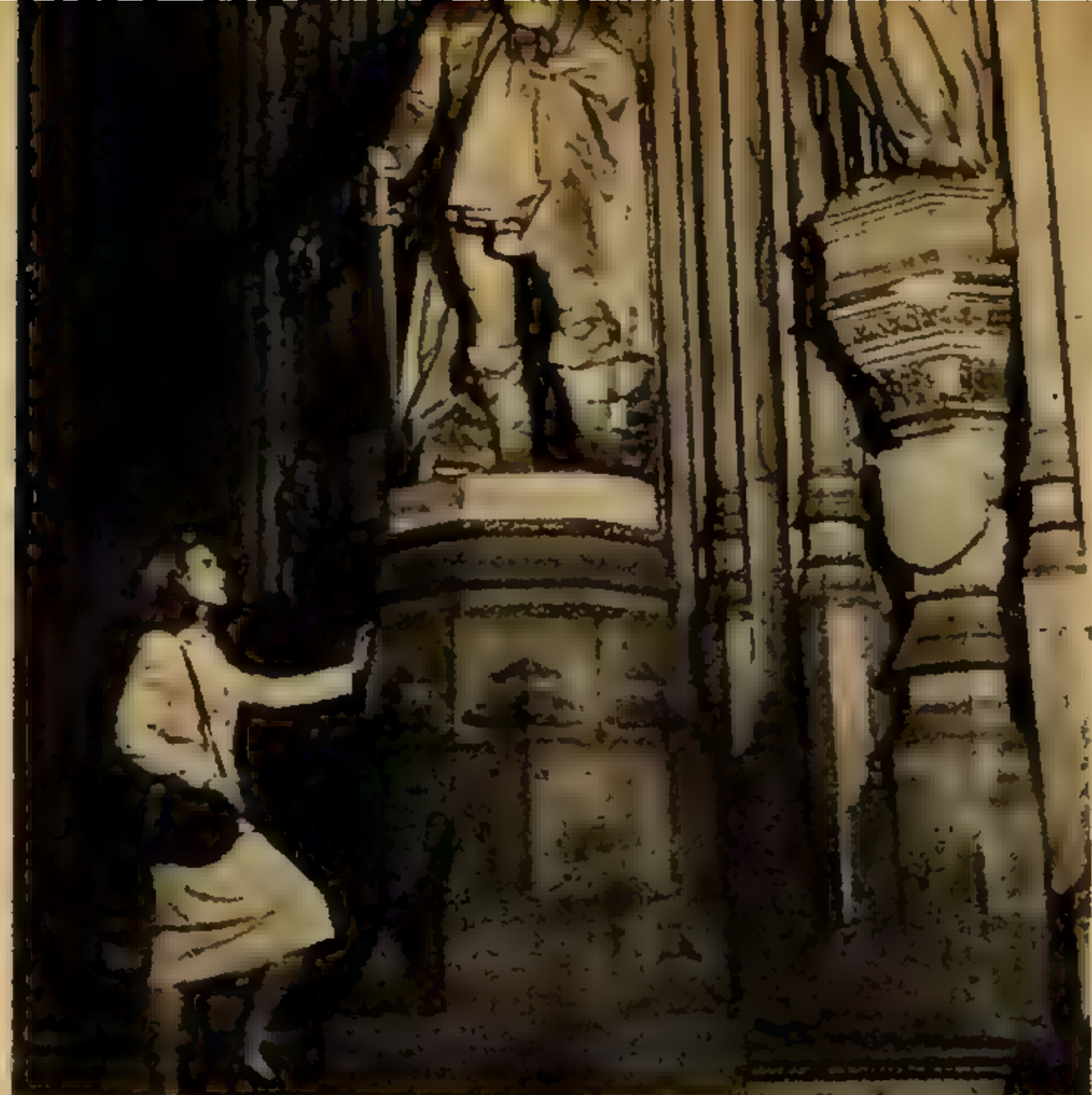
IN "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

As lovely foil for the mad Bob Hope in "Monsieur Beaucaire," Joan's natural grace is enhanced by the gorgeous costumes and towering wigs of the lush Louis XV period.

Charm by
Caulfield



Lizbeth in the forecourt of the Houses of Parliament, with Big Ben in the background.



Inspecting the galleries of the House, the Hollywood starlet admires the fine statues.



Lizbeth stands in the blitzed area of London, with St. Paul's Cathedral in the background.



Still sightseeing, she pets horse of the sentry on duty at Horse Guard Parade, Whitehall

Lizbeth in London

First American movie star to visit England since the war, Miss Scott gets warm welcome

Lizbeth, left, at the Tower of London with one of the famous Beefeaters, guardians of the Tower, wearing traditional costume of his calling. Below, at Houses of Parliament with Constable McMurray on guard.



Lizbeth with Stewart Granger at the world premiere of her picture, "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers." Center below, glimpse of London film fans waiting to see the Hal Wallis star. Right below, Lizbeth photographed against the head of the Sphinx, which adorns the embankment of the Thames and is a major attraction for visitors. In background are Charing Cross Bridge and Houses of Parliament.



CUTEX



Red Flannel

**WONDERFUL WINTER SPARKLE
FOR YOUR NAILS**

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Granger is Getting There

By
**Hettie
Grimstead**

Answering your questions about that dashing young Englishman, Stewart Granger

IT'S nine a.m., and peace reigns over the executive office block at the Gainsborough Studios in London. Then suddenly the outer door bursts open and a young man with untidy brown hair dashes in, talking quickly and vehemently with a good deal of gesture. Stewart Granger has arrived to discuss what he calls "my morning ideas" before he goes to work before the cameras.

His producer, Harold Huth, listens to him carefully and patiently. As he will tell you when Stewart has dashed impetuously off again, there are always several excellent suggestions that will usually get incorporated in the film in due course. For Stewart, who is always completely absorbed in whatever picture he is making, doesn't just put forward ideas for the glorification of his own part. He sees the creation as a whole and he will announce what he thinks might be done to improve the lighting, the settings, the art direction and anything and

(Please turn to page 83)

First Granger interview to appear over here: ours exclusively, by popular British writer Hettie Grimstead. You're seeing him in "Caesar and Cleopatra," with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains, below. Next, with Phyllis Calvert in "The Magic Bow" for Gainsborough.



Paulette Goddard

Gay little globe-trotter Paulette recently returned from her European tour, during which she said hello to our boys in Germany. They gave her a warm welcome, and will be among the first to see her new Paramount comedy, "Suddenly It's Spring," opposite Fred MacMurray.



Photo Reviews

Excitement around the Metro lot is "Till the Clouds Roll By," with most of the studio's stars participating. Judy Garland sings three Jerome Kern numbers including "Sunny." Above, Red Skelton chats with Sinatra, who sings "Ol' Man River."

Tony Martin makes his first screen appearance since the war in "Till the Clouds Roll By." He's just one of an all-star cast which includes Robert Walker in the rôle of composer Kern and Keenan Wynn, with Tony above, contributing some top comedy.





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 (deep wine tone)

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE



Photo scoops! First stills, above, from "The Magnificent Doll," in which Ginger Rogers stars as the famous Dolly Madison, and David Niven portrays Aaron Burr. Burgess Meredith, at right above, is seen as James Madison. It's Ginger's first picture for Universal.

Susan Hayward, at left below with Lee Bowman, is said to play the feminine counterpart of the Ray Milland rôle in "The Lost Weekend" in the new Walter Wanger film, "Smash-Up." Dan Duryea, at right below, makes with the menace to Ella Raines in "White Tie and Tails."

MORE PHOTO PREVIEWS





RKO's "A Likely Story" co-stars Barbara Hale and Bill Williams, left above, who are much-in-love newlyweds in real life. Barbara and Bill should click as a new, romantic team. And speaking of teams, see Beverly Tyler and Peter Lawford in "My Brother Who Talked to Horses."

George Sanders in "Bel Ami" woos no less than six women including Angela Lansbury, right, who appears as his initial romantic conquest in this costume drama of Paris in 1880. Below, Loretta Young forsakes glamor for realism in "Katie for Congress," with Joseph Cotten.





He's a man of menace—and infinite artistry — to movie audiences. He's "Sir Pal" to his small son. He's priceless—in fact, he is Vincent Price



By Sylvia Conrad

Exclusive home photos
by Jack Albin

MASTER of MOODS

"YES, your Majesty." The tall blond man, towering 6 feet, 3½ inches above the ground, bowed low to the small boy who sat wrapped in a bedspread on an ordinary kitchen chair, a crown perched precariously on his head. To people with better eyesight than imagination, the crown would have looked like a strange piece of handiwork, with green, red and white bulbs. Both the boy and the man could have told such unimaginative people that the green bulbs were emeralds, the red ones rubies and the white one a precious diamond which the Black Prince had hidden; and which the conquering king had found buried in the earth. Now his faithful servant, who had helped him find the jewels, must needs pay homage to his king, seated once more on his rightful throne.

For about half an hour, the tall man kept bowing and repeating, "Yes, your Majesty," to every command uttered by the conquering king. Then the boy extended a piece of wood, which he could have told you was his sceptre, and said, "You have served me well. And so I knight you. From now on, you may call me Pal. I shall call you Sir Pal."

"Yes, your Maj—I mean, yes, Pal!"

That scene, which really occurred at Vincent Price's home in Benedict Canyon, ought to tell you more about Vincent Price than a stackful of biographies would. For the humble servant was, of course, Vincent, and the king who used a bedspread for a royal cloak was his five-and-a-half-year-old son, Barrett.

Remember Vincent in his rôle as the stern imperial prosecutor in "The Song of Bernadette"? Remember him as the prosecuting attorney in "Leave Her to Heaven"? And as the dangerous psychiatrist who committed murder to get the woman he wanted in "Shock"? You won't be able to forget him as the strange, ego-centric, barbarous lord of a manor house on the Hudson in "Dragonwyck."

At home Vincent is a mild, bland man.

He says with a twinkle in his eye that most murderers are also mild, bland men to the casual observer. Once in preparation for a rôle as murderer, he undertook to study the psychology of real murderers and dipped deep in Kraft Ebbing's histories of abnormal cases. To his shocked amazement, he found that murderers rarely look the way you expect them to look. "They generally look like simple, mild men. That's why they get away with murders so repeatedly. No one, looking at their guileless faces, can possibly suspect them. It is nearly always a guileless face—like mine, for instance (oh, what have I said?) which conceals a heart bent on murder."

The twinkle in Vincent's eyes assures you, however, that he'll never play *Bluebeard*, except on the screen or stage. Once he took his small son to a movie theater to watch his performance in the courtroom scene in "Leave Her to Heaven." He timed their entrance so that the boy would not see the rest of the picture—he didn't want him to be saddened and frightened by the sight of a young boy drowning, but he thought that Barrett might like to see him delivering one of his typical performances. As he watched, Barrett squirmed in his seat. Vaguely he realized that this stern attorney, who was playing at the

(Please turn to page 77)

The man who made you shudder in "Dragonwyck" is a far different fellow at home. These pictures tell the story of the private life of Vincent Price, his wife, Edith, and his son, Barrett, at Benedict Canyon home.



EACH difficult time Janis Paige has changed her mind she's grown up just a little bit more. Maturity is coming out of suffering and doubt and final decision. Old wisdom says hew to the line, be firm of purpose, stick to your guns. But in the years around twenty perhaps the goal is reached just as surely by being not too set in your ways.

For instance, when her mother came home that summer evening from her job in downtown Tacoma, she hadn't ex-

pected to find Janis there. Her daughter—who was Donna Mac Jaden then—was supposed to be vacationing in Southern California. But here she was, breathless with excitement and bursting with a plan to close the little house, sell the furniture and go back to Hollywood

with the money so she could study singing with a teacher she'd found there.

The decision wasn't easy to make. The \$800 the furniture brought wouldn't go far. How would they live, she and Mother and little sister Betty? How would they pay for the lessons? There wasn't any thought then of going into pictures. New York and study for the opera was the real goal; the excellent singing teacher in Hollywood was a step in that direction.

"Every good break I've had seemed to come by accident—or Fate, if you

A GIRL CAN CHANGE HER MIND



Especially when
she's a bouncy,
brainy beauty
like Janis Paige

By
Constance
Palmer



want to call it that!" Janis told me eagerly. "The very first thing, the Hollywood Canteen called my teacher to suggest someone to take the place of a girl who'd come down with flu that afternoon."

Studio talent scouts always had an eye on the Canteen—and two minutes after the end of Janis' first song, four of them rushed up to her. Even Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, senior hostess that night, suggested Janis report at the Goldwyn Studios next day. Janis, incoherent with excitement, finally managed to gasp the good news to her mother when she got home.

"We didn't know a thing about

pictures!" Janis said. "We'd never even heard of an agent. But we decided on Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and went out there the next morning. And at seven o'clock that night, the contract was signed, sealed, and delivered!"

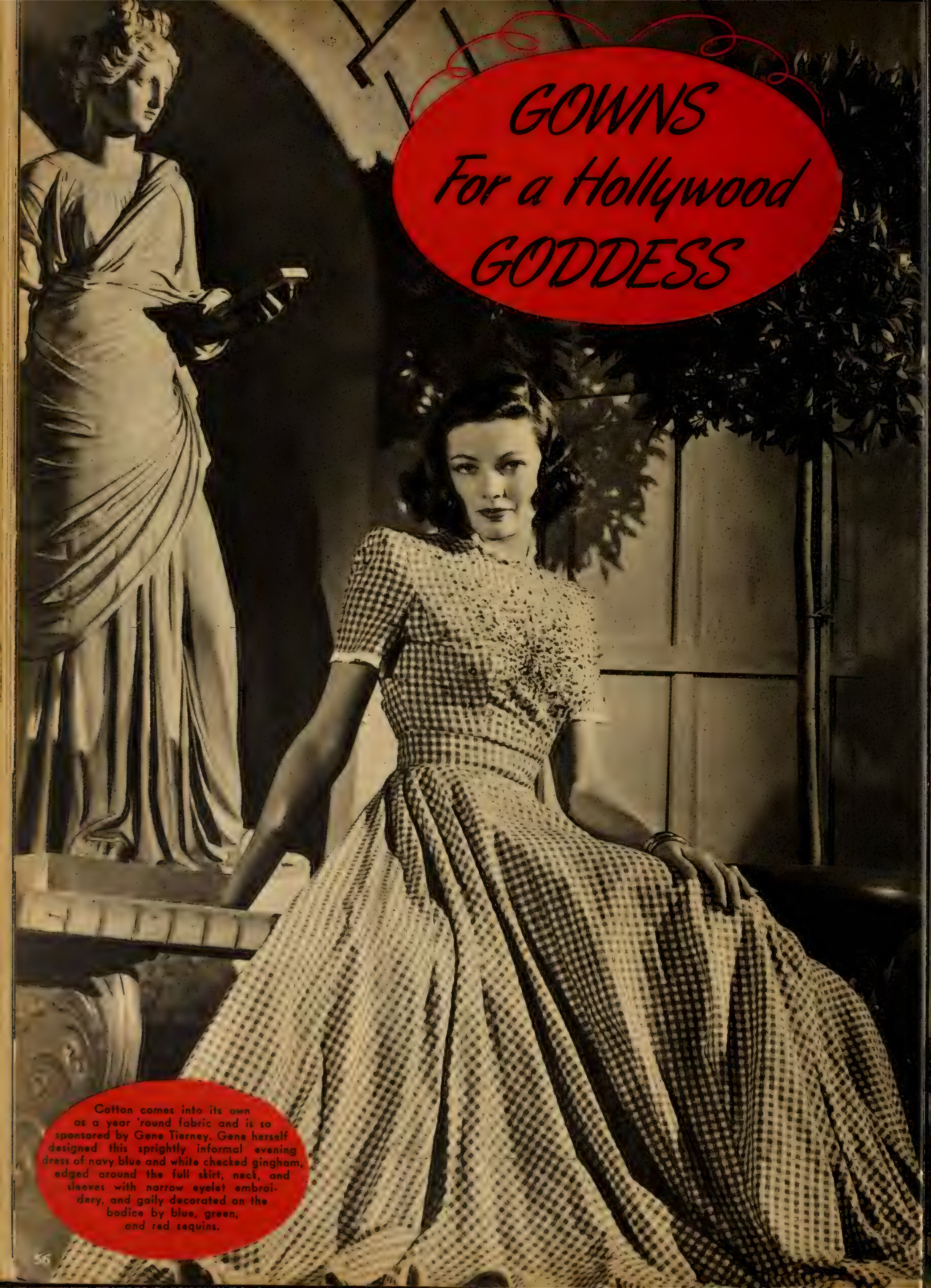
But the poor girl was just working up to a big letdown. She was at Metro for a whole year without appearing before a camera once. Lost in the alleys and by-paths of the enormous studio, she wandered around in a daze of discouragement. She didn't know anybody; nobody knew her. At the end of the year—"I had a hunch they were going to
(Please turn to page 68)



Moods of a minx! Exclusive photos show Warners' brightest new starlet, Janis Paige, around and about the lot. Bewhiskered gent at left above is character actor Oscar Freeberg, who appears in "Cheyenne," in which Janis co-stars with Dennis Morgan. Facing page, far left, making with the face in competition with S. Z. Sakall, who appears with Janis in "The Time, The Place, and the Girl." Next, with actor Russell Arms; then luncheon with Paul Henreid, also in "Of Human Bondage."

Photos by Floyd McCarty, Warner Bros.



A black and white photograph of a woman standing next to a classical statue. The woman is wearing a short-sleeved, knee-length gown with a navy blue and white checkered pattern. The gown has a fitted bodice and a full skirt. She is looking towards the camera. The statue is a classical figure, possibly a goddess, standing on a pedestal. The background is a dark, textured wall.

GOWNS For a Hollywood GODDESS

Cotton comes into its own as a year 'round fabric and is so sponsored by Gene Tierney. Gene herself designed this sprightly informal evening dress of navy blue and white checked gingham, edged around the full skirt, neck, and sleeves with narrow eyelet embroidery, and gaily decorated on the bodice by blue, green, and red sequins.

Gene Tierney of "The Razor's Edge" walks in beauty wearing these dreamy costumes from her personal wardrobe

Dreamiest of all gowns in the Tierney wardrobe is this floaty chiffon with extremely full skirt and matching scarf. Hand-painted in soft pastels, it's a dress for super occasions only.





★
New skirt fullness is the theme of the graceful black satin cocktail frock, left, from the personal wardrobe of Gene Tierney, currently starring in "The Razor's Edge." Gene likes the circular flare of the skirt and the deep, wide neckline, a perfect background for pearls.



★
The halo beret that frames Gene's lovely face in photo at right is of fine mink, one of the forthcoming winter's high fashions. A filmy lace veil sweeps to the shoulders. Gene's mink coat is full length and conservatively cut. The hat is a creation of Walter Florell, Saks Fifth.



★
There's a feeling of elegance in the lines of this white broadcloth great-coat designed as a hostess gown. Extravagantly buttoned from neck to hem and lined with pale blue satin, other original detail is the "tab" trim which shows itself on the shoulders and sleeves and outlines the pockets.



★
Stripes used in bold horizontal fashion make news in the subtle evening gown worn at right by Miss Tierney. Royal blue and black taffeta forms a skirt with swirling back fullness, topped by a black satin bodice cut on demure but revealing lines. Gene's new upswept coiffure completes the picture.



Gene
Freney



She's Mrs. Richard Ney here



Greer and Richard live in a charming English style home surrounded by a profusion of trees, shrubs and flowers. The Neys enjoy gardening, dote on dart game, below, with French poodle pup, Gogo, an enthusiastic audience. Both the MGM star and her actor husband are musical, love to play twin grand pianos in their spacious living room.





home she isn't
er Garson. She's
s. Ney, and likes
hat way. Exclu-
e home photos of
s First Lady and
her husband

Greer is definitely not the dignified and stately lady she sometimes portrays on the screen. She's gay and sparkling, with a wit to match her red hair. One of her hobbies is collecting Chinese figurines. Note Greer's collection of trophies, including Oscars, on shelf in picture below.





Tom Drake and Marilyn Maxwell hold hands while they hold a whispering huddle with table-hopper at popular nightspot.



The Fred MacMurrays, above, with former New York mayor James J. Walker; below center, adding romantic note to party are Sonja Henie and Stuart Barthelmess with the Pat Nearneys (Mona Freeman); right, below, Kurt Krueger, Cathy Downs, Helen Walker.



Robert Hutton and Lana Turner, formerly a romantic item, renew friendship at party for James Walker, while a guest looks on.



Fred De Cordova and Martha Vickers, his favorite date, above, with Jess Barker. Below, David Street and Helen Walker.



ERROL FLYNN was caught off-guard (and *that's* an accomplishment) when reporters stalked him at Scripps' Institute in La Jolla. He was down there getting information on the marine life he intends studying on his current scientific expedition. "Are the Flynns expecting?" was the question. Errol made no comment but his denial was printed. Next they called Nora Eddington. She wasn't sure but there was a possibility, she told them. So they said she confirmed it. While everyone was mad at everyone else, the Flynns sailed off to Mexican waters. You take it from here.

WITHIN a week's time after completing their respective rôles in "Bel Ami," Ann Dvorak and Angela Lansbury shed respective husbands Leslie Fenton and Richard Cromwell. It sounds like that old one, but all parties concerned have remained friendly. Ann is rumored to have a handsome but not-too-serious admirer in her life. Angela, out for a career and a new home to be furnished, is heart-whole and wants to keep it that way.

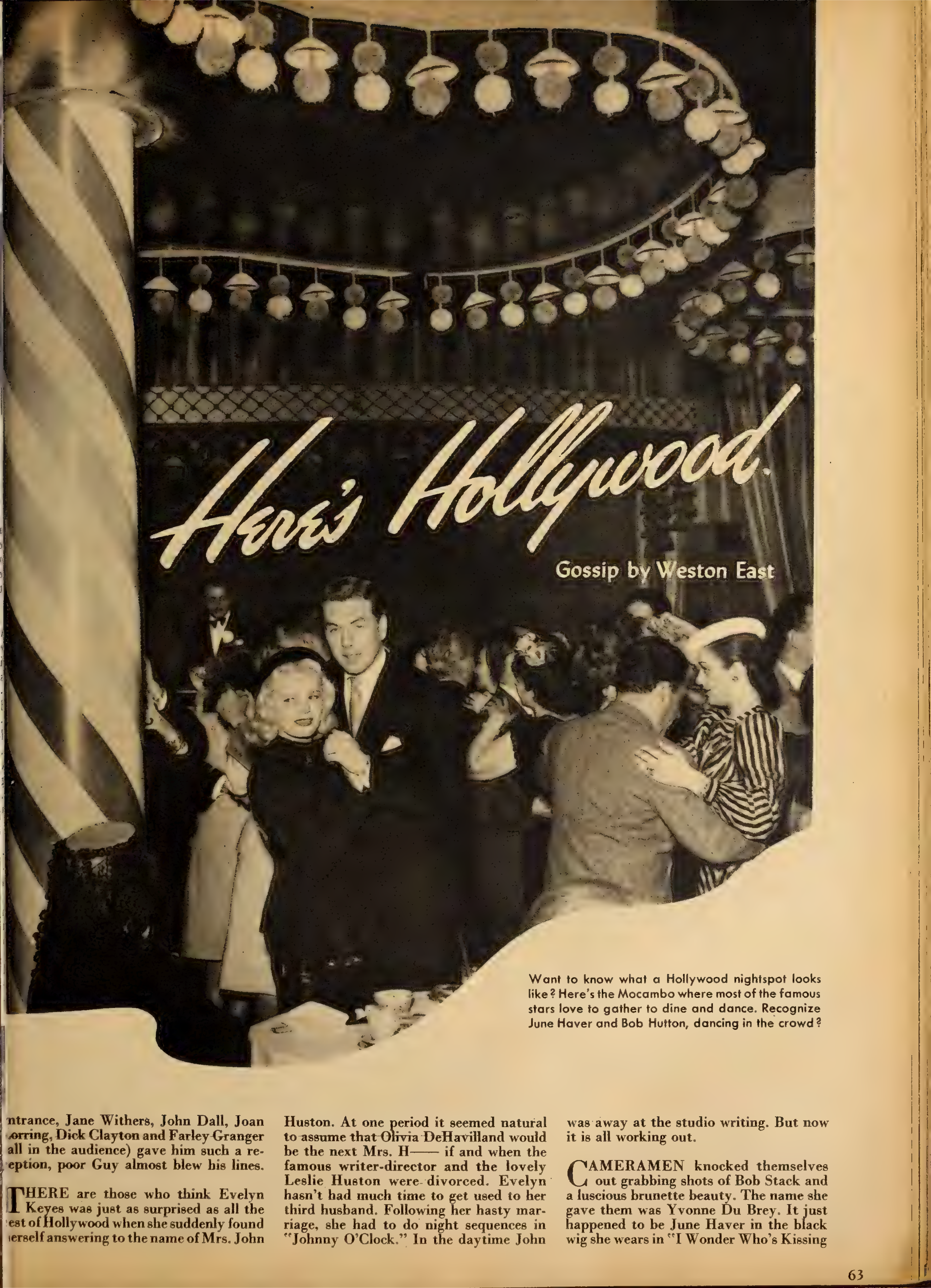
CLARK GABLE is waiting to see the finished script, before he decides for or against doing "The Hucksters." In the meantime, while every columnist links him romantically with every unattached socialite, Clark quietly continues to see

Virginia Grey. Unlike some of her cinema sisters, she likes Clark for himself. She isn't publicity-mad and she isn't trying to drag him to the altar. Sounds to us like the beautiful Virginia is *really* the right girl, we hope, we hope!

"SO THIS is Hollywood," said Rex Harrison, with gleaming eyes. The charming British star and his wife, Lilli Palmer, were at Director Walter Lang's house. Mrs. Lang (Carole Lombard's beloved "Fieldsie") hired an orchestra and told them to bring all their spare instruments. Before Rex and Lilli's startled faces, they saw Ann Sothorn at the piano, Fred MacMurray at the saxophone, Jack Benny with violin, Cesar Romero doing an exhibition tango with Virginia Bruce, Tyrone Power crooning—while Annabella at the drums drowned out everyone!

GUY MADISON faced a "live" audience for the first time, when he appeared in "Dear Ruth," for the Laguna Beach players. Needless to say, Gail Russell was on hand (wearing that gold heart on the gold link bracelet that Guy bought at Tiffany's) and *she* was as nervous as a jitterbug on a tin roof. Guy's leading lady was Natalie Thompson, formerly married to Bob Hutton, now determined to have a career of her own. When Guy made his





Here's Hollywood.

Gossip by Weston East

Want to know what a Hollywood nightspot looks like? Here's the Mocambo where most of the famous stars love to gather to dine and dance. Recognize June Haver and Bob Hutton, dancing in the crowd?

entrance, Jane Withers, John Dall, Joan Corring, Dick Clayton and Farley Granger all in the audience) gave him such a reception, poor Guy almost blew his lines.

THERE are those who think Evelyn Keyes was just as surprised as all the rest of Hollywood when she suddenly found herself answering to the name of Mrs. John

Huston. At one period it seemed natural to assume that Olivia DeHavilland would be the next Mrs. H— if and when the famous writer-director and the lovely Leslie Huston were divorced. Evelyn hasn't had much time to get used to her third husband. Following her hasty marriage, she had to do night sequences in "Johnny O'Clock." In the daytime John

was away at the studio writing. But now it is all working out.

CAMERAMEN knocked themselves out grabbing shots of Bob Stack and a luscious brunette beauty. The name she gave them was Yvonne Du Brey. It just happened to be June Haver in the black wig she wears in "I Wonder Who's Kissing

Her Now." Bob called for her at the studio, where she had to return after dinner and shoot night sequences. It *does* make her look different.

WHEN SONNY TUFTS got the script on "Swell Guy" and learned he had to wear swimming shorts, he went right home and started counting calories. By the time they actually shot the sequence, Sonny boy had shed twenty pounds. Need we go on? Yep, the sequence is now cut out of the picture.

EDDIE CANTOR and Bob Young, please note! A second son, named Stephen, was born to the Gregory Pecks. Actually, Greg and his Greta were hoping for a little girl. But they were still pretty thrilled. Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman

walked the hospital floor with the nervous father, while he waited for *that* announcement that now comes over a loud-speaker system. The Reagans will be the god-parents.

ON THE last day of shooting "The Late George Apley," Richard Ney presented feminine members of the cast and crew with individual orchids. He cultured them himself, in his own hothouse. Kind-a nice for Mrs. Ney (Greer Garson to you) when she has to attend those Hollywood premières.

BILL POWELL hurried right over to Westmore's the minute he was released from "Life with Father." After six months of Technicolor hair, he couldn't wait to get it dyed back to normal. From

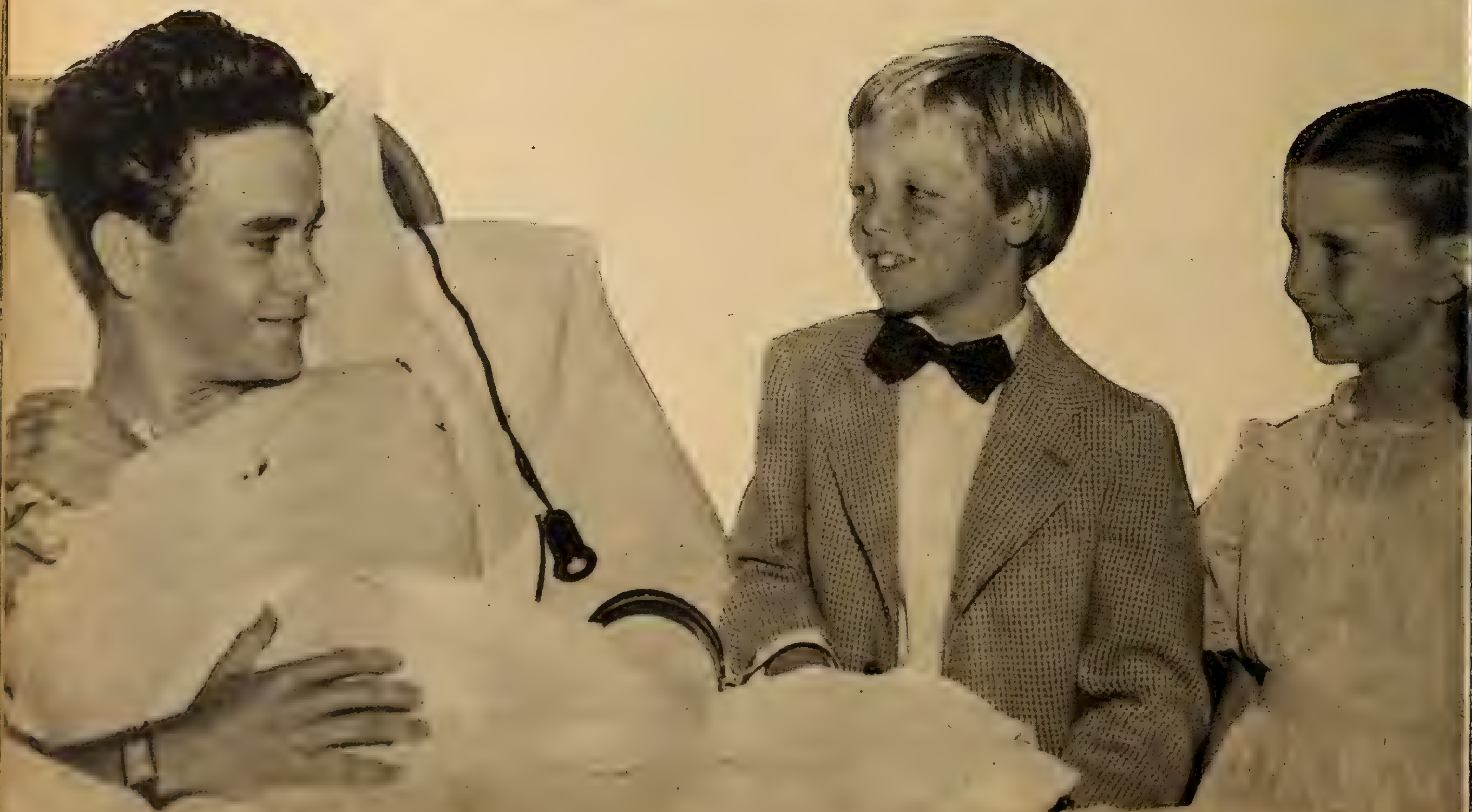
tomato shade it went into deep purple. Then it gradually resumed its own natural color. "Thank heavens, I don't have to wear *that* anymore," cracked Bill, as he tossed his hat into the waste basket.

SAIID the first chorus girl to the second chorus girl on the set of "Summer Holiday": "I want to follow in the footsteps of Tierney." "Which Tierney," came the answer. "Lawrence, or Gene?"

IT WAS a big moment for Margaret O'Brien when she scrawled her name and planted her hand- and foot-prints in the wet cement of the forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Right next to her were the imprints of Jackie Coogan, Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney. With the exception of Shirley,



Butch Jenkins and Margaret O'Brien, below, bring their youthful slant on life along on their visit to servicemen at Sawtelle Military Hospital. At left above, Charles Russell and Peggy Cummins, now playing in "The Late George Apley," chat with Dwight Whitney at party; center, Paul Brinkman with his lovely Jeanne; right, Bill Lundigan, featured in "Dishonored Lady" with Hedy Lamarr, takes his wife to California Cabana.



all these famous former child stars are parents today. Yes, our bones are beginning to creak, too!

LARRY PARKS, who was merely sensational in "The Jolson Story," returned from New York recently. "Did you see any shows?" inquired a studio executive, who was searching for Larry's next starring vehicle. "Yes, I saw one show a night," answered Larry. "Which did you like best?" the executive asked eagerly. "'Call Me Mister'," grinned Larry. "My wife (Betty Garrett) was in it. It's the only show I saw!"

WE DON'T for a second believe Bob Taylor named his horse (a birthday present from Barbara Stanwyck) "Undercurrent," but it makes a good publicity

story, when Bob happens to be working in a picture by the same name. A Beverly Hills ordinance prevents his new pet from living on the premises. Undaunted, Bob called Clark Gable, who gladly took in his four-footed friend on his valley ranch.

IS VAN HEFLIN'S face red! Recently he took three-year-old Vana to a publicity circus party. In the midst of all the elephants and monkeys, up walked Joan Crawford, with little Christopher and Christina in tow. Joan introduced her children, who curtsied and bowed from the waist. Vana, looking as startled as she felt, looked up at her father and exclaimed, "Now *why* are they doing *that*?" The next day he smoothed things over with Joan, on the set where they're working together in "Possessed."

WITH THE least publicized war record, Jeffrey Lynn, civilian, is back in Hollywood. The first day back he received a bill for a studio phone bill. It was dated 1943!

ANYTHING but temperamental Claudette Colbert was miffed when Director "Pop" Leonard chided her for being 20 minutes late on "The Secret Heart" set. "Good afternoon," said "Pop," when his star walked in. Claudette, who is big enough to get away with being late, *never* is. This morning she just couldn't help it. Being honest, she spoke her mind. Being nice, "Pop" apologized.



Donna Reed's husband, Van Johnson, repairs damage. Right, Van Johnson squeezes lemon for Donna Reed's tea. Below, the Don DeFore's at premiere.





In dramatic highlight above, Alexander Knox, as *Doctor McDonnell*, her sympathizing friend, tries to find medical substantiation of her treatment method in one of his weighty volumes of reference.

Center, Rosalind answers a hurried call of distress as a "bush nurse" in Australia. Above, Dean Jagger, as her fiancé, a love that could never be, steps aside for the benefit of humanity.



"SISTER KENNY"

Rosalind Russell's truly
magnificent portrayal of
Sister Kenny in RKO's story
of her struggle against
infantile paralysis touches
greatness—as well as
the depths of your heart



HER RING—Five star-bright diamonds set with distinctive beauty in white gold.



Miss Marjorie Carolin

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She's Engaged!

She's Lovely!

She uses Pond's!

THE NEW "BLUSH-CLEANSING" Marjorie Carolin uses for her smooth complexion will give your skin

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- and bring up a charming blush of color

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You rouse your skin by pressing a face cloth drenched in warm water against your face.

You "cream-cleanse" while your skin is receptively moist and warm. Spin your fingers full of snowy Pond's Cold Cream upward in circles, as if drawing engagement rings over your face and throat. Pond's demulcent action gently loosens dirt and make-up as your fingers swirl. Tissue off.

You "cream-rinse" with a second thick Pond's creaming. Spin 25 little Pond's Cold Cream engagement rings up over your face. Tissue off.

You tingle your clean, clean face with a good splash of cold water. Blot dry.

THAT'S ALL! . . . "And my face feels so soft, looks smoother, glowier, right away," Marjorie says.

Every night—give your face the complete "Pond's Blush-Cleansing." Every morning—a once-over "Blush-Cleansing": a warm splash, quick rings with Pond's, tissue off, then a cold splash. Dip your fingers deep in a big jar of Pond's night and morning—every day.



"I love this Pond's new Blush-Cleansing," says Marjorie



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A Girl Can Change Her Mind

Continued from page 55

let me go anyway"—she asked for her release and got it.

However, she'd learned the ropes enough to know how necessary an agent is, and when she was signed by Warner Brothers it was on a star-building basis. But here, too, accident, chance—or Fate—helped her again.

"Edmund Goulding was looking everywhere for the second lead—the good girl—in 'Of Human Bondage' and somehow or other Fate took me by the hand and walked me right up to him just as he was the most anxious to find someone," Janis continued. "Perhaps you remember in 'Hollywood Canteen' I wore pig-tails? Well, I still had them, and when Mr. Goulding saw me he said I was just the type he wanted, that I looked real and unaffected."

Whatever it was, Goulding—known as a great woman's director—guided her through "Of Human Bondage." And on the day he complimented her on a difficult emotional scene, Janis knew the first taste of real achievement.

"I whispered to myself, 'Now I'm on my way!'" she told me. "But when I tried to explain to Mother how I felt, I started to cry and cry, and couldn't stop. And Mother just let me have it out. I cried for two hours alone in my room. I felt that right then was the peak of everything. I'd been touched somehow by a magic hand. I could never again be dull or stupid or mediocre. I knew that it was possible for the next day to be all wrong. I might be slapped down over and over—but right then I felt the joy of a job well done!"

Fate—or chance—again influenced Janis' casting in "The Time, The Place and The Girl." Jane Wyman had been all set for the part. She'd rehearsed the songs and dance-routines for over two weeks. Then she woke up ill one morning, tried to go to the studio—and col-

lapsed with a bad case of pneumonia.

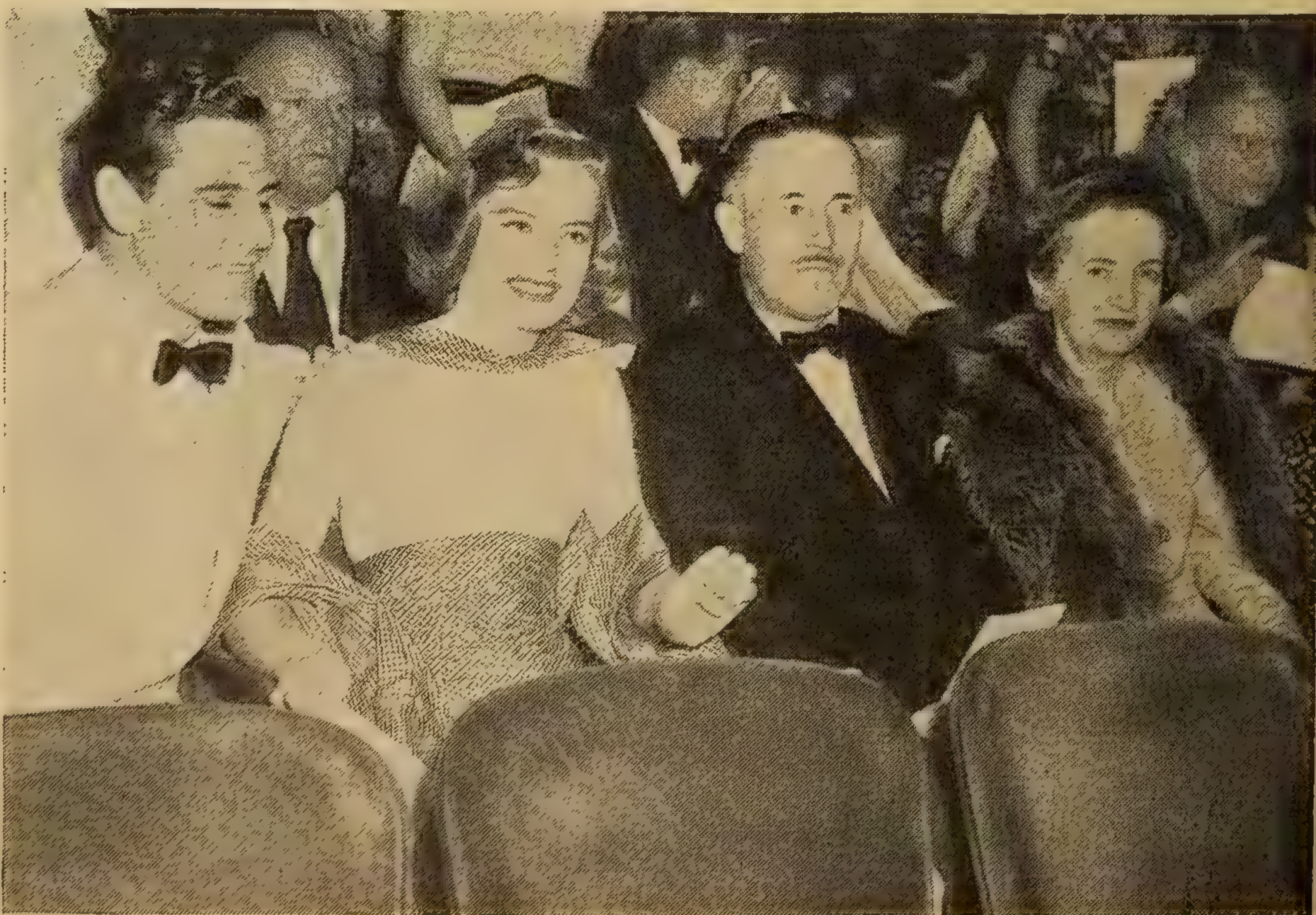
"I'd never danced professionally and I'd never sung boogie-woogie!" Janis' smile was a little strained at the memory. "But they stood me up in front of a microphone and said, 'Now, dear, you won't use your own way of singing. You do it *this* way. Then you do these steps and we start shooting day after tomorrow.'"

It could have been this concentrated effort that brought on Janis' sore throat and it could have been working in rain shots every night for a week that developed the streptococcus infection. But anyway, Janis was suddenly a very, very sick girl, so ill that the studio sent out emergency calls and Louella Parsons ran an appeal in her column in the Hearst papers for blood-donors with the rare AB-negative-Rh-type that would match Janis' blood.

"And people *are* kind!" Janis said gratefully. "There were more than *three thousand* calls here. The studio had to set up an extra switchboard. And Miss Parsons got thousands and thousands of letters. Messages from servicemen all over the world kept coming in for weeks afterwards. A sailor stationed nearby was selected and all the other kind people were sent down to the Red Cross."

Early in 1946 it wasn't easy for Janis to change her mind about marrying Rod Cameron two days before the wedding. Her trousseau was ready; the guests were invited. A less strong-minded girl might have gone through with it to save herself embarrassment. Even today, Janis' very real distress about this difficult decision keeps her from talking about it.

"I grew up then." There is pride and freedom in Janis' attitude; she's not carrying any torch. "But coming to the studio and facing people afterwards was the worst. I thought I couldn't bear the questions, the curious 'Why did you do



Mr. and Mrs. Craig Reynolds (Alexis Smith) took mother and father Smith to the movies—premiere of daughter's newest picture, "Night and Day."

New Queen of the Reds



YOU'LL LOVE THIS NEW TANGEE CASE... gleaming brass, etched in a delicate floral design... with popular swivel base. Ask for it in your favorite Tangee shade.

Red Majesty

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it? Because there wasn't any answer I could give. I just felt it was my own very private business, and I only hope the smile on my face looked as real as I tried to make it."

Janis will need that smile often in the coming years; she's a star now. Her name will be in lights on marquees of all theaters belonging to Warner Brothers. And when the name goes up in light, the star's life ceases to be her own. From this day forward she must steel herself against prying questions, curiosity, intrusion. For Donna Mae Jaden doesn't belong to herself or her mother or her sister anymore: she's Janis Paige and she belongs to the public. So she must learn to change her thinking, her reactions, her way of living. "The hardest job in the world is being a film star," Cecil B. DeMille said it and he ought to know.

For Janis is really going places. Though she's rated as a star, she's that anomaly of the picture business, a star not of the public's voluntary choice. She's been under contract to Warner Brothers for two years and has made seven pictures, only two of which have been released. These are "Her Kind of Man," with Zachary Scitt, and "Two Guys from Milwaukee," with Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. Soon to come is "Cheyenne," also with Morgan.

So far she has been given little fan build-up. Though columnists and radio gossips are beginning to mention her as being at the glossier nightclubs with this one or that one, few of the bobby-soxers who hover outside for autographs

know her by name. But just wait until they do!

"I have so much to learn," Janis said anxiously. "For instance, I almost fainted with fright at the opening of 'God Is My Co-Pilot' when the crowds rushed at me. I'm sure they didn't know me—and when they do it'll be worse. So I must learn to overcome that fear."

"Then, for another thing," she went on, "I'm gullible. I'll believe anything anybody tells me. And I'm idealistic. And I *trust* people!" (Is that bad?) "And my feelings get hurt—oh, what misery I go through at some slight I probably imagine!"

Even the quality of human relationships is changed. "As an example, I went with a friend and another couple to a nightclub one evening last week," Janis explained. "I hadn't met the other man before and certainly don't want to ever again! When he first started to tell his opinion of what he called 'you movie girls' I couldn't believe he meant the awful things he was saying. But when it dawned on me he was serious, I spoke my piece. 'Look here!' I said, 'I'm a decent, hard-working girl. I don't drink and I don't smoke. I live at home with my mother and my sister Betty, who's got a swell job as secretary to an executive at Warner Brothers Studio. I make a good salary and most of it's put away in the bank. I have the respect of my family and the people who work with me, and I have my own self-respect. I know who I am and what I've done and what I amount to, and I don't know a darn thing about you or by what right

you are trying to insult me or anyone else whose name is up for the public to look at!"

Janis is an outdoor girl. She loves to swim and to ride horseback. A location trip to Arizona looked like a glimpse of Paradise to her and Palm Springs is her favorite vacation place.

The burned child avoids the flame, and Janis says she's going to be very careful about getting engaged again. "I love to cook and keep house and sometimes even think marriage and a career might mix," she said. "But there's so much to be done while I'm in my earning years. The first and most important thing is that I want to build a house for my mother. She's been a *wonderful* mother to me. My father left us when I was only five and Betty was three. And our mother worked at everything—saleswoman, receptionist, running an elevator. She did simply anything she could find to do to support us and make a home for us and to pay for my singing lessons. She deprived herself for years of so many, many little luxuries and even necessities to pay for those lessons. Everything good that has happened to me, any success I may have attained. I owe to my mother!"

The girl who's a star has to mature mentally much faster than the average girl. Life is more intense for her. She has all the problems of love and heartbreak, happiness and unhappiness—as well as the concentrated problems of her own work—condensed into the same few years. Such a girl *has* to learn to change her mind.

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"Ze Pepsi-Cola, she'sa hit ze spot."

Cash and Cary

Continued from page 37

dentist that Cary had secured a porcelain jacket for a prominent tooth—price, several thousand dollars.

This was the unkindest cruel bite of all, because if Cary Grant *has* a physical pride it is in his strong, white, 100% personal teeth—each and every one his own, and never a cap in the lot. "The dentist chap must have had another Grant in mind," said Cary mildly. "You know, in the old days when things weren't going so well, I could always look in the mirror and say, 'You may be broke, but you've still got black hair and white teeth.' No man is licked as long as he can count a few assets, no matter how transitory they may seem to be."

Somewhat later, still pondering the high commercial price mentioned in connection with the dental equipment (that Mr. Grant had never seen) in contrast to the negligible sum a person could realize on his natural installation, Cary remembered a story illustrating the theme. He heard the story from Ingrid Bergman on the "Notorious" set, and it is one of his current favorites. It seems that two bums took an intense interest in the landscaping of an estate. Every day they hung over a board fence and watched a bulldozer level off a hill, observed an engineer move a small creek into a new and stone-lined moat, saw a nurseryman install fully grown trees on the ground and cover the raw earth with growing green sod. Finally one bum turned to the other and said in some awe, "Gosh, what God could do if only he had the money!"

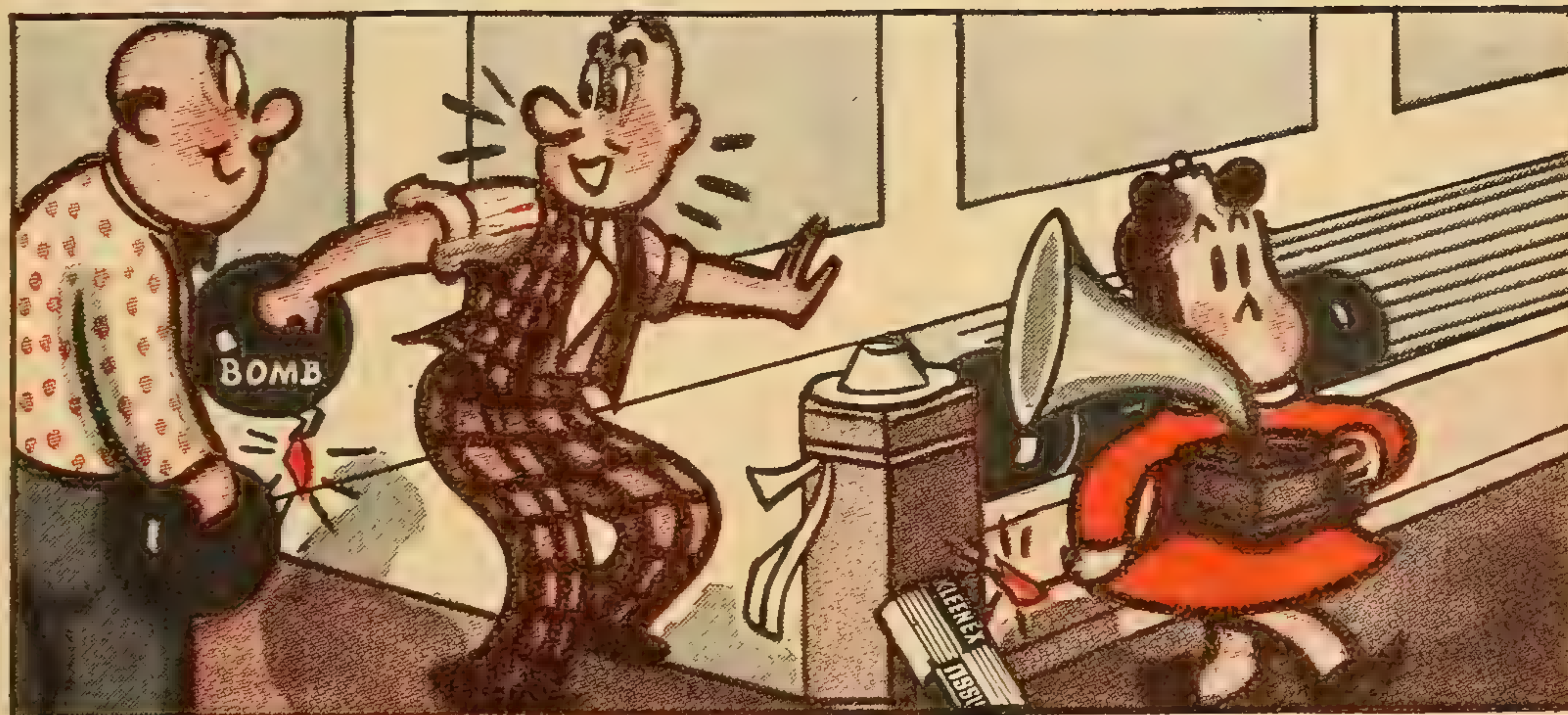
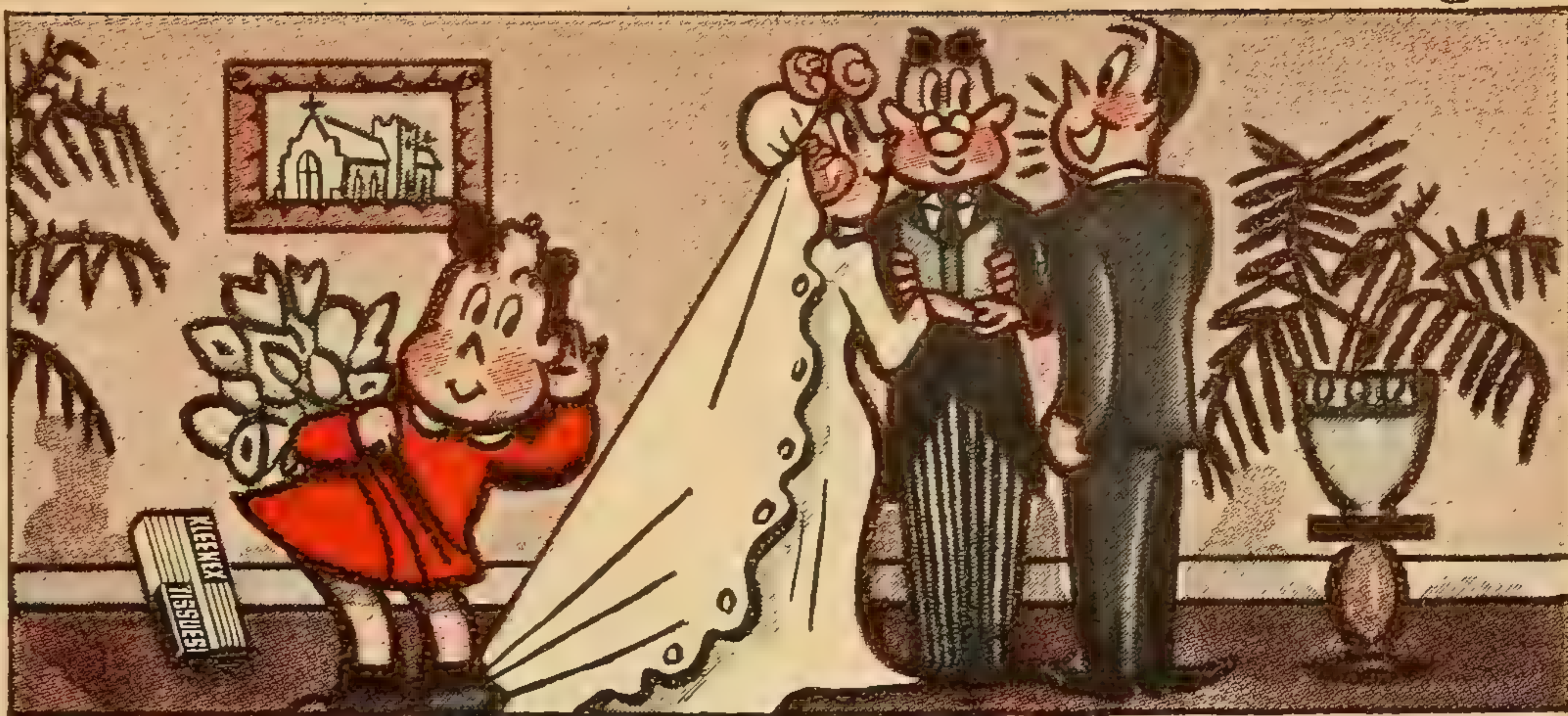
One of the reasons for Cary Grant's reputation as an agile and entrancing conversationalist is proved by this story. He is always ready with a pertinent fact, quip or illustration. Not only is his mind facile in small and social ways, but he functions with swift accuracy in physical emergencies.

For example, he and a friend were driving from New York to Hollywood one spring, along roads turned into swamps by the season. Cary, who had been doing most of the driving, had held down his speed; even so, upon swinging around a wide curve in the road, the tires found over an inch of silt and mud covering the cement highway. Losing traction, the car spun around in a fast skid; Cary tried to correct the direction of skid, but realized that it was useless—the car was going over.

It seemed to him, in retrospect, that eons passed while—with utter calm and cool thinking—he reached up and turned off the ignition switch as the car crashed to its side. Somewhere, in what appeared to be the dim past, he had heard about the danger of fire; in the instant of emergency, he had remembered to cut his switch. Meanwhile, his passenger had tried to jump, and had been pinned—not by any portion of his body, but by his topcoat—under the car. Without a word, Cary extracted himself, ran across the soaked and plowed fields to a farmhouse, explained his predicament, and brought the help he needed (in the

LITTLE LULU Is All Ears

by Marge



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BEST**

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—pull a tissue and up jumps another

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*Created especially for you
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able farmer and his sons) back in no time.

Of course, Mr. Grant, like every other active human being, occasionally finds himself in a situation from which there is no escape. One weekend he was invited to be a guest at a celebrated estate. Friday night a motion picture was shown in the library, in accordance with custom; unscheduled, however, was the boredom felt by most of the audience. (That Hollywood people are occasionally frank to admit that certain of the local products couldn't even accumulate an E for effort is a truth that may surprise some readers.)

Saturday morning, Cary was one of the first guests down for breakfast, which was served buffet style. The only other person in the room was a director whom Cary knew only slightly. "What has been doing?" asked the director, eager to break the billowing silence that pervaded the vast room.

Cary lifted the lids of several of the commodious silver dishes, sniffed the contents, and helped himself to bacon, grilled liver, and scrambled eggs. "The usual things," he said, taking his place next to the director at the long, formal table. Companionship was a pleasant article. "Some of the people went horse-backing yesterday afternoon. A few played golf. Some of the hardy souls went for a swim in the pool. Then, last night, we saw a picture."

"Good?" asked Cary's breakfast companion.

Ordinarily, Cary is cautious about his professional observations. Just as a deep sea diver never criticizes a man who pries sponges from the rocks while risking his neck, no actor likes to malign a fellow mime's performance on the basis that he, the speaker, may find himself involved in a similar set of circumstances. Charity is ordinarily the actor's iron-bound critical rule.

However, this picture had struck Cary as being somewhat beyond the bonds of sympathy. He said so. He explained graphically and in professional language, exactly where he thought the mistakes had been made, and why. As he fell silent, delighting in a crisp bit of bacon, the man at his side confessed with a long-drawn sigh, "I directed that picture."

Cary swallowed—hard. "It might have been my mood," said the man who could have been sold, very cheaply at that moment, as a stoplight. "I was tired. Probably I didn't do the picture justice," Cary said, lamely.

"It was pretty lousy," admitted the vehicle's director without rancor. "Wonderful scrambled eggs, huh?"

The two men have been friends ever since.

Those fortunate enough to get to know Cary Grant well are impressed by a number of things. For one: he is ambidextrous. While working on a script one afternoon he reached for a pencil with his right hand and jotted down a few notes on the scrip's margin. A few seconds later another person used the pencil and left it on Cary's left, so—when he found it expedient to make another series of notes—he picked up the pencil in his left hand and made the jottings, legibly,

with the south paw. Someone, observing this accomplishment, said, "One moment, please. Are you left-handed or right-handed?" Smiled Cary with the indifferent ease of a man who can blow smoke rings, "I use whichever hand is most convenient—whichever causes me the least effort." He added cheerfully, "I'm really a problem to the persons seated on either side of me at a dinner party. No one can figure out what I'm going to do next."

Speaking of dinner parties, Mr. Grant is a woman's dream of the perfect escort to social functions for a number of reasons, one of which is his amiable attitude on the subject of dinner clothes. Cary likes them. He is not a man to grouse over the pixie-ish nature of studs, which like to hide in odd corners, nor does he find the tying of a black bow tie a fate worse than death. When a male friend of Cary's complained bitterly about the formal nature of a party to which both were invited, Cary observed with realism, "What's the difference what we wear? It's all clothes." He looks upon all garb as essentially functional. Bathing trunks are for swimming, sack coats, neck-scarves, and slacks are for lounging, breeches, boots and split-tailed jackets are for riding, and dinner clothes are for dining. All, obviously, parts of a well-ordered social system.

Not only does Mr. Grant possess an orderly mind, but he is capable of rare strategy when occasion warrants. One of the problems he noticed at once, when he moved back into his dressing room at RKO to report for work on "Notorious," was that one of the chairs was in dangerous condition. The two connecting lower rungs exhibited a hazardous tendency to slip their moorings. Cary called this fact to the attention of a number of people, each of whom made conciliatory sounds in the backs of their throats meaning, Cary assumed, that something would be done at once. Nothing was. Cary finally buttonholed a sort of vice-president in charge of gremlins, who suggested that Cary sign a requisition in quadruplicate. Cary complied. Nothing happened.

At this point, Cary abandoned the approach direct and undertook an oblique course. Working on the picture in a technical capacity was a chap named Bill Dorfman, physically a commanding figure. Tall, heavy, and massive of bone, his is a weight to be assigned only to the lower floors of apartment buildings. One morning Mr. Grant said, "When you have the time, Bill, would you mind stopping in my dressing room? I've something I'd like to talk to you about."

"Sure thing. Be right over," said Bill. When he arrived a few minutes later, Cary gestured toward the offending chair, and Bill sat down. Uttering a horrified shriek, the chair promptly collapsed. Regaining his feet, Bill collected the pieces. "I'll have this thing fixed right away," he said. "Thanks," grinned the victorious Mr. Grant. "That was what I wanted to talk to you about."

Having won his bout with a chair, Cary shortly thereafter suffered embarrassment because of another inanimate object. One morning John Tribby, the sound mixer, removed his earphones and

shook his head. "We're picking up a dripping sound, or ticking noise," he complained. "Check the arcs."

Some fifty lighting fixtures were examined while precious minutes sped. No fault could be found in any of them. A scout was dispatched to check the vicinity for woodpeckers or amateur musicians practicing hot licks on a snare drum. None was apprehended. The situation was still well out of hand, if not out of earshot, when Cary reached into his coat pocket at noon and consulted a dollar watch, salad plate size.

The sound mixer pointed a harried finger at Cary. "You," he said in a strangled voice. "You have been carrying that metronome in your pocket all morning and the mike has been picking up its ticking!"

Said Cary meekly, "I'm—er—having my wrist watch repaired, so I borrowed this from the jeweler. I forgot about its—er—cackle."

This minor yarn traveled the length and breadth of the RKO lot with dispatch. Perhaps it was particularly appreciated because Mr. Grant makes few mistakes in any field, his own or another in which he might reasonably be allowed certain leeway. His knowledge of art will serve to illustrate this point. One afternoon during the early days of the "Notorious" production, Cary wandered into the offices of the Hakim brothers. Pausing before a Mediterranean print, he studied its turquoise sea, the exclamatory green of its palms, the detail of its pink houses rising like sandstone cliff dwellings from the dazzling sand. "It's a Dufy, isn't it?" he said in admiration. "I haven't seen one of his reproductions in a long time."

Dufy is not, you know, one of the more easily recognized nor more widely known artists. Mr. Hakim was equally pleased and impressed. The following morning, when Cary reached his portable dressing room on the set, he found the print hung to the best possible advantage in the small space.

In his permanent dressing room, Cary has some interesting hunting prints, but the prized pictures are two still shots taken by an alert camera man during the filming of "Notorious." One is done in silhouette, showing Mr. Hitchcock and Cary as shadowed masses, talking earnestly. Because of Cary's slim height and Mr. Hitchcock's rotund compactness, a fast glance at the picture gives one the impression that an apple and a candle have been snapped in portrait form.

The other still picture is a study in expressions. Cary is expounding a theory; Mr. Hitchcock, with upper lip curled and eyes cast heavenly, is obviously imploring the help of the angels to hold his temper; Miss Bergman, eyes turned obliquely toward Cary and countenance a study of restraint is (according to Cary) saying inwardly, "One more word out of this character and I'm going to destroy him."

However, the millions of Grant fans probably have the truest portrait of him; a mental picture, of course, in which Cary is recorded accurately as a great gentleman of talent, sincerity, and kindness—all nicely spiced with humor.

"Tenderly she touched all things—
with *Soft Hands*, pale
as dove's white wings"

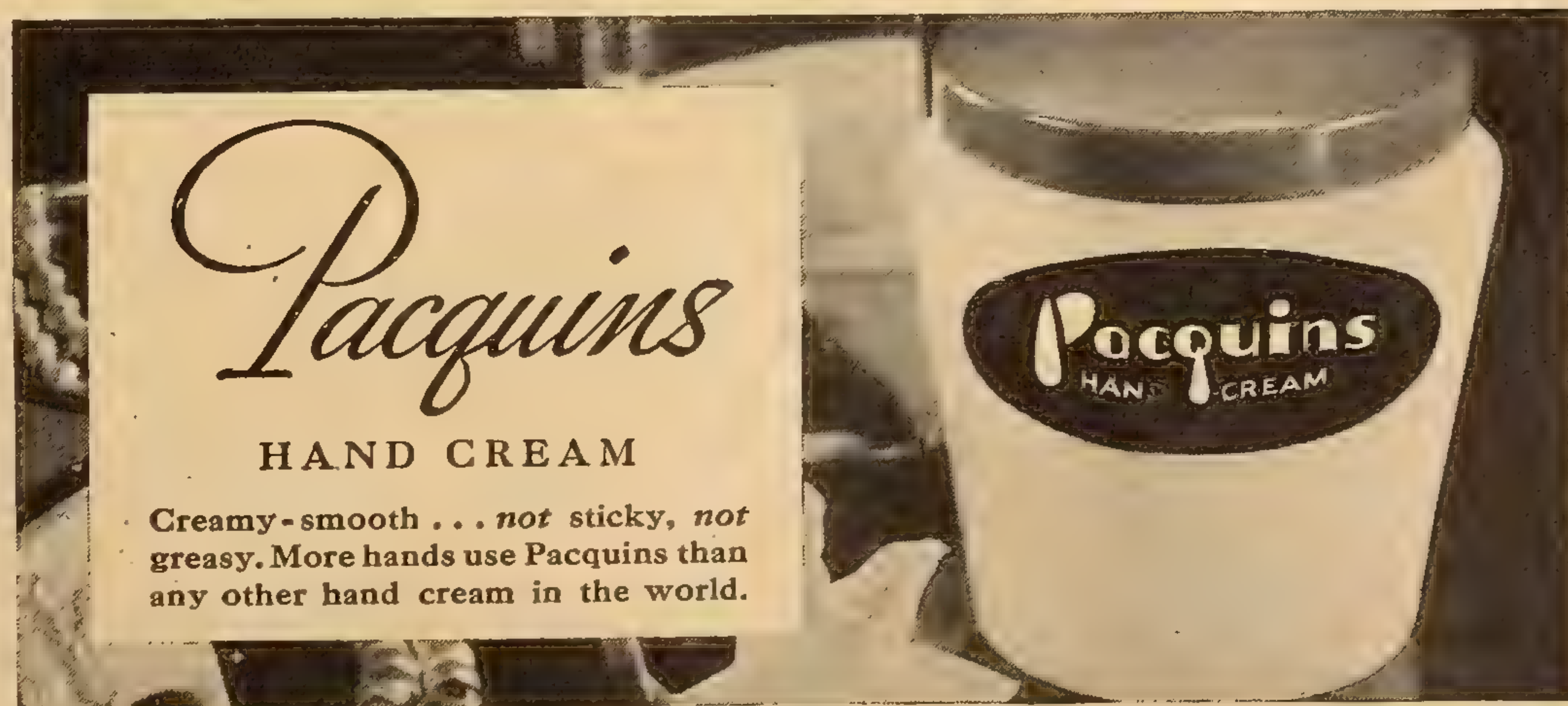
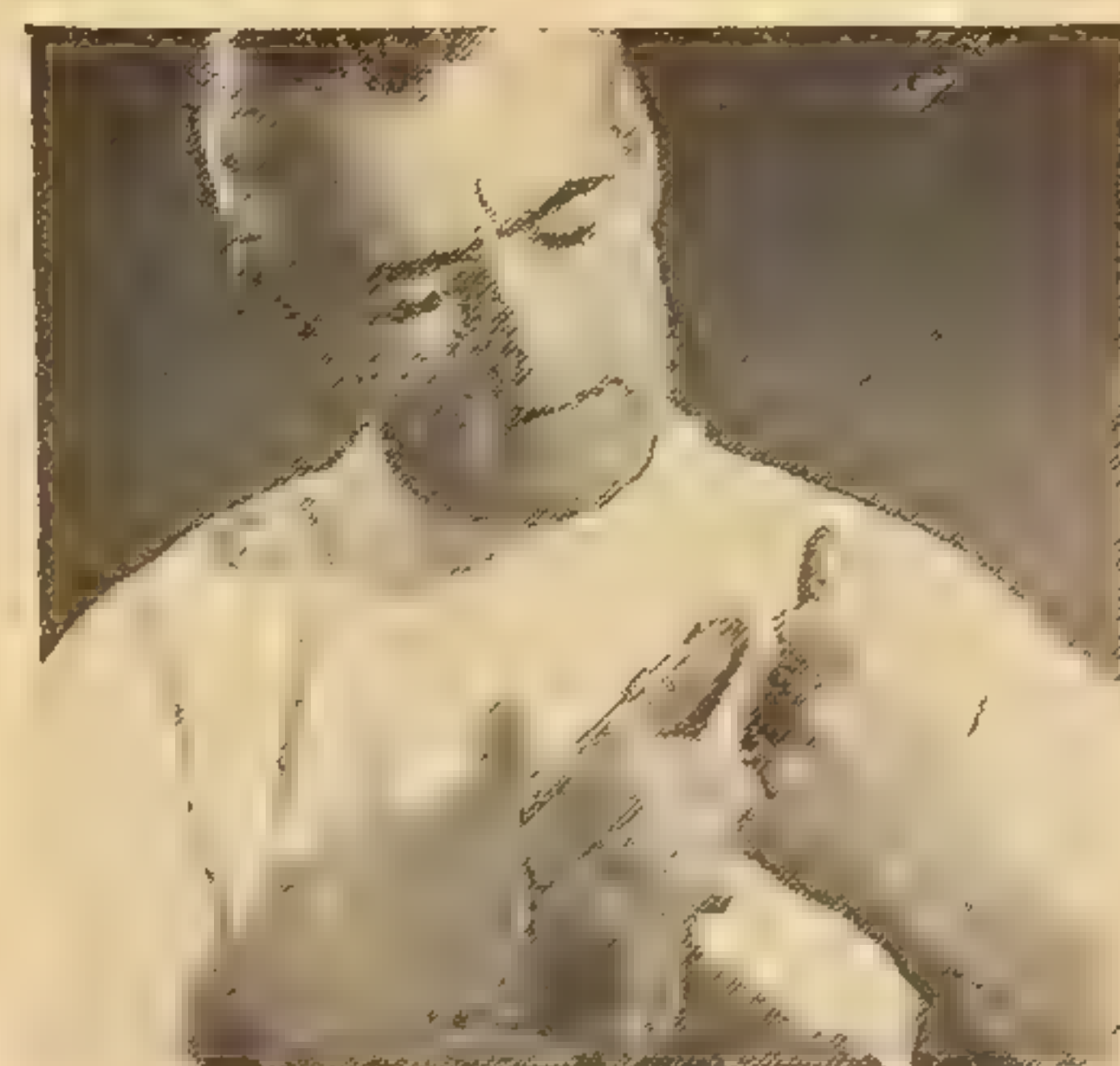


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Continued from page 35



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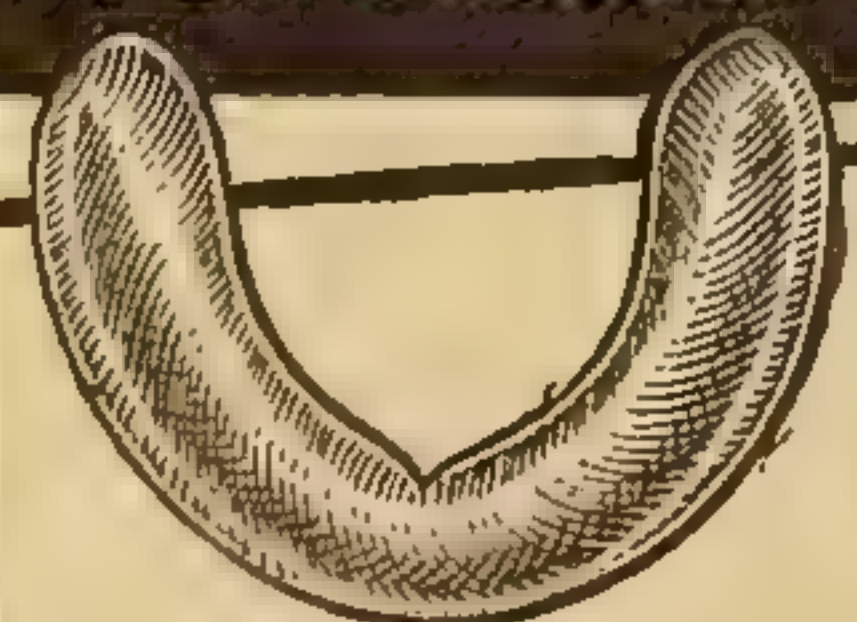


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and munch on them as he experimented with countless makeups until the evening performance started.

His introduction to his wife was unimportant to both of them at the time. Absorbed in his desperate attempt to succeed, lonely and introverted, he happened to be cast as the character comedian in a plot wherein he was one hundred years old in the last act. A chorus girl was supposed to provoke him in a brief scene, so a seventeen-year-old girl was borrowed from the neighboring musical comedy theater. He paid no attention to her personally; she knew him as a doddering old man. After three days of rehearsing her troupe recalled her.

Another year of thorough concentration followed for Paul. And still another. At twenty-three mutual friends of his

to his company, the troupe went to London, and after acting their first rôles together the Munis sampled their first real vacation.

"I'm always ready to take off with Paul," she laughs. "We can travel with two suitcases." Bella never stayed away from home for a single meal when she was growing up; now she has as much wanderlust as her husband. They've covered so much of the world together that they both retort simultaneously, "Where haven't we been?" when you get specific. "I'm a pioneer, an explorer, an experimenter," Paul exclaims. They've ranged from Denmark to Russia, via Egypt, on six months' jaunts.

Of course it's their true companionship which is so enviable. Bella went on acting after they married, off and on for



Marion Martin collaborates with Paul Muni, seldom seen in romantic rôles for scene in "Angel on My Shoulder," which United Artists will release soon.

and Bella's—she was that girl—insisted they should meet. "I said, 'Oh, all right!'" Bella says now, "and Paul said, 'I'm not interested.'" Her simplicity and sense of humor amazed him. She was fun. His sincerity attracted her. He soon found her background and ambition was like his. Bella's widowed mother had been a well-known actress. A bad accident at twenty-five had left her an invalid with three small children. "She taught us dance routines by dancing her fingers on a table. She had a marvelous sense of humor. She was unconquerable." At nine Bella was singing in silent film theaters, in her teens she got into a chorus. When she married Paul she was a leading lady.

His proposal wasn't at all actorish. "I hate spending money on a strange woman," he bantered. "Let's get married!" Their wedding was as casual as their dates had been. She was doing a play in Newark, while Paul was busy in the Yiddish theater in New York. She hurried over for a marriage ceremony between their respective matinée and evening shows. She went to her own home that night; they couldn't find time to begin a honeymoon for a week. Then she switched

seven years on the stage. They pooh-pooh the familiar explanation that two acting careers in one family are fatal to marriage. Once they got home they ceased their characterizing. "I'm not jealous of Paul's success," she says. "I hated to move to Hollywood, myself, because it was the end of acting for me. Someday I'll act again in the theater. But Paul's vindication on the screen meant more to me than my ambition."

It seems that on the surface he triumphed increasingly from the moment they married. He progressed to Broadway where his stage hits naturally won him a movie contract. His first two films were for the old Fox company where, like Spencer Tracy and Humphrey Bogart who were also magnificently mishandled there then, he was fed up with Hollywood in short order. He returned to the stage and when Warners sought him he literally ran away from their negotiations. "You straighten everything out," he telephoned Bella from Connecticut where he hid out to avoid argument over better rôles. She ironed out the details, and he became a genuine film favorite.



More romance for Muni! In same picture, this time with Anne Baxter as his sweetheart.

Ten years have passed since he won his first Oscar. He wasn't content with many of his assignments, however. That's why he is free-lancing now. He believed so firmly in "Angel on My Shoulder," his new picture, that he put some of his own money into it. Noted for his intense conscientiousness, he is as meticulous as ever about every detail of his acting. He still rehearses in advance by making recordings in his office-den, thereby creating each nuance of his characters. It's the all-out preparation that consumes him, not the bows for applause. He rarely sees the previews of his pictures, and some he's never seen at all. In eighteen years he's attended but two of the premières arranged for his films.

Paul is proud of his story collaboration on his new picture and the notes on his desk were for a script, Bella is helping him prepare, based on the life of Alfred Nobel. He is planning to produce it, independently, as well as direct, and play the starring rôle. He feels the research and condensation of data will make for even better movies on his part. "From now on I stand or fall on my own. If anyone has a story he thinks I should do, he'll look me up. I no longer employ an agent. Frankly, I've been bitterly disappointed at the way some of my past pictures turned out. But being under long-term contract I couldn't cry, 'Well, listen, folks—it's not my fault. I was hamstrung.'"

Typical of the Munis was Bella's gay interjection. "Hamstrung?" she queried. Paul, so engrossed in his yearnings for perfectionism, didn't realize he'd unwittingly punned. So Bella added, "Why, that's a joke, son!" He laughed, relaxing from his earnestness. They take everything about his work seriously except themselves. This leavening of humor and true perspective is one of her great contributions to their marriage. Paul no longer suppresses his desire to clown when he's with her. He'll mimic someone when they're in a crowded elevator, to her embarrassment. He's fond of sitting on the floor, and has stretched out flat to sign important papers when in a whimsical mood. Once he abruptly ended a long-winded story conference by solemnly walking out and into a swimming pool, fully dressed. It's his way of deflating the pompous.

"We've never done anything special on our wedding anniversaries," he explained. "We don't believe in making a fuss over anniversaries, or birthdays, or holidays.

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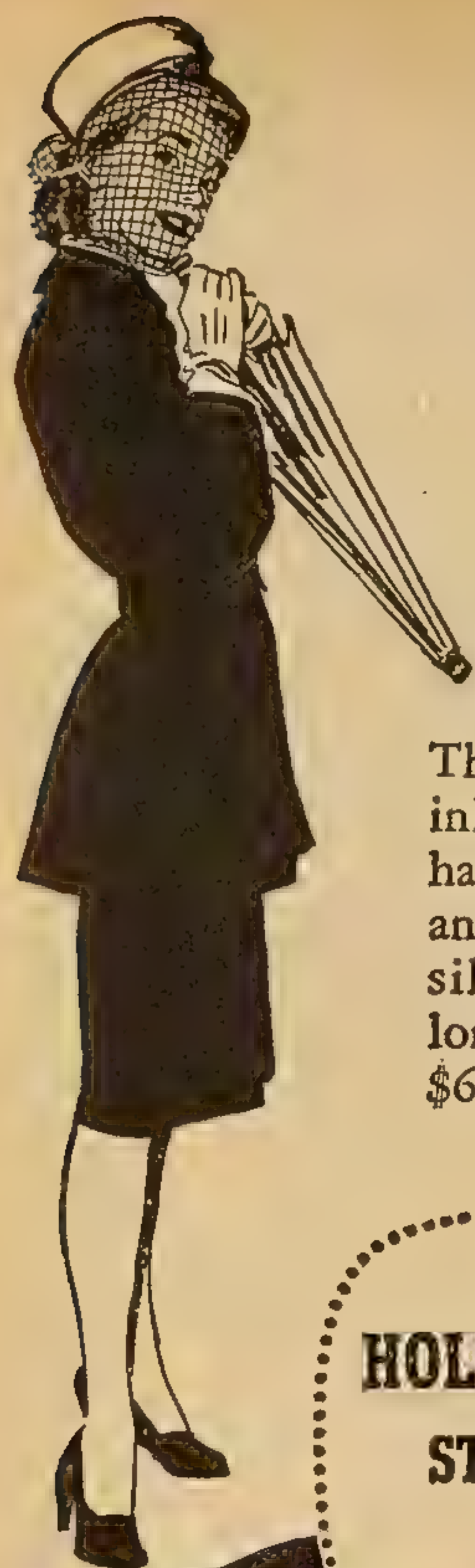
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"We're not according to Hoyle!" I asked Bella if she recalled any special gift Paul had ever sent her on a wedding anniversary. She had to ponder. "Oh, on our twelfth anniversary he sent me some flowers—I was in a hospital for an operation." But if they don't force themselves into prescribed molds, don't underestimate their evolution together. "We're both slightly touched," she said, "so we don't mind each other!" They think separations of any great length are bad, combine an unusual closeness in work and play with daily little opportunities for plenty of privacy.

When he's between pictures he's constantly busy searching for story material and revising it. He still rises early, between 5:30 and 6 a.m. He has a glass of orange juice and goes back to his office-den. About 7:30 he comes in for a breakfast of cereal, toast and coffee. Then he returns to his hideaway. He is deeply concerned with all national and international events, prefers his news via radio rather than from newspapers, perhaps because he reads so slowly. At 1 p.m. he'll wander in for a light lunch, then once more he goes back to his little cottage. Dinner is at 6:30. He likes only simple foods—no gravies, sauces, fried foods or rich deserts. Walking is his only exercise. Bella "slaves" (her own word) in the garden. He merely "supervises."

They employ a refugee couple, who reside in another little wooden cottage on the Munis' five acres, as their help. This six-room house, which they bought three years ago, is not their ultimate residence. During his years at Warners they tried ranching in the same valley. From that they switched to a secluded mansion high on a hilltop on the shore of the Pacific. It was far too elegant, they discovered. "I knew it," smiled Bella, "the first morning. The maid we had then brought me breakfast in bed and said, 'Honey-chile, you-all needs a fancy negligée for a place like this!'" Bella caught Paul's amused look. "Well, she was so right. We were babes in the woods on that deal!" Just before the war they experimented with living in the east and coming west only when a picture was shooting. They bought a dream castle on Long Island. It was set in the midst of a forest of birches, dogwood, and lilacs. They purchased a boat and went out on it like two delighted high school kids. The winters were too severe for them, so back to California they came. They won't try to build until inflated prices are adjusted. "But just as Paul wants to be responsible for his rôles, so do I want to start from scratch on a house for once. I've always had to put up with the mistakes of other builders."

They may have made such a success of their marriage by shunning Hollywood society. Although they grew up in big cities, they both said, "We wouldn't dream of ever living in Beverly Hills or Brentwood. We're country folks!" They've never felt the strain of keeping up with the other movie stars because they've never once attempted that job. Instead, most of their evenings are spent either listening to their big collection of fine records or playing games. These include anagrams, ping-pong, pinochle, and billiards.

No time or energy is allotted to collecting things; they've no yen to impress and are too wrapped up in Paul's career and the simple relaxation they enjoy in their spare time. Bella now functions as his secretary. She handles his fan mail, and they are always interested in intelligent letters. He admits he hasn't read many books this year, says he has enjoyed ("if that is the correct word") Emery Reeves' "Anatomy of Peace" more than anything else he's read lately.

Bella doesn't dress up much when they're home; he prefers that she be comfortable. Another of her jobs is taking care of all their business matters. She does the bookkeeping, the check-signing, the investing, and makes his appointments when they'll suit him. They have no favorite sentimental songs. What holds them together are far more basic things. Their dislike of plans, for instance; they maneuver to be free to do just whatever strikes their fancy and revel in this mutual spontaneousness. "This office-den," Paul pointed out, "was a chicken house when we came here. All of a sudden I had a hunch it could be transformed."

He contends the movies, the stage, and the radio are three separate entertainment fields and he has equal respect for them. Since he's been acclaimed in all three mediums, his opinions carry authentic weight. He's turned down all offers to do regular radio shows because the scripts written in quantity can't uphold the standards he sets for himself. He'll do a radio show, as he will a play or a picture, if the conditions are "of the best" for his particular personality.

He goes on record to the effect that stage training is not necessary for excellent film acting. "Think of Garbo, Shearer, of Joan Crawford—they're tops in movie acting, with no stage background. The screen is a completely independent medium of expression. You don't need the same things for the movies that you do for the stage. The theater-trained actor must free himself of a good many mannerisms when he comes to Hollywood. But it's far easier to crash the stage, to get a start, than it is to get a first chance in pictures."

One thing he won't do is give rules for acting. "What happened to me won't likely happen to anyone else. Conditions, people, vary so. I do not believe acting can be taught. The fundamentals are simple. You must project your voice and the personality of a character. You think the plot through to do that. The rest is all up to the individual to interpret. Anyhow, actors don't act—they react to some writer's situations. You can't act by yourself. You must have an audience with whom to collaborate."

He recognizes his own faults. "I'm uncompromising. I'm not a diplomat. I'm not the orthodox, amiable fellow who'll do what's expected without any individual thought. That makes me sort of a freak. And I'm always afraid I won't be good enough. I'm never satisfied."

Paul glanced affectionately at his wife. She still loves him in spite of his idiosyncrasies, as much as he loves her. They've come a long way together. Much achievement and adventure lies ahead. I don't think they'll miss a thing.

Master of Moods

Continued from page 53

top of his pace, represented a performance on Vincent's part, but he was shocked by the fact that the rôle was so completely out of character.

"I frightened him, I'm afraid," Vincent confesses. "He couldn't understand why I should be so stern and different. I'm usually pretty easy-going at home."

Actually, the relationship between Vincent and his small son reminds me forcibly of the understanding which existed between Maureen O'Hara and Connie Marshall in "Sentimental Journey." Just as Maureen in the picture could enter with complete understanding into the world of a small child who lived in a fantastic land peopled with fantastic animals, so Vincent is sensitive enough to enter into the world of his son at any time.

He's like his son in another respect, too. The day never has enough hours for Vincent. Like Barrett, he can hardly bear to go to bed at night and he can't endure remaining in bed late in the morning, even when he doesn't have to be at the studio.

At seven every morning the whole Price household is up and about; at seven thirty they're all having breakfast. No alarm clock is necessary to awaken this family. "When you have a young son, you don't need an alarm clock," says Vincent pointedly. However, even if he didn't have a small son, he'd be up and about at the first crack of dawn.

Vincent reminds me of those famous lines of Robert Louis Stevenson's:

"The world is so full of a number
of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy
as kings."

For Vincent, the world is always full of things to do and see. How he manages to do all the things he does in the same twenty-four hours a day that are allotted to all of us I'll never know. When he isn't working at his studio, he spends twelve hours a day in his garden. No wonder daffodils, gardenias, camellias and English primroses all blossom profusely in that garden. You should have seen the garden and the house eight months ago. Although visitors to Vincent's home go away raving about it as one of the most beautiful homes in Hollywood, at that date it could have been used in a movie about ghosts as a typical example of a deserted, neglected home. Even in the midst of California's worst housing crisis, no one wanted the place. It had been abandoned for a year. There was no garden near the house then, only a dirty pond and some forlorn sycamore trees and neglected fruit trees.

Vincent had just received an eviction notice from his landlord, and had decided that owning a home was the only solution, since any time you rented one, the landlord could get OPA permission to move into the place himself and move you out. But real estate prices were staggering upward and onward, which made all of us in California dizzy. Vincent told



"I might as well have hugged a statue!"

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the real estate agents, "I won't pay such prices. I'd rather live in a tree." For a time it looked as if the Price family might have to do just that, until a real estate agent who was a friend of the family's said to Vincent: "I know a place that no one will consider buying, but somehow I feel you might like it."

The day Vincent and Mrs. Price went to look at the house, it was raining. Rain poured through the open windows, which were inadequately stuffed with rags to make up for the absence of window panes. Rain poured through the leaking roof. But the house itself was entirely made of concrete. The sycamore trees, nearby, with a little trimming, could be made to look beautiful. The fruit trees, when cared for, would yield a golden treasure. The dirty little pond, a hazard for Barrett, could be filled up. In his mind's eye Vincent saw what the house could become. "I'll take it," he said, "if the price is reasonable."

Since nobody else wanted the place at any price, Vincent got it for what is considered a reasonable price these days in California. Then he and Mrs. Price got to work. They fixed the leaking roof. They put ninety window panes in the previously empty windows. Then they asked for an estimate on the painting of the rooms. On learning that it would cost at least \$1500 to hire a professional painter, they decided to do the job themselves. They did it, at a cost of \$90.

Vincent adopted a novel color scheme for the house. Instead of painting all the walls in one room the same color, he used different colors as skilfully as an artist working on canvas. The living room seemed rather cold. The Prices painted two walls yellow, one white and one grey. These colors gave light and warmth to the room. There was a guest room that seemed almost too bright. Two walls were painted black to match the black fireplace in the room, and two walls white. The beams are red. Vincent's collection of masks in bright colors against the black walls makes for exciting contrast.

The Prices made all the curtains for all the rooms themselves. For the living room, Mrs. Price sewed by hand striped curtains, eighteen feet long. They bought their string rugs from Porto Rico—at Sears Roebuck—the only place, so far as they could discover, where they were available at the time. They couldn't buy couches. However, the ingenious Prices hit upon a plan. In the living room was a wooden partition with two cabinets on either side. Between these recesses they placed three old mattresses which they found in the house, and which they washed and aired thoroughly before using them. For upholstery they used some monks' cloth made from an old curtain which Vincent Price once used to partition the art gallery he ran in Beverly Hills before a tripled rent caused him to decide to give up the gallery for the time being. Bookcases were expensive, so Vincent hit upon another ingenious plan. He made some himself out of the packing cases in which furniture from New York was sent. He also used the packing cases for wood with which to construct a fence.

Conservatively, Vincent Price's home is now worth about four times what he paid for it. The color schemes in it are really out-of-this-world.

"But what I can't understand," I said to Vincent, "is a story I heard once—to the effect that you are color blind. Is it possible?"

He laughed. "When I got my physical examination for the Army, that's what the Army said," Vincent told me. "I couldn't believe it. I asked a doctor how I could be color blind and yet be so violently sensitive to color and even shades of color. He told me, 'A great many painters are born color blind but because of an intense interest in color, they learn to know it better than those who are not color blind. That may be true of you, too, Vince.'"

Besides his interest in his home and garden, Vincent has a passion for collecting things which he modestly calls "junk" but which make the eyes of museum curators pop.

"Some people complain," he told me, "that they have nothing to do in Los Angeles. I find Southern California enormously exciting. My hobby is collecting old Indian and Mexican things, and I think California is the richest state in which to find such curios—at least it used to be—sometimes I think I must have cornered the market on them."

Once Vincent heard about a certain American Indian work of art. This was during the war, so he saved his gas coupons for months to drive 150 miles to look at and buy the precious objet d'art. Intended as a memorial by a Haida Indian who had lost four sons in a bear fight, it was a wooden piece showing a little man bent over; on top of that was a merry-go-round, three bears and four men and on top of that a bird flying on a pole. Vincent has since received an offer from a famous museum for the piece, but he won't part with it.

Vincent is a man who likes many things and dislikes very few. Among the few things he dislikes are being called to the studio and then finding out there's nothing for him to do and that it was all a mistake; snobbishness, and clothes-mindedness. No one could accuse Vincent of being clothes-minded. The last time I lunched with him, he walked into the 20th Century-Fox commissary wearing his undershirt, blue velvet pants for a rôle, and a pair of nondescript shoes.

"This is the first time I've worn knee pants since I was a boy of 12," he said. "It makes me feel like a kid again." Actually he looked like a grown-up *Lord Fountleroy*, with his hair long for the part and his legs showing beneath the knee-length velvet pants.

With that, he dived happily into his salad. Since you could wear a neon sign in the studio commissary and not be too conspicuous, among all the actors wearing their costumes, no one gaped at Vincent in his undershirt.

Even when Vincent, on rare occasions, decides that the time has come to dress in the height of fashion, something always goes wrong. There was, for instance, the day when he was persuaded to read General MacArthur's Easter Day address at the Forest Lawn Memorial Park services. For this occasion he decided he would be very neat and dress appropriately. The services, however, were to take place around dawn, so two members of 20th's publicity department called for him at 4 A. M. The night before he had

polished his shoes till they shone. Now, still half asleep, he felt around for the shoes—picked the wrong pair, felt around for his fresh new shirt, picked the wrong shirt, and an old worn one—and then he exited, completely forgetting the necessity for an overcoat on a chilly morning.

By talking quickly and convincingly, he was able to persuade a friend of his to lend him a coat when he got up to talk, but need I add, he was neither the height of fashion nor the mirror of good form when he delivered MacArthur's famous speech? He tosses this off with a nonchalant, "Other people were dressed even more inappropriately than I. There was one woman who wore an evening gown and froze in it—her skin actually turned blue. It was so cold that even those who were dressed in their best Easter finery looked as out of place as birds of Paradise at the North Pole."

In addition to being anything but Hollywood's best-dressed man, Vincent also is the driver of Hollywood's most disreputable looking vehicle. His car is a 1928 Ford pickup truck, which he bought about the time he moved into his new house. It came in mighty handy for moving around cement, ladders and other things which can't conveniently be carried in the usual automobile. But when Vincent continued to use this truck for all sorts of occasions, even when he was going to the swankiest dinner parties, Hollywood began to kid him unmercifully. Even Gene Tierney couldn't resist kidding Vincent. "You're just as big a snob driving around in that beaten-up car," she told him, "as if you were a millionaire showing off a Rolls-Royce." One day, however, she came to Vincent, red-faced. "This is going to sound strange to you," she said, "but could I borrow your truck to move some things?"

The sneered-at pick-up truck has now become one of Hollywood's favorite conveniences. Cornel Wilde borrowed it when he had to move some things to his new home, and other stars have laid covetous eyes on it.

What makes Vincent's complete lack of snobbishness very surprising is his background. For he was born in St. Louis, the son of a wealthy candy manufacturer, and he enjoyed all the luxuries and comforts of a rich man's son from his early youth. His parents sent him to Yale. They would have continued to support him for so long as he wished if he himself hadn't insisted on making his own way. He knew from early childhood on that he wanted to be an actor. However, when he made the rounds of the theatrical agencies, he discovered that they didn't want inexperienced actors. At the time foreign actors were in great demand, and it occurred to him that if he could go to Europe, and get a job on the stage there, he could come back to America with a contract in his pocket or a producer waiting for him at the gangplank. So he went to Europe, traveling third class. "The best way to travel," he comments briefly. "You have much more fun that way than when you go first class."

In Europe, things worked out pretty much as he had planned. He learned that Producer Norman Marshall wanted a young American to play a policeman in a London production of "Chicago." Vincent Price got the rôle. Later, he won an

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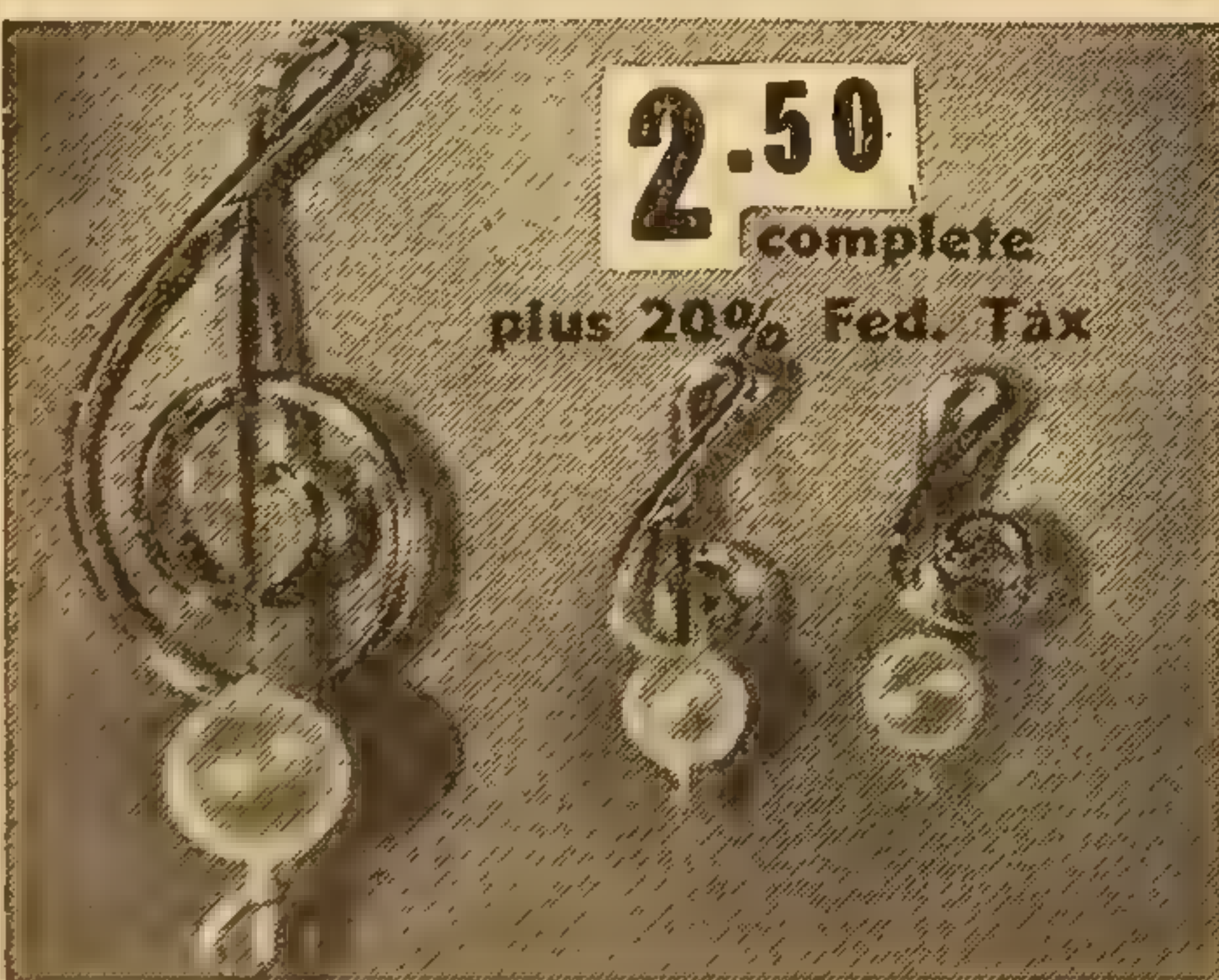
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even more surprising rôle, that of *Prince Albert* in "Victoria Regina."

After he had played a sufficient number of times in "Victoria Regina" people began thinking of him as a young Englishman, and Gilbert Miller, the New York producer, was sufficiently impressed to offer him a contract to play the same rôle on Broadway. The contract duly signed and in his pocket, Vincent wired Mr. Miller to send him the cost of his passage home. Mr. Miller scornfully ignored this wire, believing, no doubt, that Mr. Price was in the chips. Actually, players in all Gate Theater productions in those days were working for prestige, since all of them got the same munificent salary—even the stars—\$15 a week. So Vincent, though he was being hailed as a great star in England, could barely get up the price of passage to New York.

When Gilbert Miller sent him a wire reprimanding him for stalling, he gathered up his one suitcase and arranged to travel to New York by steerage. He merely informed Mr. Miller that he was coming on the *Aquitania*. Mr. Miller told the New York press about the great star he had signed up, and advised them to be at the gangplank and get the story of a lifetime.

The "story of a lifetime" walked through steerage, swinging his extra coats on one arm, while on the other he carried all his extra pairs of shoes, which swung neatly from a rope. Not a reporter saw him. As for Vincent, it never occurred to him that reporters were waiting. The next day, Mr. Miller bitterly reproached him: "Who the devil do you think you are, refusing to speak to the press?"

"Refusing to speak to the press?" gasped Vincent. "You mean reporters were waiting for me?"

It turned out that the reporters were waiting where the first class passengers docked. In their wildest dreams it hadn't occurred to them that "the story of a lifetime, one of the biggest stars in England," would arrive by steerage.

For three years "Victoria Regina" kept Gilbert Miller's theater full of audiences flocking to see Helen Hayes and Vincent Price and the rest of the brilliant cast. Then one summer Vincent decided to get some experience in stock in Skowhegan, Maine, where he was offered the rôle of *Parnell*. Playing *Katie O'Shea* to his *Parnell* was Edith Barrett, one of America's fine actresses, a vivacious Irish brunette with very dark hair and dark brown eyes. *Katie O'Shea*, you remember, was madly in love with *Parnell*. Usually when an actor and actress play such violent love scenes together, one of two things happens. They either begin to hate each other cordially or they fall in love. Edith and Vincent didn't hate each other cordially.

In New York, they later played together in "Shoemaker's Holiday," put on by Orson Welles' Mercury Theater. They were both in the same cast but not as lovers. They didn't have to be. Every time they looked at each other, they knew that there was something between them which certainly wasn't hate. Orson Welles worked all his players fantastically hard. They had barely time enough to do anything but act. Still, during the lunch hour Vincent and Edith went to Longchamps, ate and looked at each

other. They discovered that they liked doing both.

They were delighted when they got a day off during rehearsals. It was spring; love was in bloom, and so was the countryside in and near New York. They got into a car, and Vincent drove into Connecticut. On the way home, under a spring moon, he told Edith how he felt about her. She felt the same way about him.

One Friday night the play in which they were appearing closed; they were married the following morning. "The wedding reception," laughs Vincent, "was so full of actors it looked like a revival of 'Trelawney of the Wells.' I didn't know so many actors, since I had been acting only a few years, but Edith's grandfather, Lawrence Barrett, had been a famous actor in his day and Edith's family knew all the famous actors of two or three generations. And they all came."

The bride and groom enjoyed only a weekend honeymoon. The following Monday, Vincent was back at work. And he continued to work very steadily on the New York stage, so movie scouts naturally pricked up their ears and began to ask for Vincent. Universal got him first. His first picture was "Service DeLuxe," with Constance Bennett. "It was a deluxe picture, but it wasn't any good," he says frankly. "The executives at Universal had an idea that because I was tall, I could be turned into a second Gary Cooper. I told them, 'The only person who can be a second Gary Cooper is Cooper,' but they didn't listen to me."

As a second Gary Cooper, Vincent Price was just as bad as he is good as the first and only Vincent Price. The "second Gary Cooper" gag wore pretty thin after two or three pictures. The public continued to go to see the first Gary Cooper. And Vincent eventually went back to Broadway, where he achieved another brilliant success as the murderous husband in "Angel Street." (This was the play which was later screened as "Gaslight," with Charles Boyer playing the Vincent Price rôle.)

Twentieth Century-Fox scouts, seeing Vincent in "Angel Street," decided that with proper casting, Price could be priceless, and without even testing him, offered him the rôle of the imperial prosecutor in "The Song of Bernadette."

Since then, Vincent has played many rôles in Hollywood, none of them particularly romantic. I asked him if he didn't regret his lost opportunity to become another Van Johnson. He laughed and said he didn't envy Van a bit. "Who wants to have his clothes torn off? Not I! Besides, I played plenty of romantic rôles on the stage. I like any kind of rôle in which I can lose myself, and that can happen just as easily in a rôle as a murderer or criminal as in a romantic part. I should hate to be limited to just playing myself. That, I think, would be very dull, since most of the fun in acting is getting out of yourself."

Which, no doubt, is true. Nevertheless, the real Vincent Price is so charming, even in an undershirt, that if Twentieth ever put him on the screen just exactly the way he is, I think the priceless Price would be more priceless than ever and the merry jingle of many coins would be heard at the box-office.

Meanest Girl in Movies?

Continued from page 29

She had been loaned to Warners to play in the Joan Crawford starrer.

The doctor looked into winsome blue eyes and said he'd do all he could, but others shook their heads behind his back. It was a fractured back, fifth lumbar vertebrae. She was laid into a cast and pulled over a curved surface to stretch the crushed backbone into position. She might never walk again—weeks in the hospital, a long convalescence in a cast at her Hollywood home, anxious, fearful days.

Shift to the spring of 1946—a walking, talking, laughing girl—Ann Blyth, back on her feet, well, except for a brace she had to wear. "And the greatest thrill in my life was shedding that brace on May 13. It's like being free again—free to work and live like others do."

"But, Ann, you're known as the 'Meanest Girl in Hollywood!'" I remarked, calling attention to the term given her by countless movie fans for her outstanding performance as *Veda* in Joan Crawford's career climaxing film, "Mildred Pierce."

"So much the better, then," remarked the practical Ann. "I'm just happy I got a good part and was helped and encouraged by such grand people as Joan Crawford and others in the film. I couldn't go wrong, what's more it's helped me to shed being typed just another sweet ingénue. However, I'm not hankering to play meanies always either—just rôles I can get my teeth into."

It's a fact that audiences were heard to say about Ann on leaving theaters everywhere "Mildred Pierce" played: "I detest that girl! Somebody ought to spank her. I could do it myself!" But that's just so many compliments to a girl like Ann, who feels good rôles are necessary to progress on the screen. "The public soon grows tired of you in sweet parts. You've got to give them more than that!"

Those are sage words for the 18-year-old Mt. Kisco, New York-born actress who impresses you with a quiet poise and self-assurance which is the mark of stage training she's had since the age of five, when she made her professional debut on the radio in "The Chimes of Normandy" via New York's WJZ station.

Ann is so pleasant in real life you wonder at the great personality contrast exhibited in her screen performance of *Veda* which brought her an Academy-winning nomination. In the film Ann is a no-good little hussy who might have been the offspring of Simon Legree himself.

"I just happened to draw a good rôle, and because I had been before the public a long time, went at it in workmanlike fashion. The script and lines were very good, but most of all I played that rôle convincingly as a meanie because of the great cooperation and good will of my fellow players. We all enjoyed making that picture—plenty of teamwork—and when we were through we were exhausted, but it was worth the effort."

Looking at Ann seated on the divan in her modest Hollywood apartment you



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realize that she has a head on her little shoulders as well as an ingratiating smile, laughing Irish eyes, and wavy brunette locks which cascade over her shoulders. She impresses you as being older than her years, and no doubt that is because she has appeared with so many capable older actors: Paul Lukas, for instance, in "Watch on the Rhine," which was her first big break on Broadway and with which she toured for a year on the road, eventually winning a movie contract when Henry Koster saw her performance at the Biltmore Theater in Los Angeles. No doubt, too, lying in a hospital bed has deepened her thought and emotional outlook.

Ann was wearing a simple but chic gray suit with brilliant silver ornament on the lapel, little makeup. She might be home from a college campus.

"Oh, I'm not quite so mean in real life as I was on the screen, but I've got faults. I get cranky when I'm tired and am liable to offend people then—usually unintentionally, though.

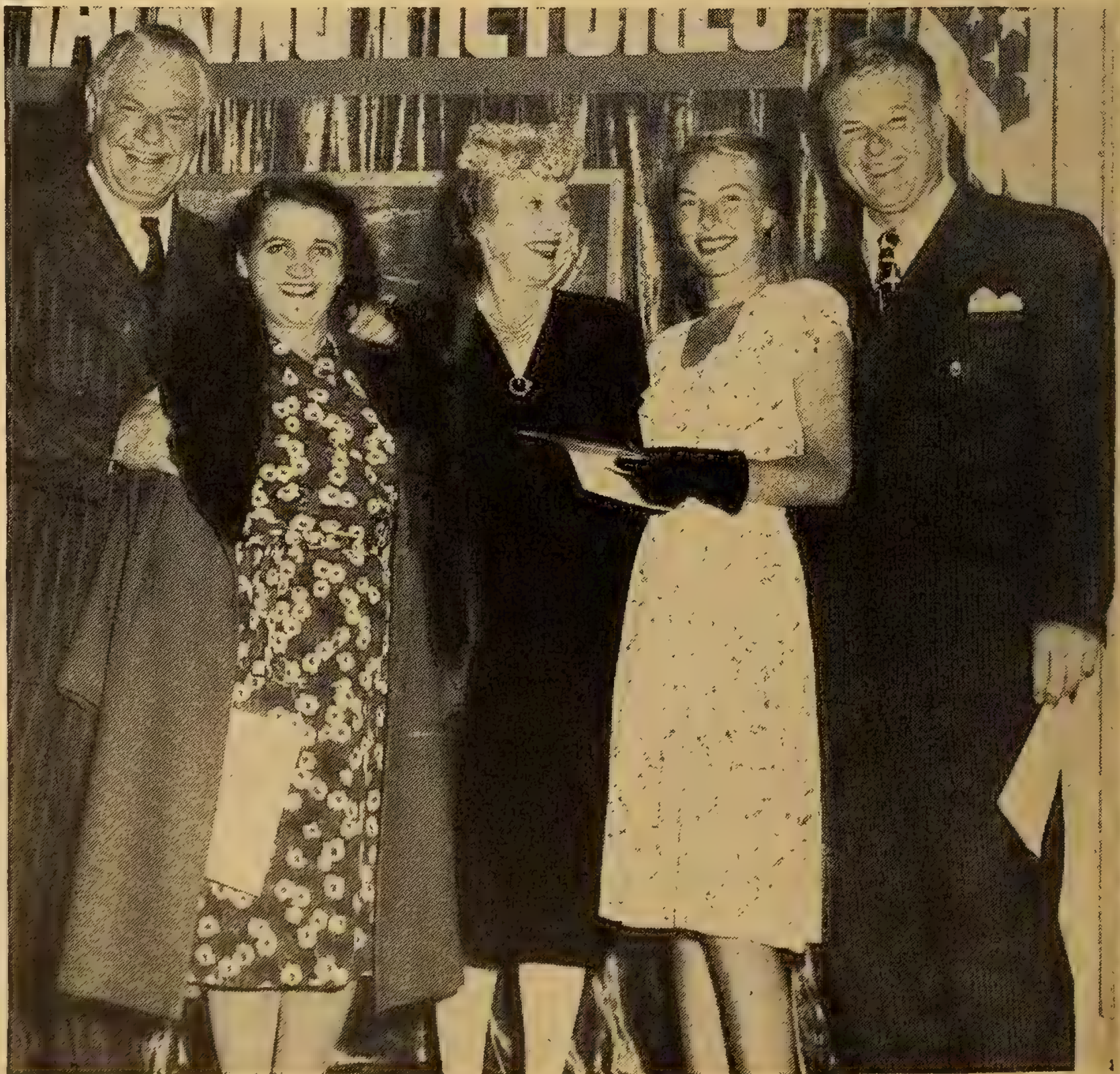
"When not working. I'm usually busy taking singing lessons. Some day I hope to get a chance at singing in opera," she said, recalling training she received when she appeared with the San Carlo Grand Opera Company. Ann's singing voice is a natural coloratura soprano, and should carry her far; but naturally film acting is her chief interest since she is being starred by Mark Hellinger in "Swell Guy," another promising dramatic film which offers her possibilities of repeating her performance in "Mildred Pierce." Sonny Tufts is cast opposite her, and it's a real break for the girl who didn't let a broken back stop her.

"I got well just so I could go back to work. I hate being idle. But those visits by my Hollywood friends and their autographs of encouragement on my cast helped a great deal, too," she said, and true enough, doctors were amazed that she walked so soon after arising from the convalescent bed. It was a scene worthy of the highest drama when she took those first steps without faltering. Her doctor, her sister, and all of the friends at the studio including Joan Crawford were hoping for the best. Today, Ann is blossoming into a beautiful young lady—healthy, happy, wholesomely down to earth. She still is not afraid to ride a streetcar to the studio because as yet she doesn't own an automobile.

Ann is beginning to be seen again around Hollywood at parties and occasionally at a club. She is vivacious and gay, as a girl on the threshold of life and fame should be. She does not let night life interfere with her career, however.

"Romance is still a matter for the columnists to guess about as far as I'm concerned—so far. They have me seen with many escorts—more places than I know about!—and that's good for my vanity. I have hopes, however, and when it comes it will be personal and private—and I don't mean to be un-cooperative to the press," laughed Ann, who dates several personable young men when she steps out for an evening.

"My accident didn't kill my interest in sports," she continued. "I love to ice skate and can't resist cutting figures on the rink. I also like swimming, bowling and badminton." You can't stop a girl like that.



The Alan Hales pose en famille at the premiere of Warners' 20th Anniversary Film, "Night and Day"—the senior Hales with Miss Hale, left, and the junior Hales, right.

Granger Is Getting There

Continued from page 46

everything else as well as the acting. If Huth declares one of his notions impracticable, then Stewart has got to know precisely why. "Must get things clear in my own mind," he remarks as he hustles off to the set.

It's typical of the energy and enthusiasm and almost ruthless determination which Stewart brings to everything he does. From the moment he first reads his script, he lives, eats, breathes and talks nothing else but that film. It's reasonable to suppose he dreams about it too. Without any relaxation, he devotes himself singleheartedly to making it The Perfect Picture, and the work he puts in on the job is nobody's business. It isn't just by lucky chance that he's climbed up to be Britain's Number Two Box Office star among the male sex, very close behind James Mason in the popularity polls.

He says himself he gets this concentrated doggedness from his Scottish ancestors, though he was actually born in London himself on May 6 in 1913, his name being James Stewart. While he was studying at Epsom College he played in open-air Shakespeare and liked it so much he decided to become an actor. Characteristically, he set off to learn just everything about acting by playing in small provincial repertory theaters for three years before he came to town. While he was at Birmingham, he married pretty little yellow-haired Elspeth March, who had just arrived from her dramatic school to gain her first experience on the stage. He was twenty-one and she was eighteen, and their combined salary was so small they lived in a one-room apartment, ate cheap meals out of cans and sat in the park Sunday afternoons reading plays they borrowed from the public library because they couldn't afford regular outings.

Stewart admits he hated it, but he never felt it was going to be a permanent state because he's always had supreme confidence in himself and all the time he was working tirelessly and unremittingly towards his goal of fame. In 1937 he brought his wife to London and here they both managed to get some small supporting parts on the West End stage. Flora Robson happened to see him one evening and offered him a leading rôle as the young lover in her production of "Autumn." When he got an invitation to make a screen test shortly afterwards, it was Flora who advised him to call himself Stewart Granger since the name of James Stewart was already celebrated in the film world.

The test proved so successful Stewart got a supporting part in "So This Is London," and a new vista opened before him. He quickly realised the potentialities of success on the screen, which had far richer rewards to give than had the stage, so he ended his theater work and signed a film contract instead. He started to act in a picture with Clive Brook and then came September, 1939, and war with Nazi Germany. Immediately Stewart enlisted in the Black Watch.

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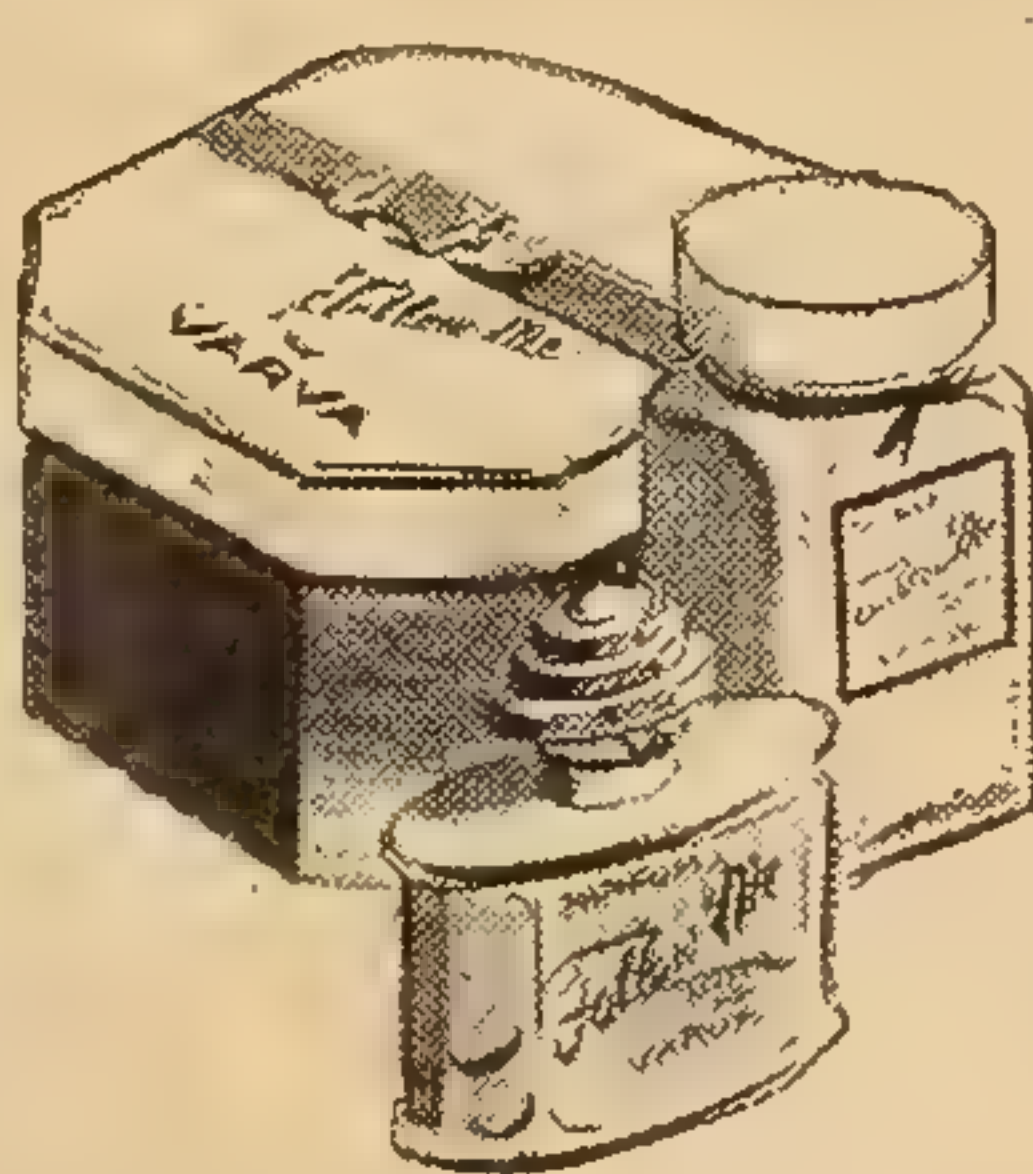
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one of the most famous and historical Scots regiments in the British Army. He soldiered until the middle of 1942 when an accident ended his career and he was honorably discharged as physically unfit, and came back to London to resume his interrupted job of achieving screen stardom.

Good-looking young actors were scarce in those days so Stewart promptly got several offers of parts. "I had to turn down the modern ones because I hadn't sufficient wardrobe," he remembers smilingly. "I'd left the Army to find I owned two civilian suits and a tuxedo and clothes were already on the ration. So I signed up with Gainsborough because they offered me a costume part and that meant they'd supply the necessary outfits!"

He wore his elegant period costumes for "The Man in Grey," that now-famous film first shown in the blitz days which has won recognition for several British players now world-known. He did so well that Gainsborough gave him a long-term starring contract and he next took the sympathetically romantic part of *Harry Somerford*, Phyllis Calvert's devoted lover in "Fanny By Gaslight," which has since caused so many headaches to the American censor. Then there was "Love Story" with Margaret Lockwood, a sensitive study of a young air-pilot going blind after a crash but too proud to tell the girl he loves. It brought Stewart thousands of admiring fan-letters and an invitation from Gabriel Pascal to play a rôle in Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Attracted by the prospect of playing with Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains, Stewart persuaded Harold Huth to loan him out and left the friendly little Gainsborough Studios for the bigger lots at Denham. When you ask him how he liked playing *Apollodorus*, he answers politely, "Well, it was an interesting experience," but his pleasure at returning to Gainsborough was distinctly noticeable. It's reported that Mr. Pascal did not take too kindly to Stewart's "morn-ing ideas" and that the color cameraman, requested to explain a delicate technical process, bluntly told the enquiring actor in no uncertain terms to mind his own blank business!

So Stewart has stayed happily at Gainsborough ever since, with a unit that's unique in the motion picture world. It's a small studio housing one film at a time, built in a West London suburban avenue on the site of the old Gaumont-British plant that was the first movie studio ever to work in Britain. The technicians have worked together for so many years they're all firm friends, and consequently there's a team spirit and cheerful companionable atmosphere that extends from the sets to the tiny restaurant where everybody lines up for the same plates of salad and cups of tea at lunch time and the carpenters call the stars by their Christian names as happy fellow-workers. Here they turn out modest pictures which are frankly for entertainment only, romantic escapist stories that do not pretend to be world-shaking epics but which invariably achieve wide box-office success because they are always carefully cast, well acted and beautifully

dressed and finished. To the Gainsborough unit it would be unthinkable to send out a film that didn't come up to their own self-imposed technical standards. When J. Arthur Rank recently took over the financial control of the company, he wisely left the internal set-up untouched, and so Gainsborough goes on introducing its home-made stars to the wider world. There was James Mason and Margaret Lockwood and Patricia Roc and Phyllis Calvert, and now there's Stewart Granger, handsome and definitely up-and-coming.

He's tall and stalwart—six foot and an inch if you like to be exact—and he has long-lashed hazel eyes set in a sun-tanned face. His dark brown curly hair is his greatest annoyance because it's so fine it only stays set for a few minutes after he's brushed it and then shakes down on his forehead again. (He has a special sticking lotion he puts on it when he's working.) And from head to toes, he's a dynamo of restless energy, seeking all the time to improve and enlarge his own knowledge of acting and of motion pictures.

Characteristically he isn't interested in music or art and the only way you can get him to read a book is to announce it would make a marvelous film with an excellent part for Stewart Granger. At home between pictures, he potters round with a hammer and saw, fixing the garden fence or chopping wood or carving the children new toys or doing something else that's honest physical exertion. He and his gentle Elspeth live in a big modern house among the Surrey pine-woods now and they have a little family; Jamie, who is nearly three, and Lindsay, who was born in 1946 and whom her adoring father calls "my wee lassie" in true Scots style. He's just bought himself some horses, being a fine and fearless rider, and is teaching Elspeth the art of levitation too. And you can often find him down in the garage, on his back under one of his three cars tinkering contentedly. So long as it's constructive and makes him perspire freely, Stewart will always call it a useful hobby.

Cheerful and confident and essentially a go-getter, "Jimmy," as his friends affectionately call him, is one of the most popular men in British films. He's kindly and generous and always willing to talk about other people's parts as well as his own, simple and direct with his advice in the manner that's natural to him.

Not the least part of the secret of his success is the fact that he just loves people. He chats to everybody he meets—there's nothing of the served Britisher about this British star!—and he thoroughly enjoys himself at parties. Whether he is host or guest, he moves around making everybody feel completely at home, unaffectedly amiable and friendly. When it's four o'clock in the studio and the tea wagon arrives on the set, he doesn't sit back in his chair and wait to be served his cup like many stars would. He helps with the serving himself and sees every little makeup girl and messenger boy is properly supplied. He'd much rather do that than sit still anyway!

It's just the same with personal appearances. He'll cheerily take a long drive

after a day's filming if some theater manager considers his local fans would like to meet him, and stay there until midnight asking their opinions about his acting and the various scenes in the motion picture.

"I want to give the public what they want," he says, and anything an intelligent admirer suggests to him is carefully considered overnight and then probably presented to Huth with "my morning ideas" next day. Just as Stewart was due to leave for his vacation last summer, a letter came from Holland inviting him to appear at the premiere of a new film there. He promptly cancelled his personal plans and took the first available aircraft. "I'd like to learn something about the Dutch angle on British pictures," he remarked as he left. It wasn't very surprising to hear that his friendly personality had conquered all the language difficulties.

He has one of the merriest, most infectious laughs imaginable and though he isn't often allowed to give it on the screen, it is frequently heard around the studio for he has a decidedly Scottish sense of humor. When I met him the other day, he informed me proudly that he'd just bought the biggest car in London. "Why, the engine is so big no battery will turn it over," he enlarged. "I have to stand it on a hill and let it run down to start it. Come and have a look at it." Obediently I followed him along to the parking lot, and there stood a little two-litre sports convertible. Stewart broke into laughter as I stared at it and went back to tell all the technicians

about the grand joke that he had just played on me.

You can sense the vigorous, bold, and almost arrogantly confident temperament of this man as you watch him on the screen, for he is the only British star who really seems credible playing a Latin type of character. He was the passionate Italian lover *Nino* in "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and the famous violinist *Paganini*, capricious and violent, in "The Magic Bow." In his latest film he's a swaggering gypsy chieftain, romantic hero of "Caravan," which is based on Lady Eleanor Smith's best-selling period novel and was shot among the wild mountains of North Wales.

His leading lady in this picture is the young red-haired starlet Jean Kent. While they were on location near Llandudno the unit had to camp out on a lonely hillside for several weeks and Jean happened to tell Stewart how much she missed dancing in the evenings. So immediately Stewart went off and found one of the small-part actors with whom he'd become friendly in his characteristic fashion, a good-looking Roumanian called Joseph Ramart. He introduced him to Jean and lent them his own car to drive into the town for some relaxation. Only a few weeks ago, Jean and Joseph were married and nobody was more delighted than Stewart who acted as best man at the wedding and as host at the hotel reception afterwards.

He seems to have a flair for match-making, for just over a year ago when he was entertaining the troops in Belgium acting in a Victorian melodrama

with Deborah Kerr, he introduced his fellow star to Squadron-Leader Michael Bartley of the Royal Air Force, whom he had just met casually over a drink in a local café. Deborah has been Mrs. Bartley quite a while now and Stewart will be the godfather when the stork comes visiting her in the spring.

His current production is a gay modern love-story called "Self-Made Man," in which he is supported by blonde Patricia Roc. When it's finished, he will be lent to Hollywood for a picture not yet chosen in pursuance of Mr. Rank's policy to secure some American experience for all his British stars. Stewart is looking forward to that, and incidentally to trying out the local horses and a Western-style saddle, but as soon as the film is over, he will come right back to Gainsborough. He says he still has such a lot to learn about the picture-making business and there is nowhere else he can acquire his knowledge so happily. Certainly there is no other studio where they would teach him so patiently and listen so attentively to all his "morning ideas."

This fiercely ambitious young man will never be content with anything less than the goal he has set himself. He won't achieve it until he sits in a theater at a brilliant premiere and reads on the screen. "Written, directed, devised and acted in by Stewart Granger." He admits it is likely to be a long time yet but he is going forward relentlessly, studying and thrusting and working hard and fearlessly. It may take him several years, but Stewart Granger is certainly getting there.

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How to Get Your Man with a Movie Personality

Continued from page 31

ambitious," Dr. Marston told me, "but the extreme ambition with which the brunette is imbued cannot be satisfied by a wealthy marriage. Many brunettes do make the mistake of marrying for wealth and social position—but they are nearly always sorry afterwards!"

"There are two ways in which a brunette can find happiness. She can achieve independent success through her own efforts, or she can use her business ability and brilliance to help other people achieve success. If she marries a young man who has not yet become a brilliant success, the brunette, through her marvelous business ability, can steer him toward the heights. And then she, too, will be happy."

Brunettes have a tendency to worry too much about material circumstances and money. The strange thing is that the possession of wealth does not usually relieve the brunette of her worries. A wealthy brunette will worry about whether she will lose her money. Dr. Marston believes that brunettes should try to conquer this over-emphasis on the importance of material circumstances.

Brunettes have plenty of natural oomph and are usually successful in getting the man they want. To get the man of your choice, brunettes, don't chase him too hard; be moderately submissive; don't try to dress so elaborately that he'll notice your clothes instead of you. Contrary to general opinion, brunettes have an even better chance than blondes of winning the love game. But blondes can win, too, if they don't sit back and rely on that mythical blonde superiority.

The trouble with you blonde women is that you are usually too reticent, according to Dr. Marston. Don't be too submissive in your attitude toward men. The chances are that you are probably too shy. The first meeting with strangers is apt to be a terrifying experience for you, particularly when you have to face a crowd. Sometimes to compensate for your shyness, you adopt an air of aloofness which is misinterpreted by many people. They don't realize that you really want to make friends. They think you're high-hat. Blondes, try to avoid being aloof. If you seem too aloof, you won't be as popular as you will if you make an effort to appear friendly. Men, too, sometimes mistake your quiet, shy bearing for indifference. And that's fatal in the battle of the sexes.

"A great deal of misinformation," says Dr. Marston, "has been printed on the subject; and women have been told that men love an attitude of indifference. Nonsense! This is rarely true, and the blonde who pursues such a course will almost inevitably lose her man."

Can blondes, shy as they are, make a success of their careers and their love lives, too? Certainly they can; but they must learn to use their strong traits. For instance, blondes are very adaptable. This trait, properly used, can help them in adapting themselves to many different types of circumstances. What blondes need to learn is to have as much initiative in love as their brunette and red-

headed sisters. If you're attracted to a man, there's nothing fatal about inviting him to a party at your home. If you don't, some redhead or brunette probably will. And when he phones to ask you for a date, don't put him off too long or take too long to make up your mind. While you are dilly-dallying, the other women will get the man you want.

Redheads, according to Dr. Marston, are brilliant, generous, and love to help the underdog; but sometimes try to get everyone to submit to them. They can't bear to submit to anyone. A redhead usually feels that she must get her own way, and she may make the lives of everyone she knows miserable if they won't let her do things her way. Redheads love independence and freedom, and may scornfully turn down help offered even by their nearest and dearest. Redheads are usually rebels. They feel that they must conquer material circumstances, people and things. When they wish to captivate someone they love, they seem to have an excess of energy which they use for the captivation drive. Sometimes they go too far, are too dominant in their attempt to win love. They must learn to be less aggressive in love, Dr. Marston believes.

A redhead in love is like an active volcano. Within her is released a tremendous force, which is bound to cause all kinds of activity. When redheads marry, it is important for them to learn that even for a redhead, compromise is a necessary part of life.

Redheads usually have plenty of temperament, and sometimes plenty of temper, too. They must learn to control it, and use it to further their careers, instead of letting excess temperament spoil their lives. Redheads, it is important for you to learn how to harness your temperament—or else you are in for grief, warns Dr. Marston.

And now let's look at some of Hollywood's feminine stars who have used their brunette, blonde and redheaded traits to good advantage.

Olivia DeHavilland, an outstanding brunette, is ambitious, as are almost all brunettes. But you'll never read of Olivia's marrying for the sake of wealth or position. When she did marry screen writer Marcus Goodrich in Westport, Conn., these were not her motives. It happened at noon, August 26, in the home of Lawrence Langner, Theater Guild executive, just before Olivia opened in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," at the Westport Playhouse. Up to that time, Hollywood believed that she was in love with a young captain. There was a famous movie star once who said that if her husband, who was an important executive had been an office boy, she would have fallen in love with him, anyway. Although that's not true of most brunettes, it is true of Olivia.

For Olivia has learned to use her ambition with extreme wisdom. If she was ever worried about material circumstances and money, she has completely conquered that feeling. She still has a horror of being in debt. If she were in

debt, it would worry her terribly, and so she always lives prudently within her income. Sensitive to her surroundings, she nevertheless says, "I feel that even if I were reduced to one small room, I could make that one room attractive."

That is an important clue for all brunettes to follow who worry too much about their surroundings. Olivia is also sensitive to her surroundings, she confesses. She envies people who can retain immunity to their surroundings, but she's not like that herself. Still, she feels that regardless of your income, if you follow your natural good taste and try to develop it in so far as is humanly possible, you can take the most unpromising surroundings and make them the kind in which you will be happy. And that's something which every brunette must learn, lest she make the mistake of picking her man because of the surroundings he can give her, instead of for the kind of person he really is.

Olivia has used her business ability to push ahead people in whom she was interested. She helped one girl to get a stock contract by advising her about dress and hair-do and by giving her clothes. She feels that if you have faith and interest in people, you can find various ways to help them get along. She helped one man through a slow period in her career by recommending him to someone who could give him the sort of training he needed. He is now a successful writer. She doesn't wait to be asked to help, when she observes someone she likes in need of help.

"In this respect," says Dr. Marston, "Olivia DeHavilland has chosen the course which can lead brunettes to happiness and emotional harmony. The opposite course of conduct, which brunettes sometimes follow, leads only to unhappiness for them. Brunettes usually have superior ability at captivating people and charming them. If they use that charm to help other people, they'll find happiness themselves. But if they use it to exploit other people, they weaken and destroy their own personalities. It's obvious that Olivia has used her charm and her business ability constructively."

In handling men, Olivia has used her brunette qualities wisely, too. In common with most brunettes, Olivia has plenty of captivation ability, as is evidenced by the long string of men who have fallen in love with Olivia. It is true that most of these men have gone on to marry other girls, but that is because Olivia herself has so rarely been in love before she met Marcus Goodrich. And after she met him, she waited till she was sure of her own mind and heart.

Olivia claims that she has no particular technique for attracting men. "I believe there should be a spontaneous attraction between a man and a woman. I never was interested in attracting a man who wasn't naturally interested in me." However, a great many men were decidedly interested in Olivia. When the romances ended, they remained her friends. Brunettes are often apt to be too active in deliberately trying to attract men, according to Dr. Marston. This, however, was not true of Olivia. She pursued a sane middle course.

Olivia DeHavilland, a brunette with

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dark brown eyes, and Joan Fontaine, her sister, a natural blonde, are interesting illustrations of the differences between blonde and brunette temperaments. Many of these differences can be traced to the secretions of the endocrine glands, which differ in the three main types, blondes, brunettes and redheads.

Brunettes usually make friends easily and almost instantaneously. This is true of Olivia. Most of her close friends were instantaneous friends. She liked them the first time she saw them, and they liked her. For Joan Fontaine, going into a crowd for the first time has always been a source of agony. Friendship is something that grows slowly, like a slow-blossoming plant. So it has been with most of Joan's friends.

Blondes often feel very inferior in social situations. Beset by shyness, it's doubly difficult for a blonde to make a success of her career. It has taken years for Joan to become the success she is, and she has done it by clinging steadfastly to the ideal of what she wanted to accomplish, even when its achievement seemed impossible.

You may well wonder how a girl as reticent as Joan Fontaine once was has gotten as far in pictures as she has. The answer is that she has developed a mind of her own, and the ability to

make her own decisions. This ability to make up your own mind is one that should be cultivated by every blonde who wants to get somewhere in this world, Dr. Marston believes. Listen to other people's advice, if you wish, as Joan Fontaine does, he says, but once you have heard their point of view, blondes, remember the final decision must be yours.

If you feel completely dominated and over-shadowed by other members of your family, it may sometimes be necessary for you to break away from them and build up your own life. So long as she lived in the shadow of her brilliant and beautiful sister, Olivia, Joan was haunted by a sense of inferiority. When she was still a youngster, she left for the Orient. Both sisters hated to be parted. But it was the best thing in the world for them. They were lonely and missed each other very much but it gave them an opportunity to develop their own personalities, rather than to be influenced by each other.

Blondes are inclined to lack initiative in love. Yet they can cultivate that quality if they try; and Dr. Marston advises them to do so. He also warns them not to be too submissive in love and marriage.

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Brian Aherne failed, she admitted that one reason it hadn't worked out was because they had never had a really good, explosive argument. They had treated each other like two polite strangers. This was a natural mistake for a blonde to make. Blondes are very adaptable, but there is such a thing as trying to be too adaptable. A happy marriage can't be achieved by complete submissiveness on the part of either the man or the woman. It just isn't human nature to enjoy such a relationship.

Dr. Marston believes that Joan Fontaine's marriage to Bill Dozier, the film production executive, will be a success if she has learned the lesson she should have learned from her first marriage failure: Don't be too submissive. If you have any grievances at any time, lay your cards on the table. Incidentally, it's interesting to notice the captivation methods by which Joan, consciously or unconsciously, won Bill Dozier's love. First, they were thrown together in a purely business relationship. Friendship followed. But Bill Dozier didn't actually propose to Joan until circumstances convinced him that she needed him as much as he needed her. This happened when he paid a visit to her hospital room last January. Seeing her in bed ill, the knowledge flooded his heart that here was a woman who needed help and care. He said to her, "You need somebody to take care of you."

Joan must have guessed what he meant. At this point, the average blonde would smile and say, "Oh, no, I'll be all right in a few days," thus missing her chance to make the man feel protective and important. But Joan, though she didn't know perfectly well what Bill was driving at, said, "Yes, I do need someone to take care of me, but who?" And she looked up at him appealingly.

All of this proves that Joan has conquered the natural tendency of the blonde to lack love initiative completely. Any blonde can get her man if she'll show the love initiative which Joan has indicated, as a result of the lessons she has learned in Hollywood.

Where blondes are apt to be too submissive and too reticent, redheads are likely to be too aggressive and too temperamental. But they can and should learn to control their temperament, according to Dr. Marston.

Ann Sheridan is a Hollywood redhead who has learned how to use her temperament to the best advantage, so far as her career is concerned. Like all redheads, she finds it difficult to submit to the wishes and tastes of other people. But she has learned to do it.

Ann has the natural independence of the typical redhead. This was obvious even when she was a schoolgirl in Texas. She was walking home with a boy, and he offered to carry her school books for her. Ann was pleased until he said, "After all, you're a girl. They're too heavy for you." Her independence asserted itself then, and she insisted on carrying them herself.

Being in Hollywood has intensified Ann's spirit of independence. "When you start at the bottom in pictures, as I did, you're bound to run into a lot of disappointments and setbacks. The only

way you can overcome them is to rely on yourself, to think independently. That's a habit that has stayed with me so that now I find myself doing things on my own, rather than asking anyone else to do them for me."

Nevertheless, Ann has not gone overboard in this attitude of independence. Many redheads refuse to accept all proffered help from any source, no matter how much in need they are. Ann wisely didn't take this extreme stand. When she was new to pictures, she had a hard time. Paramount had let her go; Warners had not yet signed her. She ran out of money, but her pride kept her from going home. A hairdresser she had known at Paramount invited Ann to move in with her. Ann did, and stayed until she was able to get along on her own and repay the debt.

Although Ann has harnessed her redheaded temperament so successfully in her career, she has not been equally successful in adapting her temperament to marriage. Ann's two marriages have failed. Dr. Marston's analysis of the temperament of most redheads sheds some light on why this happened. "Redheads," he explained, "are less submissive to people than any other type. They are naturally temperamental, and sometimes they even have strong tempers."

I once asked Ann, "When you were interested in a man and wanted to attract him, how did you go about it?"

Ann said, "It seems to me that the best way to attract a man you're interested in is to share his interests. Take up his hobbies, if you possibly can. If not, at least become well enough informed on the subjects, so you will be an intelligent listener."

All of which is good advice, Dr. Marston agrees, but in addition he offers a bit of paradoxical advice for redheaded women. Seek a man, he says, who loves you very much but doesn't take you too seriously. If Ann does what all of Hollywood is betting she will do some day—if she marries the dynamic Steve Hannagan, with his devastating sense of humor, she may achieve a happy marriage. In fact, there are those who say that they are already secretly married, but so far Ann has denied this. Except for the fact that so far as we know she has not as yet found happiness in marriage, Ann has learned to use her redheaded traits wisely.

Redheads sometimes have a dangerous tendency to mix into other people's affairs. Wisely, Ann controls this tendency. She doesn't mix into other people's business unless the people are very close to her and she thinks it's for their own good. Even then, she hesitates to do it unless they actually ask her advice. For instance, her sister wrote her that a talent scout who visited Waco, Texas, offered her daughter, Ann's eleven-year-old niece, a screen test. The sister wanted to know if Ann thought it advisable. Ann said she thought it would be the wrong thing to do. So many children come to Hollywood and their opportunities are so few. She didn't want her niece to suffer possible disappointment and heartbreak. Her sister took the advice.

"Miss Sheridan," comments Dr. Marston, "is wise in offering advice only when

other people, close to her, ask for it. Most redheaded women are not so wise. They often have a dangerous tendency to interfere in other people's business affairs, where their advice has not been asked. Doing so, they make enemies for themselves quite often. If the advice is followed, they are blamed if things go wrong. Even if it is not followed, it is probably resented anyway."

To sum it up, Dr. Marston believes that every woman, blonde, brunette or redhead, can get what she wants out of life, including the man of her choice, provided she studies herself and studies the man, too.

You, too, can win the man you want, by making the most of your strong points and by conquering your weaknesses, as Hollywood's famous personalities have done.

A famous poet once wrote, "The proper study of mankind is man." Dr. Marston believes that the proper study of woman-kind is man and herself, too. And here's a final tip from Dr. Marston. "The girl who ardently and eagerly wants to captivate a man automatically has more sex appeal, other things being equal, than the girl who is indifferent. I have proven through actual tests that an important factor in charm and sex appeal is an ardent interest in men and the desire to captivate them."

Here She Is!

Continued from page 33

reer and motherhood with just the casual, effortless serenity of manner that is Joanne's; harder still to believe that she is, indeed, the mother of two such enterprising personalities as young Skippy, aged 4, and Pigeon, aged 2. And hardest of all to believe that Joanne's own theatrical experience has been almost completely *nil*, in the light of the really convincing performance she gives on the screen. But handle them she does, because these are the things Joanne most wants to do.

"I think it all goes back to when I was sixteen," she tells you in that sweet, husky voice. "I was the bread-winner after Dad died. I worked as a Powers model, and I was doing very well. But I wanted to go on the stage. It was my mother who gave me the courage to take a chance. She's pretty wonderful, my mother. 'A little experience is needed by all of us,' she'd say, 'before we find out we're not even the pivot on which our own life swings.' She'd read that somewhere. Mother's always reading things. So I went into the Al Jolson show. That was where I got the name of 'the girl with the two left feet!'"

Because she couldn't dance—and try as she might, she couldn't learn the routines! The other girls laughed at her, when they weren't trying to help. She stuck it out for four grueling months, arriving home in a state of complete solubility and fatigue. But she stuck it out. "And on the *last night of the show*," she tells you grimly, "I got that routine! I did it. All by myself!"

"The next day," she continued dreamily, "I was sitting with a friend in the

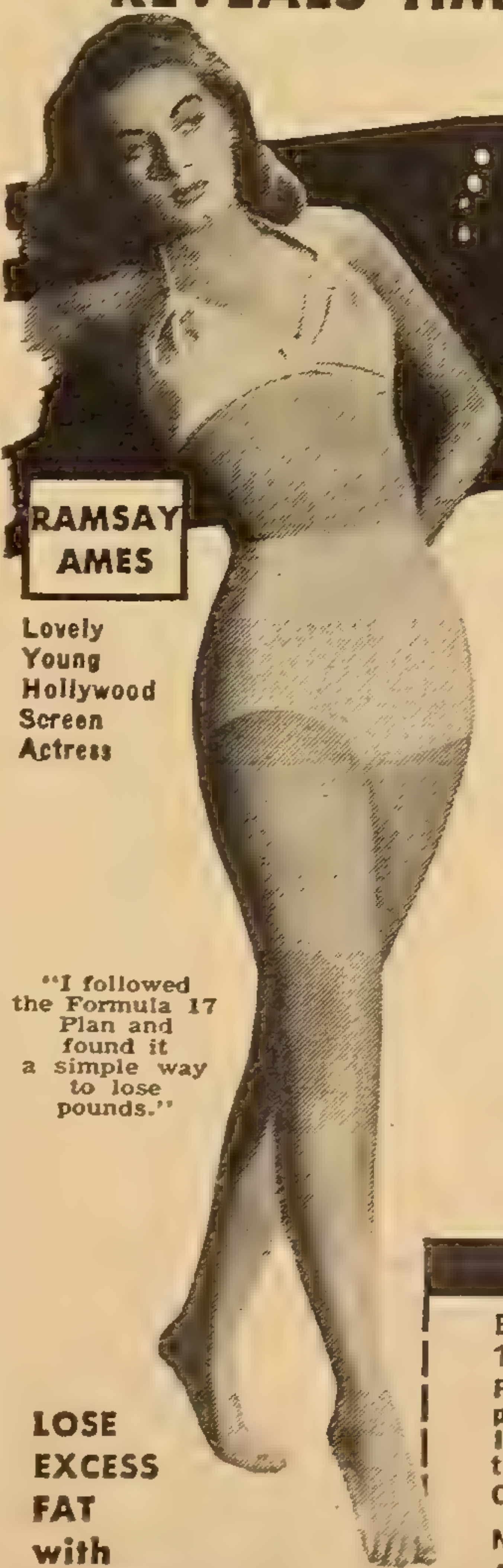


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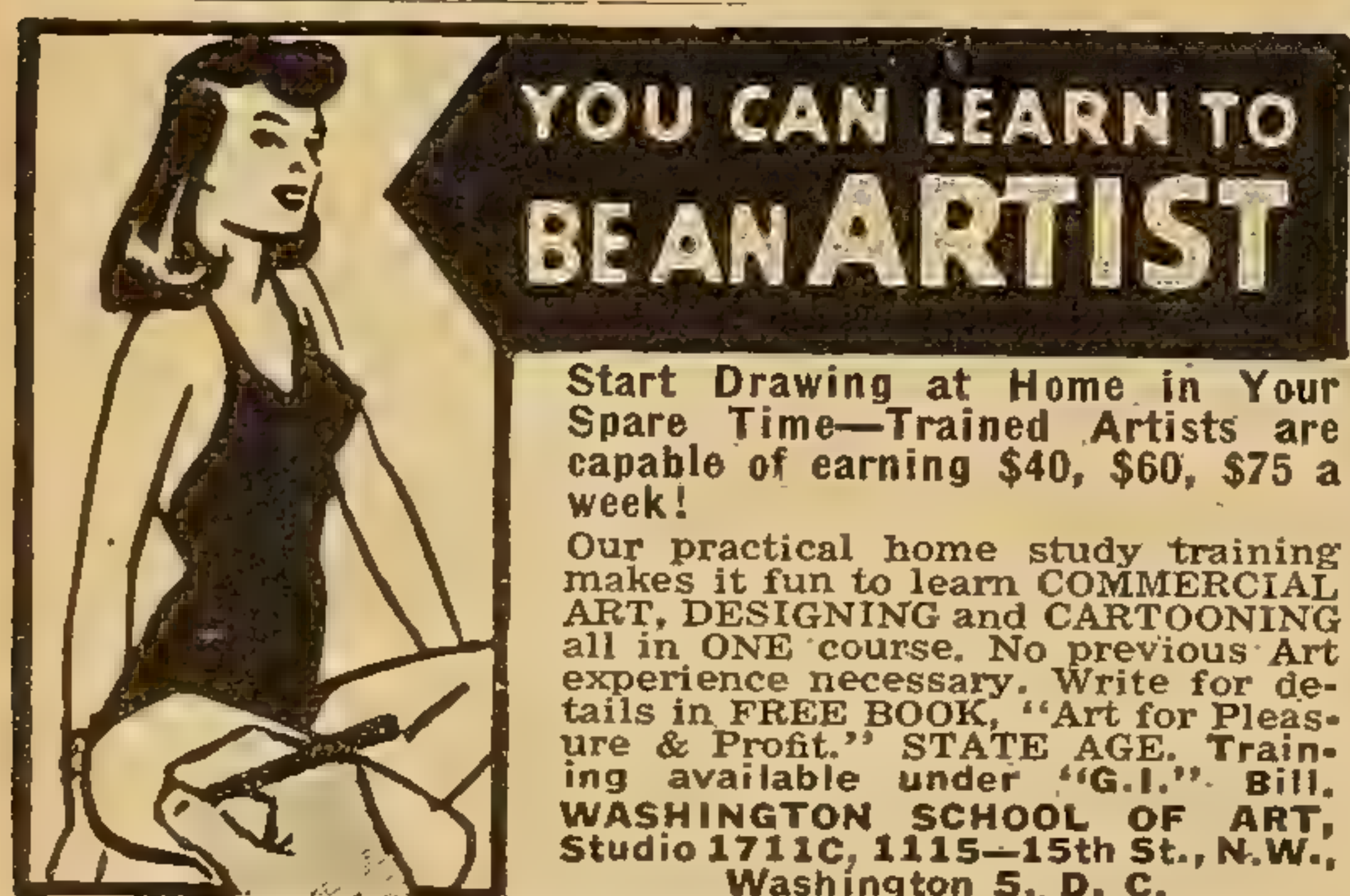


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Copacabana, and a woman came up to our table. A perfectly strange woman. "Would you," she said to me, "want to make a really wonderful salary?" She explained that she needed five girls to go to the Ritz Carlton in Boston for the summer, to represent the Copacabana. We were to do a sort of *Samba*, in fabulous costumes. The woman had four of the girls—and it seems I was the type she needed for the fifth. So I went, under the name of Joanne Marshall.

"Well, there it was again," she went on. "I held up that show two whole weeks learning that routine. But I learned it, and we went to Boston, where for two months I led a wonderful life. They treated us like princesses. Then we returned to the Paramount Theater in New York. That was where I first met Dick."

He was singing in the same show, with Harry James' band—the tall, serious boy with the voice of dreamy allure. He took her out to dinner, his attitude one of blameless brotherliness, and by the time summer was over she thought the sun rose in his head and set in his heels. And then she had to go away again.

"I had to go with the show," she said. "To Piping Rock—Saratoga Springs. But it wasn't fun any more, because—well, when you hear the sea talking and violin strings plucking at your heart-strings and everything bores you—there's only one answer to that. I went back to New York—and married Dick."

They were both completely broke. Dick made very little money with the band, but nothing would do but he must have a bang-up, staggeringly huge wedding. A wedding to which everyone he knew might come—to see him marry Joanne.

"Mother made all the dresses," Joanne says. "She nearly killed herself, but they were lovely. Dick invited 500 people to the Episcopal Church on West End Avenue. Then, the day before the wedding, something awful happened. Dick was hit by a taxi-cab!"

She was standing up for a last fitting when her brother appeared in the sewing-room door with the news. "The expression on his face was as condensed as a Western Union telegram," she says. "The kind that comes marked with a star!" Dick had been rushing all around New York, trying to borrow enough money from his friends to pay for the wedding bouquet. He hadn't even seen the taxi—until it went over him.

"So there we were," Joanne remembers. "Mother discovering at the last moment that she hadn't finished her own dress—she was so busy sewing on everyone else—and coming up the aisle pinned in strategic spots that kept coming undone! And Dick hobbling and limping all the way to the altar. No bones were broken, but he claimed he was one big ache, and gave me a blow-by-blow description under his breath. But it was a lovely wedding—everyone was so very young. Even the minister was young. It was his very first wedding."

It had been understood—oh, very clearly understood—that Joanne was to go on with her career if she wished. Months drifted by, and suddenly there was her big chance. A part in the New York stage-play "My Sister Eileen."

"I could hardly wait, I was so excited. This was what I'd been waiting for. Then

—two days before we were to go into rehearsal the doctor told me I was going to have a baby. So—I didn't go into 'My Sister Eileen.'"

Skippy, when he finally arrived, was more than worth it, however. He was born at St. Ann's Hospital, New York, while his father was singing in Connecticut with Benny Goodman's band.

"I'm going back to New York," an excited Dick told Mr. Goodman.

"You can't go! You're on the air!"

"I'm going!" he said. And he did. Skippy was pretty special. Born into a world of blackouts and sirens, he was also pretty resourceful, even at the age of two weeks. "If you're in the hospital during an air-raid," the doctor had told Joanne, "roll over on your baby—and lie still."

Came a night when the sirens sounded, and a panicky nurse shouted "Air Raid!" instead of "Air Alarm." Joanne promptly rolled over on Skippy—who unobtrusively and systematically ate away at his bottle, consuming four quarts of milk before he was rescued. "He hiccuped," his mother says, "for four days."

Skippy was still wrestling with bottles when Dick got his break—going to California to sing with Tommy Dorsey's band. Joanne followed after. "It was a most unhappy trip," she remembers today. "It was hot and crowded on that train; I was thrown from side to side as I walked back and forth those 20 cars to make the baby's formula. It had me in a panic—I was ignorant and I was scared!"

But the trip ended finally, and there was Dick at the train with a big surprise. Everything was ready for them. Joanne had nothing to worry about. He had rented a lovely penthouse. Nothing was too good, she was just to relax.

"The rent," she tells you patiently, "was \$1000 a month. Dick's salary was \$150 a week. The penthouse was huge. But fortunately, a friend of Dick's, working his way through college, offered to cook for us. Until I got us out of there, and into an apartment at \$150 a month, which was more like our speed!" And had time to look around again—hoping to get another chance at a play.

"I got another chance," she says. "I was all set to go back on the stage. Then the doctor told me again that this could



Suzi Crandall's handsome escort is Rory Calhoun, now featured in "No Trespassing."

not be. Little Pigeon—(named because she looks so like a tiny bird, but in reality christened Helen Joanna) arrived without fanfare, and with very little excitement at all, on May 13th, 1944.” And thoughts of a career, any career that didn’t involve her babies, faded from the mind of Joanne.

Dick’s career was the important thing. Being the wife of a famous singing star had its compensations. “Until one day,” Joanne says, “when I made a flying trip to see my mother in New York. With a friend, I went to the Roxy Theater hoping to see Dick’s newest picture before it was time to rush for my plane. There was a long line at the theater door—and not wanting to go back-stage and make a lot of fuss, I walked up to the doorman to explain. ‘I’ve got just two hours to make a plane,’ I said. ‘I’m very anxious to see this picture before I go. I’m Mrs. Dick Haymes.’ He reared back and looked me over. Then, with a blighting glance and a flip of his blue cape he replied, ‘Yeah! Well, I’m Frank Sinatra. Don’t take up my time, lady, just because you can’t think what to do with yours!’ And walked off. I had hysterics, giggling all the way to the plane.”

Back in California, it was time for the usual family jaunt to Palm Springs—and it was while the Haymes foursome were absorbing the sun that Producer Howard Hawks appeared on the scene, took one look at Joanne—and she was off on the old routine. A test followed—for the rôle of *Rosemary* in “*Abie’s Irish Rose*.” A test so satisfactory that the part was hers without further ado.

“Only—I didn’t know whether I wanted to do it or not,” Joanne confesses, ruefully sincere. “Frankly, I was scared. I had responsibilities now. Then I remembered another thing my mother used to quote. ‘Any woman big enough to hold a job away from home should be big enough to keep the one going she has at home!’ So—I took the part.”

And life has become richer, fuller, and a great deal “more fun.” Because there’s so much more now to talk over with Dick, who asks only that his wife does not appear in the same picture as himself. “Because when things go wrong—as they sometimes do—he doesn’t want me to be part of it,” Joanne says. But things go very right; and even the babies appreciate their mother more. “Because I’m not around all the time,” their mother says, “telling them not to do this or that, getting on their little nerves! Now, when I’m home, we’re like brothers and sisters, and I have time to play and to know them more.”

Things go very right indeed at the lovely, rambling ranch-house that is being built at Encino, in the San Fernando Valley. On its two and a half acres will be a guest-house, too, and a separate nursery building adjoining the main house for the children and their nurse. Pidgy, aged 2, is very enthusiastic about that nursery, her blue eyes blinking excitedly under the butter-yellow hair tied with blue-and-white checkered bows. Pidgy’s stock answer to all questions is: “I’m awfully fine.” Hers is a small vocabulary, with a large turn-over. Her brother Skippy, presenting an impervious masculine front to all blandishments, eyes her excitement with virtuous disapproval.



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"I," he offers chattily, "just kissed Vicky James. Her mother is Betty Grable—and she liked it. Would you like to see my knee that I skinned on my fireman's truck?"

Important; too, in the new menage will be the five box stalls and the training ring for the Haymes' seven horses—particularly for Dick's Palomino, "Thunderbolt." Even Joanne has learned to ride, dressed in the jacket of fringed white leather that makes her look like a souvenir doll. "But I'm still scared," she confesses. "And I'm sticking with it until I'm not. Just last week, Dick decided I was ready to go downhill. He told me to lean back. So, of course, being me, I leaned forward, opened my mouth—and screamed. Then I fell off the horse, who just stood there. Dick was really frightened when he ran back to where I lay. 'The world,' I murmured faintly, 'may be waiting for sunrise; but what I'm waiting for is for that horse to step off the tail of my coat!' Was he mad!"

But, most important of all, in a world of harlequined emotions and toy excitements, of brittle artificiality and second-rate solutions, is the walled-in haven of the ranch-house itself—simply furnished, casually comfortable; with "room to grow." Mindful of the old wives' tale of her native South: "It takes face powder

to win a man, baking-powder to hold him!" Joanne has taught herself to cook. "I was brought up to do nothing but dance and play the piano—and make beds," she says. "Now I can make really good crab salad; I can cook chicken and meat loaf, and I make a date pudding that's really divine. And I'm learning the rest. I'll do it, too!" And she will.

Right now, she's feeling a trifle lost, with the closing of "Abie's Irish Rose." "When I walked off that set for the last scene," she says, "I actually found myself crying. It was like graduation day at school, losing a lot of good friends you'd seen every day. But now I'll see my babies—get to know them again at home. I'm supposed to do three pictures a year under my contract. That's just about right, for now."

And for later? Well, when the babies are older, she hopes to go to New York and appear in a play with Dick. But for today, and for many tomorrows, there is the slow contentment of the trudging years, building memories of the little precious things that will some day be a wall at her back. Because this very small girl, who had courage to do her job, has at last found her own place in the sun. We're betting on the girl who was once a Powers model named Joanne Marshall, and is now Hollywood's *Joanne Dru*!

Success Story with a New Slant

Continued from page 42

dock and it was either keep going or go under—and Dick kept going. A few years later he was pushed right out into life and again he kept going until success smacked him in the face.

Dick had no idea of where he was going when he started on his own. He was somewhere in his teens and his only assets were entirely on the intangible side. What he didn't know was that they had already started paying him dividends. Maybe most people wouldn't have got the things Dick did out of growing up just a block away from the Hudson Street docks and the railway freight yards. Usually an environment like that leads to frustration and defeatism. In Dick's case it had just the opposite effect.

"After all, what did I have to lose?" he says today. "Everything that came along had to be an improvement. It was like living on velvet for the rest of your life because there wasn't anything that could happen to be afraid of. Things like not living on the right side of the railroad tracks, or insecurity, or all the other things people go through life being afraid of. I wasn't afraid of them because I knew them all."

Dick hasn't become one of that privileged little group who, to feel more comfortable themselves, are quick to point out the advantages of poverty. Nor is there ever any danger of his becoming the smug self-made man who feels that because he has managed to make his own way in the world everyone else should too. He would be the first to tell you that he was lucky in being born with the right sort of genes, inherited from the right sort of ancestors.

Both his mother and father were of Italian parentage and both of them had a vast capacity for enjoying life. Patsy Conte's small barber shop never was much of a paying proposition, especially during the depression years, and the Contes went without many things a lot of people consider necessities. But just the same they managed a few of the luxuries. One of these was a piano. Another was the music lessons, which at the time was an advantage Dick would just as soon have gone without.

He didn't like them any more than he did school, though at his father's insistence he finally finished high school after five years. It troubled his father that he'd been down at the railroad yards or on the docks when he should be doing his homework but he learned a lot more there than he did out of his schoolbooks. He got the feeling for far places seeing those freight cars come in from all over the United States, seeing the cargo ships coming from all the ports of the world. It made him restless hearing all those strange tongues and seeing those men from strange places. There were so many places he wanted to see, so many things he wanted to do. He couldn't wait to grow up and find out what the world was all about.

On Saturdays or Sundays when he had the chance he'd sneak rides on the ferries to get over to New York. But the dock section on that side of the Hudson wasn't any different from the one he had left. It was years before he was to see the New York he knows so well now.

It was his restlessness and curiosity that were to make him strike out on

his own at last. There was his shyness, too, which he insists was the real reason for his early years of drifting from place to place—his shyness which was the more vulnerable because he had always covered it up with a veneer of toughness.

"The original I-don't-care-kid, that was me on the surface!" Dick grinned, talking about that period in his life. "The take-me-or-leave-me guy. And underneath I was dying when I met people, especially if I liked them."

It's difficult to realize today that Dick ever had a moment of self-consciousness. That it wasn't until he became an actor that he was able to lose the inhibitions that plagued him. He seems the complete extrovert, warm, interested in people, an easy and fluent conversationalist whose own enthusiasm makes everything he has to say vivid and exciting. That he didn't come by it naturally, that inherently he tended toward closing himself within his own thoughts, marks the difference between him and completely uninhibited souls.

For it's the loneliness he has known that has given him the understanding he has today. A liberal thinker, he gives himself generously to anything he is interested in. People probably are first on his list. He likes them and has an insatiable curiosity about them, though he knows them better than do most human beings who have spent their lifetime in one social groove.

Dick has known many. When he first left home it was with three other boys, one of whom owned a second-hand car, and their first objective was Florida. He worked in one of the big hotels in Miami awhile until he became restless. After that he drove a truck, then he got a job playing the piano for an obscure dance band.

It was an easy life, and Dick admits it appealed to him. He didn't own a thing but the clothes on his back but that made it easier to go as the urge seized him. One summer it took him up to a summer hotel and the usual job for personable young men, a combination waiter and dancing partner. He didn't know until he got there that his duties included a short shift in the barber shop every day. But that was easy. He'd watched his father often enough to do a really artistic job the first time he cut a girl's hair.

In the early part of the season the Group Theater came up to do a show and a few days later another company specializing in musical comedies arrived. The director saw Dick dance and offered him a part. Dick refused, even when the hotel manager insisted that helping out in theatricals was part of his job.

"I told him I didn't have the time," Dick said. "You see, I was afraid to give up my lovely leisure, my life of doing what I pleased and having no worries because I had no responsibilities. Acting wasn't an easy job. I knew that even then. Because I felt I was going to be fired anyway, I didn't stay for the dancing at the hotel that night. Instead I went over to see the Group Theater's show. It was 'Waiting for Lefty,' and it changed my whole life. It was a wonderful play, beautifully acted. From the moment the first act curtain went up



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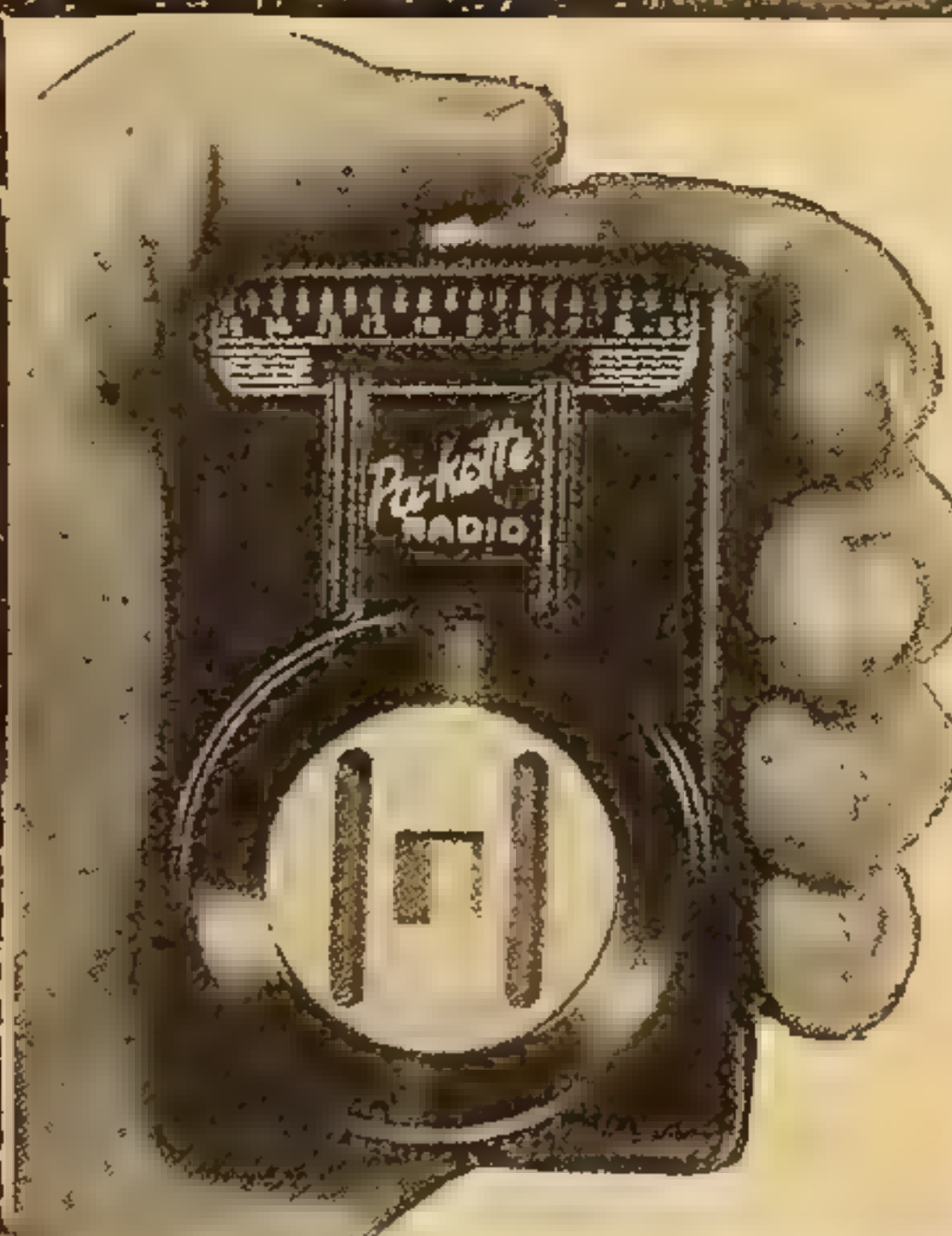
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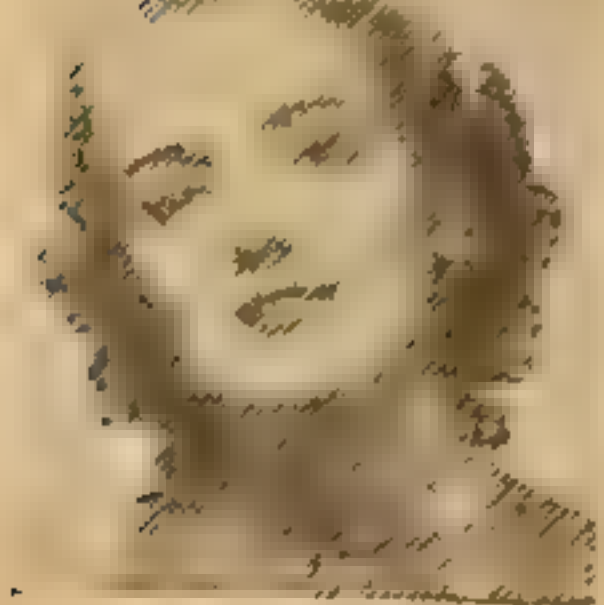
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I knew that I wanted to be an actor."

It was hard work, just as he had thought it would be. He went to the Group's classes and afterwards Sanford Meisner, one of their sponsors, arranged a scholarship and a small allowance for him that made it possible to study with the Neighborhood Playhouse for two years. His first professional appearance was in summer stock at Brattleboro, Vt.

Offers came fast after that. His first Broadway rôle was a bit in William Saroyan's "My Heart's in the Highlands." After that came the lead in the road company of "Golden Boy" which in turn led to Broadway again, this time in featured and supporting rôles.

Hollywood came after that, and swift popularity. His latest picture is "13 Rue Madeleine" in which he shares honors with Annabella and Jimmy Cagney. Before that he appeared in such box office successes as "Guadalcanal Diary," "The Purple Heart," "Captain Eddie," "A Bell for Adano" and "A Walk in the Sun." There was time out for the Army, an experience he wouldn't have missed. An even more important experience came about in the casual way most of the big things in his life have come to him. He went to a party and met Ruth Strohm, a successful actress in radio. They were married in California in the spring of 1943, just after he had made his first hit in "Guadalcanal Diary."

"We were friends before we were in love and we are still friends," Dick says. "We work together and we have fun together, and I was lucky to fall in love with a woman I liked. That doesn't always happen. You can love someone without liking them at all. Ruth just happened to fit in with everything I felt a woman should have."

"Men don't talk about love as much as women do. But they have definite ideas about the sort of woman they want to marry, just the same. Tolerance heads the list in the qualities I like best. That and kindness are the greatest charms a woman can have. Looks aren't important. Sometimes they can be a handicap if the girl is superficial enough to feel that being pretty is enough in itself. Women like that spend too much time and thought on themselves and on the things they wear. What they've never realized is that after you know someone their looks just cease to exist."

"Cold, self-contained women never brought happiness to anyone yet. On the other hand, too, attentive women bore a man. They should be interested but not servile, especially if a man loves her. One reason is that if a woman gives herself too completely she loses her own identity. The other is even more important to the masculine ego, for a man never forgives a woman who takes away his ability to do things for himself."

"Lots of men are intrigued by coquettish women. They leave me cold. I like honesty in women; women who agree with you if they think you're right and say so if they don't. A woman like that makes life more stimulating. What's more important, they make a man feel he can depend on her."

"Many women underestimate the importance of education, and by that I don't mean schooling. I mean being in-

terested in the world and things that are going on, and reading and thinking about them. Women should think more about politics, and particularly today they should be interested in world affairs, especially in United Nations affairs. It's ridiculous for a woman to dismiss these things as 'man talk,' which I've heard so many women who pride themselves on their femininity do. To me it seems even more important for women than men to keep pace with the political set-up, since they are the ones who have most to do with bringing up children and influencing them in their early formative years."

There isn't any doubt that when Dick talks about women in general he's talking about one woman in particular, his wife. They're very happy, the young Contes, principally because they have the same interests and the same ideas about what they want out of life. It doesn't include a great deal of money or the luxuries most people dream of. They live simply and without servants, not because of the present shortage but because they like doing for themselves. Both of them are good cooks and they take turns at it. Both of them love music and they study together. They've even done some composing. "Nothing great," Dick is quick to assure you. "We just have fun doing it." They paint together too, and Ruth is the first one to say that she does it just for the fun of it, but Dick really has talent.

They commute between their home in Hollywood and their apartment in New York, a different New York than Dick knew in the early days when he used to sneak rides on the ferry. But the distance between New York and the dock section in Jersey City where he began life has dwindled with the years. For success hasn't taken him away from the things he knew as a boy, and because of that he has something that means a lot more than good reviews or success in Hollywood or on Broadway, something that the years can never take away from him. That's the happiness that comes with being a success as a human being.

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Operation Harrison

Continued from page 40

your reporter noted with accelerated pulse, is that of the voice of *King Mongkut* but, since Mr. Harrison was born and raised in England, a British accent is the "what comes naturally" to him. It is not, however, pronounced, and he shuns such typically English expressions as "Ra-ther" and "I say, old chap," being of the opinion that they are *not* typically English and remarking that he would like to correct the impression still prevalent in America, that they are.

Mr. Harrison's own most common and characteristic expression is a quiet-spoken "Well done"—which he used, in a satisfied-sounding way, when the waiter served luncheon, when an adroit remark was made at table, when a telephone conversation was completed and a suit delivered from the drycleaner.

Mr. Harrison, is admittedly, a "fussy man" about food. During luncheon, he explained that he has a phobia about being poisoned by bad food. "Some time ago," he added, amused, "a veiled lady peered into a crystal ball and revealed to me that one of my dim distant ancestors had been a poisoner! This explained, she explained to me, making it sound very logical, why I have this phobia about food poisoning."

In addition to his food phobia, Mr. Harrison has a complex about riding in subways and visiting coal mines ("I am a claustrophobic") and a hatred of "women's very exaggerated fancy hats—which they do not, I'll take my oath on it, wear for men but for other women." Mr. Harrison went on to say that he thinks American women's clothes are "absolutely wonderful, of a higher standard of chic and charm than I have seen anywhere else in the world."

Mr. Harrison was wearing a casual, but extremely well-cut gray flannel suit, a white shirt, red tie, cornflower in his lapel and dark glasses. He stands six feet one, weighs approximately 154 pounds—the greyhound build, which lent itself so admirably to the regal robes and brodered britches of *Mongkut*. He walks with the long and restless stride of *Mongkut*; is more often on his feet than off them. His eyes are blue; small rather than large eyes, and not in the least Oriental, they are attractive because of their expression which is, at once, shrewd, interested and amused. They crinkle when he laughs. Being a very pleasant man, he laughs often.

Mr. Harrison's nose and mouth are a nose and a mouth. The gash across his forehead, now fading, is the result of a bomb dropped in 1943 by a Nazi ship, low-flying over the Harrison country house in Buckinghamshire, England. (Twenty miles from the Harrisons is the country house, complete with ghost, of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.) His hair is London-tan; would crinkle, too, if he would let it and is thinning, ever so slightly. He was wearing a California sun-tan. All the more devastating because he is not magazine-illustration, Hollywood-publicity-blurb handsome, Mr. Harrison looks very ur-

bane, of Paris, London, New York and, at the same time, very of the hills, the sea, the hunt and is both, for he would like to have both city and country life. "I can spend months in the country and not be bored. On the other hand, I like to feel that I can get into a big city when I feel like it since, curiosity being my major motivation, I like to know what's going on."

Mr. Harrison's interests range from murder trials at the Old Bailey in London, to pillow fights with his three-year-old son, Carey (Carey being Mr. Harrison's mother's maiden name); from war weapons and international politics (he fought from 1940 through 1944 with the Royal Air Force, radar section) to cocktail hour chitchat; from fishing and farming to making films. Especially, since "Anna and the King of Siam" was his first experience in a Hollywood studio, to making films in Hollywood, which he found to be the same as making pictures in England. "Except that the pressure is harder, in Hollywood, the pace faster, but that is good—doesn't give you time to get off the boil during a scene."

If he had to choose permanently between life in the city or in the country, he would choose the country, because he believes that the most important thing in life is health. "You can be up against it, broke, discouraged, even out of a job, but if you feel well, you can cope."

As a boy, at home in Huyton, Lancashire, the young Rex wanted to be a farmer. "And some day, who knows?"

As for the sea, if he were not an actor, or had to choose another profession, Mr. Harrison would become a gilly. (A gilly, if I understood the definition Mr. Harrison gave me correctly, is a fishing expert called in by amateurs to coach and guide them in the finer aspects of the sport.)

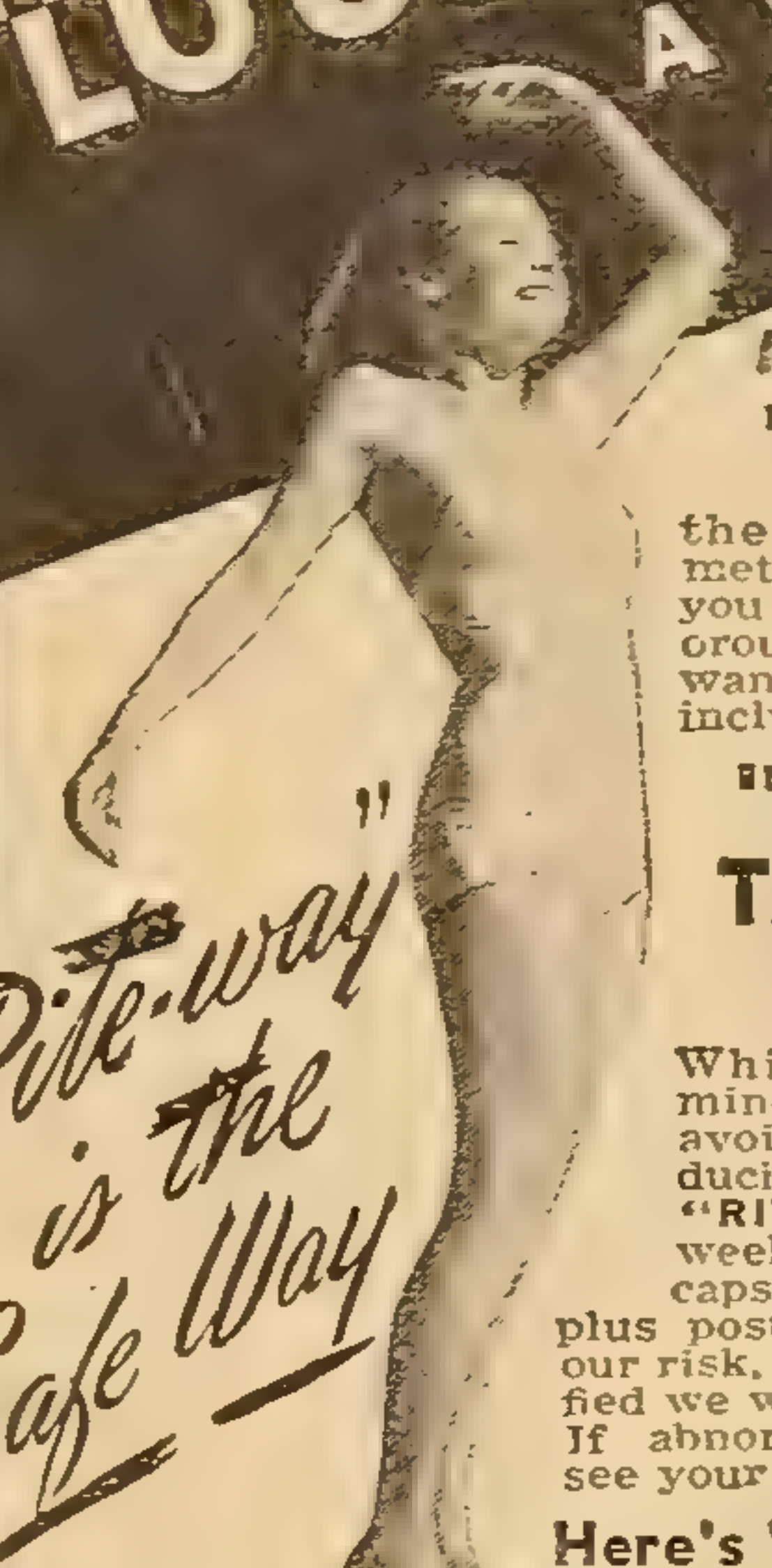
"I am pretty normal," Mr. Harrison said, "about money. That is to say, I am not conspicuously extravagant. My one hobby is fishing—on which I have spent quite a bit of money. An English Isaak Walton, at heart, and of long standing, I brought with me to Hollywood a trunk full of fishing tackle, including a collection of flies which I have been accumulating over a period of years. In Hollywood, when I am not working, I spend a lot of time at the ocean and hope before I return to England to try out as many rivers and streams in the West as possible."

Being in the happy position of not wanting to be anything but an actor the chances are good that Mr. Harrison will not become a gilly.

He is admittedly "A worrier at work." But takes comfort in discomfort by reflecting that there are very, very few good actors who are not worriers; that you cannot be completely placid and "on a level" and still be outstanding on stage or screen.

When a picture is a good audience picture (to wit, "Siam") Mr. Harrison is aware that it is, and why it is. He

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can evaluate, objectively, the performances of other actors. "But I never know about myself. Once you get over the initial shock of seeing your image, divorced from your body, going about its business, you become sort of hyper-critical about your performances, and often confused, because the things you do that seem to appeal to an audience do not as a general rule appeal to you."

Far from regretting his choice of a career, however, (a choice he made "out of blind instinct," at the age of sixteen) Mr. Harrison is unequivocally glad that he is an actor. "I have enjoyed my life very much. I could not stand being regimented into hours. When you are working on the stage or screen, it is concentrated work, hard work, *really* hard. Due to the wear and tear that goes on inside you, by which I mean the uncertainty you feel, the fear that you may not be able to do the job, it is the equivalent in wear and tear to any job I know. At the same time, you do get a lot of leisure between the bouts of hard work and that is good. That is the compensation. You also make quite a bit of money. That is good, too—providing, of course, your health permits you to enjoy it."

Loving his work as profoundly as he does, Mr. Harrison is not hag-ridden by the kind of ambition "that boils, and is furious. I haven't," he explained, "got one of those mad, driving things. I want to organize my work so that I can play the kind of parts I want to play when and where I want to play them—so that, in short, my work will not be a chore but simply another and absorbing interest in a life filled with many interests. I want travel. I want leisure, in which to be with my wife and son."

Mr. Harrison very much wanted to play *King Mongkut* "because I saw the fascination in creating a character I had never, even remotely, played before; one that would give me the chance to change my speech, face, gestures, whole personality, thus leaving Rex Harrison of 'Night Train,' 'Major Barbara,' 'Blithe Spirit' and the others, in England, to become *Mongkut*, of Siam, in Hollywood."

Mr. Harrison said that while he was making "Siam," he "felt like *Mongkut*, and not at all like Rex Harrison," and is pleased that audiences seem to be reacting accordingly. Asked how he enjoyed having seventy or more wives, and all of them beautiful, he replied, smoothly, "I found it very pleasant." Asked how he enjoyed working with Irene Dunne he replied earnestly, "It was an altogether charming experience." He added that he believes audiences will read, between the

lines, the idea that the relationship between *Anna Owen* and the *King* was "Rather more than a great relationship—"

A picture we, in America, haven't seen as yet, however, and in spite of his gratification at the success of "Siam," the picture that has given Mr. Harrison more satisfaction than any other. Titled "The Rake's Progress" in England, it will be called "Notorious Gentleman" here, and relates just what the English title so specifically states—the progress of a rake who, in the course of an orgiastic life, done in Hogarthian sketches gets married, has an extra-curricular love affair, gets drunk, murders his father. "Yet I play it comedy all the way through," said the creator of this charming fellow, "a little off-comedy, ironic."

Mr. Harrison likes Hollywood, even though it was not exactly as, from the White Cliffs of Dover, he imagined it would be. He had thought it would be more like the Mediterranean country than he found it to be. "But although it is less beautiful, architecturally, than the Mediterranean, perhaps because it is younger, climactically it is better." And he had thought the stars' houses would have more land than they usually have.

Mr. Harrison is a kindly man, who would never have burned Linda Darnell at the stake. Being kindly, he prefers to compliment a person, or a place rather than to criticize. He was, therefore, reluctant to admit his amazement at the liberties certain Hollywood columnists and radio commentators take with the truth. He mentioned, half in fun, that one cannot say a casual "How-de-do" to a lady of one's acquaintance, either at the bar in Romanoff's or at the corner of Hollywood & Vine, without the Hollywood grapevine, "that fabulous growth," making "quite a grape of it." He mentioned, wholly in earnest, the rumor which has been widely circulated that he is trying to become an American citizen. He added, in italics, "*I deny that I am trying to become an American citizen.*"

"Since I had been in America only six months when the rumor first started," Mr. Harrison said, "and you must have lived here five years before taking out your first papers, it is obviously impossible that I should have tried. It would be nice to say, and I do say, that I should like to be a citizen of both countries. Since that, too, is impossible, I shall spend six months of each year living and working in Hollywood; the other six months living and working in England—and very happy that my contract with 20th Century-Fox permits this agreeable arrangement."

Mr. Harrison is of the opinion that the rumor began when he let it be known that he hopes to remain in Hollywood for a full year on this first trip, because he believes "It will be good for me to have three American pictures behind me before returning to England."

"Brittania Mews" and "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" will be, by the way, the first two of the next three on his Hollywood schedule. To see Mr. Harrison, née *King Mongkut*, as a ghost—a renegade, salty, scolding and lusty, albeit tender and, indeed, quite passionate ghost—is what I calls riches in store.

The rumor fattened and grew, Mr.

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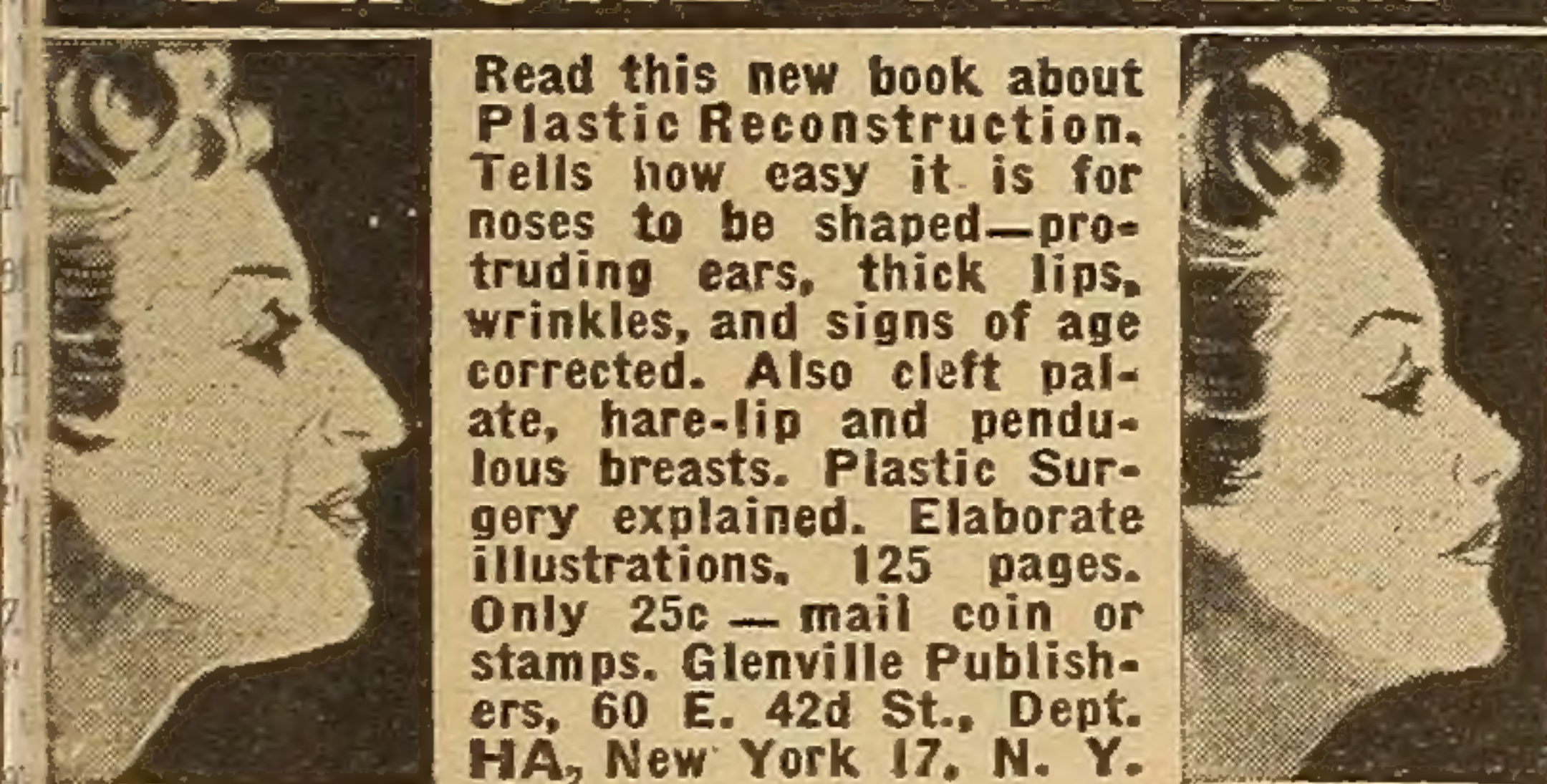
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Harrison believes, when he and Mrs. Harrison leased a house, spacious and Colonial in architecture, in beautiful Bel-Air and sent to England for young Carey and his Nana. It grew some more when Mrs. Harrison signed a contract with Warner Brothers and went to work with Gary Cooper in "Cloak and Dagger." Mrs. Harrison, without mention of whom any story about Mr. Harrison would be, as his life and happiness would be, incomplete, has been Mrs. Harrison for four years. Her stage name is Lilli Palmer. She is small and blonde and Austrian and beautiful. And very wise. And, no doubt and no wonder, very much in love with her husband, for she has seen to it that her contract parallels his in order that, when he gets back to England, she goes with him. Mrs. Harrison's career is, in fact, purely secondary in importance to her marriage.

Said Mr. Harrison: "Marriage, we both realize, is a difficult thing to have and to hold in Hollywood. But given intelligence and providing that neither husband or wife has this great driving ambition—if in particular, a wife doesn't have it—then, difficult though it is it can, I believe, be done. Lilli and I," Rex added, "have a great understanding."

Otherwise, Mr. Harrison gives only orchids to Hollywood. He has found more warmth among the people of Hollywood than among any people, any where else.

Gregarious, both of them, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison see a lot of the Ronald Colmans, who are their best friends in this country; see quite a lot of the Charles Boyers, of Tyrone Power and Annabella; of Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, the Paul Henreids, David Niven. "If we have a night in, which is seldom, we generally read (murder mysteries) play the wireless or records—I am very low-brow about music, like swing as against classical—play Gin."

Occasionally, Mr. Harrison goes into the kitchen and gets dinner. "I like to cook, enjoy it very much—if everything is prepared for me and washed up afterwards."

A very "remembering" man ("I am a hearts and flowers sentimentalist") Mr. Harrison makes much of Christmas, birthdays, anniversaries. "I am very good about anniversaries, yes, very good. Always send flowers, either orchids, very wicked ones, or the other extreme, spring flowers, but enormous bunches."

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